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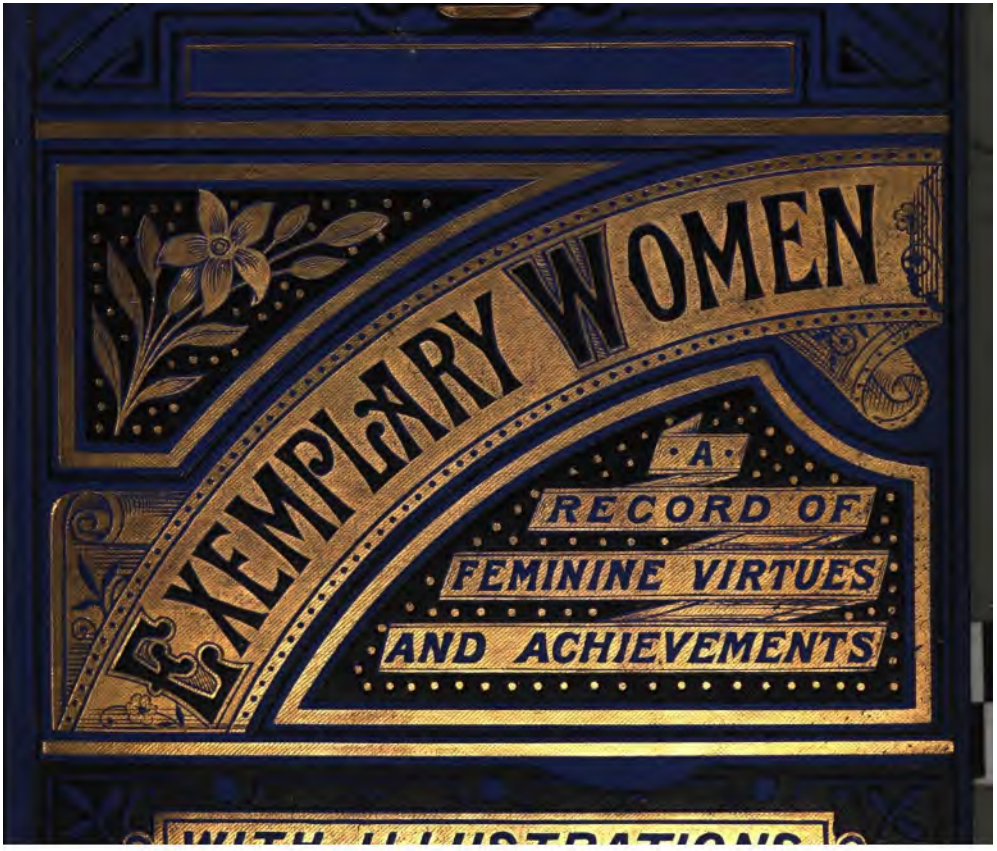
EXEMPLARY WOMEN
A
RECORD OF
FEMININE VIRTUES
AND ACHIEVEMENTS

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Maidenly Self-Denial and Devotion.
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S HOSPITAL LABOURS.

EXEMPLARY WOMEN:

A RECORD OF

FEMININE VIRTUES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

(*Abridged from "Woman's Work and Worth"*)

By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING," "THE SECRET OF SUCCESS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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CHAPTER I.

WOMAN AS MOTHER.

"Cousin, whatsoever good disposition nature hath bestowed upon me, or howsoever that disposition had been by bringing up confirmed, this I must confess, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom to think light of the sex of whom I have my life, since if I be anything—which your friendship rather gives than I acknowledge—I was, to come to it, born of a woman, and nursed of a woman. . . . Truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that, if we have such excellences, it is reason to think them excellent creatures of whom we are, since a kite never brought forth a good flying hawk."—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

"There through the sweet and toilsome day
To labour is to pray;
There love with kindly beaming eyes
Prepares the sacrifice,
And voice and innocent smile
Of childhood do our cheerful liturgies beguile."
—*Lewis Morris.*

"To hope or to feel for another is the sole thing which can give to humanity the fulfilled consciousness of its own being."—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

"Mother and child—what more beautiful sight is there in the world? What more beautiful sight, and what more wonderful sight? What more beautiful? That man must be very far from the kingdom of God—he is not worthy to be called a man at all—whose heart has not been touched by the sight of his first child on its mother's bosom. The greatest painters who ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing—a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Rafaelle by name, to whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again for years, painting over and over that simple subject, and could not satisfy himself. . . . There is more beauty in that simple everyday sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colours."—*Charles Kingsley.*

"She will not tire on thee to wait
In early hour or late,
To-morrow, even as yesterday,
Still onward, onward in love's way
To speed, her only dream.
So many love-deeds done, to cease
Her kindly toil, and rest in peace,
Small joy to her would seem."
—*Keble*

"Grétry, dans son excellent essai sur la musique, a dit sur l'amour maternel: *Le cœur d'une mère est le chef-d'œuvre de la nature.* Ce mot est aussi vrai qu'ingenieux. En voici un autre très touchant. Une femme venait de perdre son fils; un prêtre, invoquant la religion pour la résigner à son malheur, lui rappela le sacrifice d'Abraham: *Ah! mon père,* s'ecria-t-elle, *iamais Dieu ne l'eut exigé d'une mère.*" —*Legouvé.*

"A woman lives,
Not bettered, quickened toward the truth and good,
Through being a mother? . . . Then she's none!"
—*E. Barrett Browning.*

CHAPTER I.

WOMAN AS MOTHER.

IN no relation of life does woman appear to greater advantage than as the Mother. Mother! that word which, in all languages, is the sweetest and most precious, the word first learned and last forgotten. As the mother, her love grows deeper, purer, if possible, and more unselfish; her devotion more intense, her sympathy more comprehensive. All the capabilities of her nature are never developed until she has felt at her bosom the light pressure of her infant's lips. Thenceforth her weakness is turned into strength, her timidity into heroism. Her maternal affection calls forth much which had previously been unrevealed, even unsuspected; a passion, an endurance, a moral elevation, an intellectual force, of the possession of which she herself had been unaware. The plainest features acquire a certain beauty when brightened by a mother's smile. Herder speaks of this sweet motherly love as "last among the characteristics of woman:" surely he should have placed it first and foremost. He describes it as almost independent of "cold reason;" as absolutely removed from all selfish hope of reward. And no doubt this is the distinction, this unselfishness, between a father's love and a mother's. The father is proud of his son, and sees in him one who will perpetuate his name, perhaps elevate and dignify it; sees in him his representative, and regards any success he may attain as something to which he has himself contributed. A mother's love is free from all such alloy; she gives up her heart to her child because she becomes absorbed in its existence,—looks upon it, in truth, as a part of herself. Yet she will trace in it the father's fea-

tures; never her own. What she will suffer, what she will undertake, what she will accomplish for it! Uncomplainingly, nay, exultantly, she will watch, hour after hour, by the sick one's bedside, or wait up, night after night, for the prodigal's return. She will hope, when every one else has seen that hope is useless; she will fear, when every one else perceives that fear is unnecessary. She will endure privation, pain, the slow agony of deferred expectation, the averted look, the angry word, the world's contumely, and still love on. She will shrink with feminine sensitiveness from the sight of human anguish; but let it be her child that suffers, and straightway she braces up her nerves, and it is her hand that is steadiest, her smile that is calmest; it is she who smooths the pillow and applies the bandage. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, the mother is still by our side. If we even sin, says Washington Irving, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger; nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget that we are her child.

The influence of the mother on her household is almost always for good. She it is who supplies its grace, its beauty, its tenderer aspects, its atmosphere of purity, its repose. She it is who maintains its harmony and order; who supplies that element of gentleness which is of the most enduring strength. The rough boys are obedient and subdued in her sweet presence; the father's stern brow relaxes; the servants work more willingly and deftly; the wheels of the household machine glide with greater smoothness. When death calls away the mother, it calls away, at the same time, the sunshine of home. Morning and night will come as before; spring will follow winter and summer spring; the grass will grow green and rank on the mound in the distant churchyard; but the void left by the mother is never filled up. There is neither spring nor summer in the circle from which she has been removed. Because all that was best and brightest in that circle was due to her inexhaustible sympathy. Her ear, like her heart, was always open. She shared the confidences of her girls, the sanguine anticipations of her sons, the hopes and fears and joys and anxieties of her husband. I have seen many homes, and in all I have seen that the mother was the source of light and sweetness. The quaint old divine, Gurnall, draws a charming picture of the household of Lady Vere, the wife of the gallant Elizabethan soldier, Sir Horatio Vere:—"If ever

any private dwelling," he says, "might be called a chapel, a little sanctuary, her house was such. There you might find her and her family twice every day upon their knees, solemnly worshipping the great God: there you might see them humbly sitting at His feet to hear His most holy Word read unto them, concluding constantly their evening service with singing one of David's Psalms. And if strangers were present, there was no deferring the worship of God to a more convenient season. They, too, were expected to become members for the time of this church in the house." So admirable and so powerful is the example and regimen of the mother. It is she who warns, and comforts, and commands; who is equal to every emergency; whose large heart never fails to answer every demand upon it; whose self-sacrifice knows no limit; whose patience is as inexhaustible as her affection; whose industry supplies every want; whose energy knits together and animates the entire organisation. What do we not owe to the mother, and those transcendent qualities of hers:—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill!"

It is an accepted axiom that the greatness of great men is generally due to their mothers; that from them they derive their finer qualities, the higher and purer strain in their nature, the vivacity and quickness of their intellectual perceptions. For instance, we hear little of Cromwell's father, but a great deal of Cromwell's mother, whom Mr. Forster describes as "a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her." A woman, indeed, of whom a son might well be proud; whom he might well be content to take as his inspiration and example. "Ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse time—of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience—who, with the labour of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honourable, but more wealthy, than her own—whose single pride was honesty and whose passion love—who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon—whose only care, amidst all her splendours, was for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence—finally, whose

closing wish, when that anxious care had outworn her strength, accorded with her whole modest and tender history, for it implored a simple burial in some country churchyard, rather than those ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony wherewith she feared, and with reason feared, that his Highness the Lord Protector of England would have her carried to some royal tomb!" We fancy that Cromwell's strong piety, his patience, his persistency, his domestic tastes and affections, his simplicity of character, were all his mother's. Between our English hero, with his plain rugged honesty and truthfulness, and Napoleon, with his charlatanism, his audacious mendacity, and his affectation, a wide gulf intervenes; but they resembled one another in their recognition of the immeasurable debt to their mothers. As Cromwell lodged the English squire's homely widow in Whitehall, the palace of the English kings, so Napoleon placed the Corsican advocate's daughter amid the splendours of the Tuileries. He could be false to his friends, he could cast aside the most devoted of his servants, he could dismiss from his hearth the loyal wife to whom he owed his early advancement, but to the last he was true to "Madame la Mère." He knew what she had been to him, how she had fostered his young abilities, how all that was best in that ambitious soul of his sprang from his mother.

> "The mother, in her office, holds the key
> Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
> Of character."

There is nothing in the splendid career of Canning more honourable than his devotedness to his mother, and it is certain that this devotedness was well deserved. She was a clever, energetic, patient, and persevering woman, who, to support herself and her child, was forced to adopt the stage as a profession. Her brilliant son rose into a social position far higher than she had ever attained, but he never failed in filial affection or respect. He wrote to her once a week, and this practice he continued when struggling forward in the race for power, and involved in the cares of public life. Nor were his letters brief, hurried, or formal; he described in them minutely his hopes, fears, actions, associates, and prospects. One of his most anxious desires was to withdraw her from the stage; and when, in 1801, on his retirement from the office

of Under Secretary of State, he became entitled to a pension of £500 a year, he succeeded in having it settled on his mother. Young mothers may be encouraged, consoled, and supported in the performance of duties which, at the outset, weigh heavily, by the knowledge of the potent influence for good that rests in the hands of wise and loving mothers. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." When his father would have repressed the artistic tastes with which he did not sympathise, his mother affectionately indulged and fostered them. Fénélon had a clear conception of the wholesome power a mother exercises, of the charm she possesses to cherish good and dismiss evil, to guide the wanderer, confirm the weak, reclaim the erring, and soothe the penitent. To a lady who was anxious about her son he writes:—"Let your patience with him know no bounds. Speak to him when God gives you something to say, but don't speak your own words to him. Never press him with impetuosity and worldly wisdom; never forbear out of mere diplomacy or policy. When you speak as from God, your words will be full of authority, and will find a hearing. . . . Speak, then, according as He gives you 'a mouth and wisdom.' Hold the child by tender leading-strings: do not let it drop." Fénélon, knowing the supreme weight of a mother's words and example, was fain to have them animated by the loftiest impulses. It should be said of every mother what Mrs. Schimmelpenninck says of hers, that in her presence the child becomes for the time transformed into another person; that she raises the tone of the conversation and sweetens the moral atmosphere of every society she enters. But as the good done by a good mother cannot be over-estimated, so is it impossible to exaggerate the evil done by a bad mother. How many wasted lives, how many broken hearts, can be traced to the baneful influence of maternal idleness, luxuriousness, injudicious training, and that worst form of selfishness, indulgence! How many sons there are who know that their perverted abilities and sin-laden lives resulted from the want of firmness, or capriciousness, or ill-regulated affection of their mothers! It must have been a happy moment for Fowell Buxton's mother when he wrote to her, in grateful words:—"I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." For many

mothers the hour must be bitter when their children cast at their feet the dead leaves of ruined hopes!

In the course of a conversation with Madame Campan, Napoleon remarked that the old systems of instruction seemed to be worth nothing. "What," he inquired, "what is yet wanting in order that the people should be properly educated?" "Mothers," was Madame Campan's significant reply. The Emperor immediately seized upon it. "Yes!" he exclaimed, "here is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children." Richter observes that a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by the nations he has seen than by his nurse. Much more truly may this be said of the mother; and yet society never concerns itself about the woman's education for a maternal position. We train our daughters to be linguists, artists, embroideresses, to "paint in water-colours," and to ride to the hounds; but we do not trouble ourselves to instruct them in the difficult art of developing the youthful heart and mind. One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters; and no one was better qualified to give an opinion, for Herbert's mother was a woman of rare excellence. When her sons went to Oxford, she accompanied them, that she might still keep them in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with them daily. Yet did she prudently manage her power without any such "rigid soreness" as might make her company distasteful, displaying so much sweetness and compliance (says Izaak Walton) with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did induce them willingly to spend much of their time in her company. This noble lady, whose mature beauty the poet Donne has celebrated in his elegy "The Autumnal," rightly understood the value of example, the importance of that daily intercourse which moulds the character, colours the tastes, controls the sympathies. "As our bodies," she would say, "take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company." And she would add, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue, and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to influence and kindle sin and to keep it burning." Her son, the great Church poet, gratefully acknow-

ledged the love and faithfulness with which she had discharged her maternal responsibilities. "For myself, dear mother," he writes, "I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it. But *you* are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience." In how different a spirit is this tribute conceived from that of the felon whose message to his mother, even from the condemned cell, was a stern reproach for the weakness and folly that had allowed him to enter upon a path of sin!

But to return to George Herbert. His "Parentalia," a series of Latin poems dedicated to his mother's memory, celebrates her virtues, and from them it is possible to collect the attributes of a perfect mother. He tells us that—

> "The fleeting suns she would not wear away
> In vanity of dress and self-display,
> Piling proud structures in the morning-hour
> Upon her head, which reared upwards like a tower,
> Then spending the long day in talk and laughter—
> For tongues' confusion comes toward Babel after!"

He proceeds to narrate how she was accustomed, after modestly braiding her hair, as became a wise pure woman and a pious, to give up a certain portion of her time to fervent and earnest prayer (*acri et ignea prece*). Then she attended to her household cares, and apportioned to her domestics what they needed for the garden, the meal, the spinning-wheel, to everything allowing its proper time and place:—

> "Suum cuique tempus et locus datur."

At evening she received from all an account of the day's task; so that her life and household were regulated by a fixed plan, and maintained an harmonious order. The sweetness and grace of her disposition shone like a bright light through all her dwelling. At times, as on the visit of some great noble,

she was called to fresh exertions, but she never failed to rise to the occasion :—

> " Oh, what a shower of courteous speech she raises !
> Grave pleasantry, grace mixed with wit is heard ;
> Fetters and chains she weaves with every word."

Be it also noted that she was a perfect mistress of her pen ; not less graceful her writing than the sentiments it conveyed. Also, an admirable musician ; her gift of music soothing and attempering her other gifts, and raising the rapt soul as with a brief prelude of a celestial harmony. To the poor she was a liberal and a constant friend, and their blessings attended her in her daily life. The poet concludes with an affectionate outburst :—

> " Thou shalt be praised for ever, mother mine,
> By me, thy sorrowing son ; for surely thine
> This learning is, which I derived from thee,
> Which o'er the page now flows spontaneously,
> Its highest fruit of labour seen to attain
> In praising thee, though Folly may arraign."

To be worthy of such an eulogium, a mother must be firm yet gentle, knowing when to yield and when to insist, when to relax the bonds of discipline and when to draw them tighter ; quick to teach, but quicker to learn ; capable of commanding reverence no less than of attracting love ; sweet-tempered, but calmly resolute ; refined in taste and graceful in manner ; abundant in sympathy, or she would not win her children's full confidence ; clearly seeing the right, and patiently pursuing it ; generous, but not lavish ; accurate in judgment, keen of perception, and prudent in counsel. Above all, she must be a *prayerful* woman ; for her duties are so delicate and her responsibilities so heavy, that, without the help of prayer, they would surely overburden her. She must understand, too, the nature of her obligation, the greatness of her task ; that the happy and useful lives of the children whom she has brought into the world with painful travail will flourish or wither in no slight degree according as she tends or neglects them. As thy son or thy daughter stands on the threshold of life, O mother ! preparing to venture forth into that unknown world of which they have dreamed such fanciful dreams, and wn such radiant pictures, how will thy heart smite thee if

thou hast not equipped them fully for the enterprise! How sharp will be thy regret if thy son, falling wounded and bleeding in the battle of life before the day is half spent, shall turn his wistful eyes towards thee, and exclaim :—"Thou gavest me neither sword nor shield, my mother—thou didst not tell me who or what would be my enemies—thou saidst not a word as to the dangers of the field—and now, I lie stricken here!" Or if thy daughter, having wandered into some painful thicket, or been misled by false lights into some pitiful morass, shall upbraid thee with bitter tears for not having shown the straight path, or explained to her the perils of the journey!

"More and more am I sure," says Charles Kingsley, in one of his letters, "and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the mother is the more important, and in the case of the *boy* everything; the child *is* the mother, and her rights, opinions, feelings, even fancies about him, ought to be regarded." He was generalising, perhaps, from his own case; for it is certain that he illustrated in a very remarkable manner the theory of hereditary talent. His mother was a brilliant woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm, specially sensitive to the charms of scenery, and combining a strong practical bias with a vivid imagination. If from his father's side he inherited his artistic and sporting tastes, his delight in animal life, and his fighting blood, it was from his mother sprang his love of travel and science and literature, the exuberant romance and vitality of his nature, his keen sense of humour, and the force and originality of his character. And she was careful to cultivate in her son those tendencies and talents with which she was so well fitted to sympathise. She interested herself in his pursuits; she encouraged his attempts to find expression for his struggling ideas in the rhythm of language; she fostered his love of all that was true and beautiful. And he repaid her then and in mature life by a deep and true affection. After the death of his father, she became the cherished inmate of his house until her own death, thirteen years later, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Says Mrs. Barrett Browning in that exquisite woman's poem, "Aurora Leigh :"—

> "Women know
> The way to rear up children; (to be just)
> They know a simple, merry, tender knack

Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words,
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles: children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnised.
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's divine,
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom,—
Become aware and unafraid of Love.
Such good do mothers."

It is this which sanctifies, and crowns with success, a mother's training of her children: it is love which does it all —a love more exhaustive, more self-forgetful than the father's love; a love which years cannot wither, which tears cannot quench; a love which watches over the cradle, and smoothes the pillow under the aching head; which accompanies the daughter to her new home, and follows the son in his world-wide wanderings; which is always ready to answer any demand made upon it; which not only forgives but forgets; which gilds the darkest clouds with sunshine, and sows the roughest pathway with blossoms. It is this intense, irrepressible, lavish love which makes childhood so happy, and provides our manhood with so many pleasant memories; which often supplies a link between the father and his children; which so brightens and illuminates home, that to the day of our death home serves us as a beacon-light, a pharos, attracting us back into its peaceful shelter. A mother's love! what will it not bear and forbear? what can it not sweeten and irradiate? The dull lesson becomes interesting if we lisp it at the mother's knee; life's crosses seem less hard to endure if we are cheered on our way by the mother's voice. Those words of warning and counsel, which, uttered by the father, would grate upon our ear, and perhaps provoke a feeling of resentment, fall with the accent of pleasant advice from the mother's lips. She it is whose ready love enters into the boy's games, the youth's aspirations, the young man's hopes; into the achievements of mature manhood; into its failures, its disappointments, its sorrows, its successes; always prompt to soothe, to advise, to listen, to rejoice. There are confidences which bearded men pour into their mother's ears that they could not and would not reveal to the most affectionate father.

We feel that there is a depth and a height in the maternal love which must always be wanting in the father's, and therefore it is at the mother's feet that we place our greenest boughs and ripest blossoms :—

> "Gage comes home,
> And lays his last book's prodigal review
> Upon his mother's knee, where, years ago,
> He laid his childish spelling-book, and learned
> To chirp and peck the letters from her mouth,
> As young birds must. 'Well done!' she murmured then;
> She will not say it now more wonderingly:
> And yet the last 'Well done' will touch him more,
> As catching up to-day and yesterday
> In a perfect chord of love"

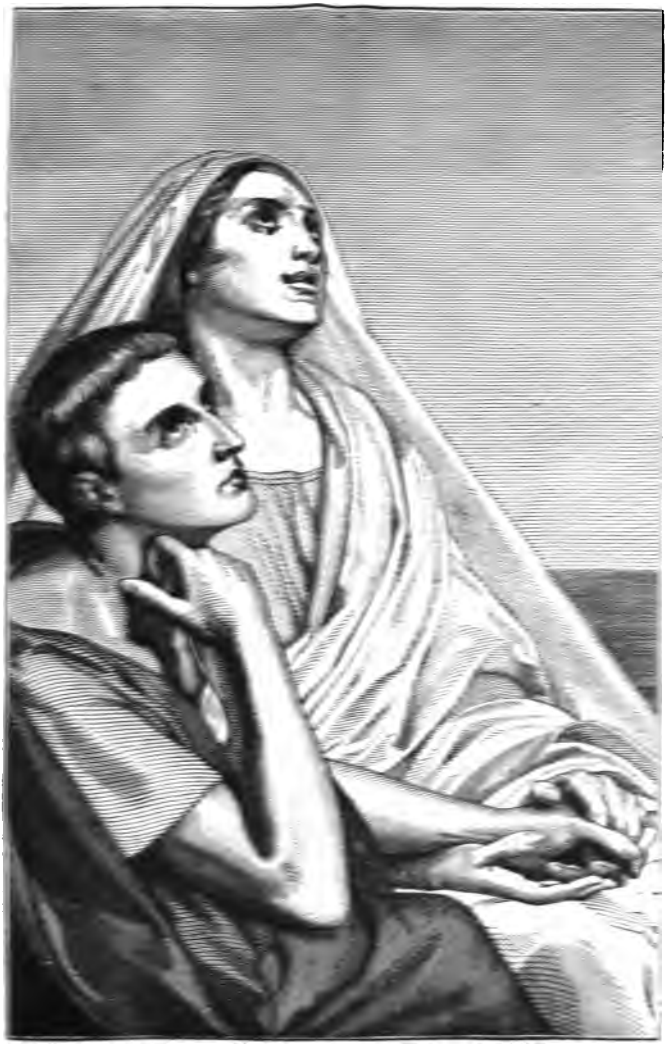
—a chord which resounds in sweetest music throughout our lives, so that Lord Langdale could say :—"If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam." Happy mother! to whom we owe so much and repay so much, who gives of her best and receives of our truest; "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes;" the one influence whom even the hardest heart or the most debased cannot wholly resist or ignore!

And all this boundless, self-sacrificing love is needed; for sometimes the mother must sow and not reap; sometimes when she asks for bread she receives only a stone. It needs all her love to support her then; to keep up her faith and zeal and perseverance; to kindle anew the fire of love in the chilled and desolated heart. Let her not despair. She has cast her bread upon the waters, and it will be seen after many days, though not perhaps by *her*. It may be over her grave, and not into her bosom, that the repentant prodigal weeps the confession of his folly or his sin. Said John Randolph, the American statesman :—"I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand into hers, and caused me on my knees to say 'Our Father who art in heaven!'" His "departed mother:" she had passed into her rest, but her works lived after her, as good work always lives. John Newton of Olney, the author of "Cardiphonia," and, in conjunction with his friend Cowper, of the "Olney Hymns," led in his youth an evil life, and was converted from it only by the impressions which his mother's

early lessons of truth and piety had made upon his memory. Long dormant, they sprang into happy activity at last, but not until both his father and mother had departed. Every mother may find hope, as doubtless many mothers have done, in the record of the struggles of St. Augustine's mother, Monnica,[1] to train her gifted son in the ways of peace and purity. His father was a man of a coarse and violent disposition, but he recognised his son's abilities, and he seems to have made considerable sacrifices to furnish him with adequate culture. Of his moral education, however, he took no heed; and it was Monnica who endeavoured, with tears and prayers, to bring her brilliant son to the foot of the cross. Augustine turned away from her teaching, though, as he owns in his "Confessions," "his youthful heart drank in the Saviour's name with his mother's milk and kept it long and deep; and whatever learning was without that name, polished as it might be, refined and complete, could not win his whole being." He turned away from her teaching, and his feet sank deeper and deeper into the mire of sensuality. But her love pursued him into every haunt; her prayers went up for him incessantly, and her hope survived every fresh disappointment. Augustine succumbed to temptation, and became the victim of his passions; not, however, without frequent accesses of remorse, not without intervals of penitence, in which the name of Jesus recurred to his memory, and bade him think of his mother's love and piety, as the echo of an old song will recall to the mind the scenes and friends of long-parted years.

Restless and disturbed, he strove to find peace and forgetfulness in the pursuit of letters; and when this failed to satisfy his yearning soul, he abandoned himself to the enchantments of the theatre and the sports of the circus. The power of his mother's early lessons haunted him still, and he gave up his mind to metaphysical studies. The insoluble problems of the origin of evil, of the mystery of suffering, engaged his attention; he embraced the Manichæan heresy only to abandon it suddenly for the opposite extreme of Neo-Platonism, that fascinating system which endeavoured to invest the Hellenic philosophy with Christian graces. For some years he gave lectures on rhetoric, and made proselytes to his latest

[1] So Bäur would have us spell it, and *not* "Monica."



An Encouragement to Mothers.
MONNICA AND St. AUGUSTINE.

creed; until, in 383, his ambition led him to the wider stage offered by Imperial Rome.[1] Thence he repaired to Milan, followed by the loving Monnica, whose prayers for the conversion of her son were at last to be answered. She persuaded him to attend the preaching of Bishop Ambrose, to whom she had made known her hopes and anxieties, receiving the assurance that "it was impossible that the child of so many tears should perish." The eloquence of the great Latin Father made a profound impression on the enthusiastic Augustine, and he became a catechumen of the Church, though as yet his spirit was not really stirred. He continued to strive towards the light, and found much help and consolation in the study of the writings of St. Paul. Chancing to hear some details of the lives of Antony and other monks, he was struck by the contrast between his slothful sensuality and their rigid asceticism and stern self-sacrifice. The more he dwelt upon it, the more agitated he became. One day, in a tumult of mental distress, unable to bear the society of even his dearest friends, he rushed past into the garden, flung himself down under a fig-tree, and in a passion of tears cried out to be released from the bondage of his sins. In upon his storm-tossed soul came, as if from a neighbouring house, the sweet voice of a child, singing again and yet again :—"Take up and read." What could these words mean? They were not such as would be used in any childish game. Believing that he was called by a voice from heaven, he returned to his house, seized the volume of St. Paul's Epistles, and opened on the text :—"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." Immediately the clouds broke, and the light from heaven shone in upon his soul.[2] From that moment he was a changed man; and on Easter Eve, 389, his happy mother witnessed his baptism at the hands of St. Ambrose. Her prayers were answered; the seed she had sown had ripened into a glorious harvest, and the desire of her heart was fulfilled.

[1] It is only fair to state that Augustine professes he was not actuated by any desire of fame or lucre, but by a wish to escape from the disorderliness and insubordination of the Carthaginian students (*Confes.* v. 8).

[2] Confessions, viii. 6–10.

"What I would demand of a mother," says Pestalozzi, "is only a thinking love." And it is the thinking love of noble and thoughtful mothers that has given to the world men like St. Augustine. It would be difficult to put forward an instance of a great and good man to whom has been wanting this high gift of God. The mother of Goethe was a remarkable woman, and transmitted to her son all that was pleasantest and wholesomest in his genius. As he himself says :—

"Von Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen ;
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zu fabuliren."

A traveller who had made her acquaintance exclaimed :— "Now do I understand how Goethe has become the man he is." She was of a simple, happy, and affectionate nature ; the delight of children, endowed with much natural talent and shrewdness, fond of story-telling, and a vigorous reader. She says of herself that order and quiet were her principal characteristics. "Hence," she adds, "I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first. When all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good humour." She thinks that people are attracted to her by her tolerance and her heartiness. "I am fond of people," she continues, "and that every one feels directly, young and old. I pass through the world without pretension, and that gratifies men. I never bemoralise any one ; always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." An easy-going philosophy, by the way, but with too much of self in it ! She possessed a rich and rare faculty for story-telling—a faculty which is one of a mother's best endowments, as it enables her to present truth and morality to the young, dressed with flowers, and in their most attractive aspects ; and she exercised it freely for her son's profit. "Air, fire, earth, and water," she says, "I represented under the forms of primroses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should

meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. . . . There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. . . . And when I paused for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would, in the interval, think it out for himself; and so he often stimulated my imagination. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the *dénouement*, then was he all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress." Is not this a charming picture of mother and child? Does it not offer an ideal of a happy and honourable life on which women may advantageously fix their hopes? Life in "the *agora*"—life in the *salon*—or life in the fever and unrest of public affairs—can it offer anything so pure or so attractive? We may say with Madame de Staël:—"Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse."

It is no exaggeration to affirm that many of the qualities essential to a successful statesman are not less essential to the successful discharge of a mother's duties. She must be a good administrator, with a talent for organisation, a quick eye for character, a sound judgment, and a firm command of temper. She must know when to take occasion by the hand, and how to employ to the greatest advantage her opportunities and resources. She must avoid vacillation, and, therefore, while deciding promptly, she must not decide hastily, so that she may not find it necessary to recall her decision. To manage children is at least as difficult a task as to manage men. The wise mother, like the wise governor, will endeavour to strike the happy medium between severity and laxity, between *over*-governing and *under*-governing, and will make no promise that cannot be prudently fulfilled. Above all, she will be truthful. Nothing shakes a child's confidence so much as the slightest attempt at deception, and nothing does a child, with its Ithuriel spear of innocence, so readily detect. It is the wickedest of all sins to lie to the young; and yet foolish mothers, to escape a temporary annoyance, do not hesitate to yield to it, excusing themselves on the plea that there is no

harm in a little "fib" or a "white lie," and that children put such awkward questions,—"you really cannot answer them, you know." Says St. Pierre:—"In conversation no one is under an obligation to answer, but every one is under an obligation not to deceive;" and this applies to the intercourse between parents and children. It may sometimes be inconvenient or injudicious to speak the truth, but it is always degrading and unprofitable to tell a falsehood. The alternative is not to speak at all. If the question be one which cannot be truthfully answered without inconvenience, refuse to answer it. Better far to send away thy child disappointed than to shake his trustfulness in his mother! Rest assured that, if thou deceivest thy children, they will soon learn to deceive thee.

A wise mother, like a wise statesman, will abound in sympathy. Everything that interests her children will interest *her;* she will delight to share in their pastimes as in their studies; she will be as prompt to partake of their disappointments as of their anticipations. If the boy carry out his bat in the school cricket-match, if he be "dux" in his Latin class, if his prowess with the fishing-rod be rewarded by the capture of a liliputian carp, if he conquer some algebraic problem which has cost him much and anxious thought, if he has "made up" his quarrel with his *fidus Achates*, or discovered a new friend (and the boy has a happy faculty in doing this which is unknown to the man!), the mother must be on the alert with her sympathetic smile and glance, her ready ear, her words of encouragement. Let not thy son turn away from thy side chilled and soured, with the bitter feeling that he cannot open his heart to thee, that he cannot pour into thy bosom his hopes or thoughts, feelings or desires! The little rift thus made within the lute will quickly destroy all the sweet music of your daily intercourse. The gulf thus opened between you, narrow and almost imperceptible at first, will gradually widen, until, in the years to come, even love itself will fail to bridge it over. And oh! how keen will be thy regret when thou seest that thy son has secrets which he refuses to confide to his mother, lives a life in which thou hast no part, and pursues a road which takes him farther and farther from thy yearning arms.

There is a charming sketch of Sara Coleridge as a mother,

which shows that she rightly understood the power of divine sympathy. Her beautiful romance of "Phantasmion" was at first intended as a mere child's story for her little boy. Afterwards she devoted her literary gifts to the education of her children, an object on which she was content to expend all her genius, all the resources of her cultivated understanding. Her genial sympathy induced her to employ herself in divesting Latin grammar, natural history, and geography of their forbidding gloom; and she rendered them easy and attractive by simple and appropriate verses, written on cards, in clear print-like characters. "Even a set of wooden bricks, which was a favourite source of amusement, was thus agreeably decorated, in the hope that those tough morsels, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, and their congeners, might glide gently over the youthful palate sweetened with play and pleasure." In one of her "Pretty Lessons for Good Children" she writes:—

> "Learning, Herbert, hath the features
> Almost of an angel's face;
> Contemplate them steadfastly,
> Learn by heart each speaking grace.
> Truth, and wisdom, high-wrought fancy,
> In those lineaments we trace;
> Never be your eyes averted
> Long from that resplendent face!"

But learning wears a resplendent face to the child's eye only when that face is illuminated with the light of maternal love. This was a truth which Sara Coleridge ever acted upon and remembered; and she secured her children's boundless affection by her own boundless sympathy, which followed them into their studies as into their amusements, and fenced them round about with a hedge of blooming flowers. What she said of her own mother her children were able to say of her. "The death of my mother," she writes, "permanently affects my happiness. . . . Her age and infirmities, though they caused me great uneasiness, had not made any sensible alteration in her mind or heart. I lost in her as apprehensive a companion, and one who entered as fully into life, as if she had died at fifty. She had a host of *common remembrances with me, and interests* which my children are strangers to." Mother and daughter were bound together by the golden chain of sympathy.

If life be as dark as the poets paint it, and the world as thorny a wilderness as moralists represent it, surely it is well that we should throw over our earliest years the sweet glamour of romance, and direct our first steps to the greenest nooks and corners we can find. We who have drank of the bitter cup of experience, and whom painful travel has made aware of rocky precipices and gloomy ravines, may at least do our utmost to shelter and protect the heart of youth. Let us see that our children's childhood is as sunny as we can make it, so that when they go forth into the desert they may take with them a quiver full of joyous memories. It is no light thing for a man to be able to look back upon a radiant and innocent spring-time, to hear again in his ears the music of its loving voices, to feel again in his soul the warmth of its happy smiles. "Oh, sunshine of youth," says Norman Macleod, "let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caressings, will, next to the love of God from whence they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the evening when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life." In those sad grave hours which come to all of us in our later years, when the falsehood of some trusted friend or the failure of some cherished hope has thrown us back upon ourselves, how good and wholesome it is to recall the joyous days of childhood, in which as yet we knew not that friendship could prove untrue or hope deceive. Never again are the fields so green, never again the blossoms so fresh and fragrant, never again does the brook sing so sweet a tune, never again are the skies so rich in luminous colours! As we sit in the solitude and silence, with our hearts grown cold and our brains heavy with anxious thought, memory unfolds a succession of splendid pictures. We see once more the woodland pool where we watched the meditative hour, or the hollow among the hills where tumbled the waterfall in a cloud of pearly spray, or the rock-bound cove on the sea-coast where the waves rippled so laughingly over the close-ribbed sand, or the leafy angle in the village churchyard where we first nourished the airy dreams of young

ambition. Once more we walk hand in hand with the friend who was all in all to our heart and mind, with whom we seemed to share existence, and who knew us better than we knew ourselves. Once more we sit again at our mother's feet, while she repeats to us in tender cadences some antique story, or some "relic of the nurseries of the world," or some simple ballad instinct with the pathos and quaintness of the past; or we feel her bending over us in our snow-white bed, and murmuring that brief but fervent prayer for our happiness and well-being which was always her last "Good Night." And while these scenes are before us, our heart grows warmer, our brain recovers its elasticity; the dark shadows disappear from life, and we gain courage to go forth again unto the battle. Oh, mothers! it is in your power to make your children's childhood this source of pleasant and invigorating recollections by your love, your gentle thoughtfulness, your all-embracing sympathy. It is for you to dower their early years with such a wealth of happiness that it shall last them even to their latest breath. You have but to throw yourselves into their amusements, to share their troubles, to soothe them in their sorrows, to participate in their aspirations, to live their lives. And is this difficult? Difficult! yes, impossible for those who are without the charm of sympathy; but oh! so easy to those who love! "What but youth," says Bulwer Lytton, "can echo back the soul of youth?" A mother's love, for that is always young. It was in this belief that Norman Macleod wrote to his mother:—"I cannot let my birthday pass without saying God bless thee for my birth and upbringing, and the unceasing love and goodness which has beamed upon me from your heart, and has gladdened my life upon earth."

It was the sympathy of Ary Scheffer's mother that fostered in him his artist soul; it was her noble self-sacrifice that enabled him to develop it. Undergoing no inconsiderable privation, she furnished him with the means of studying, first at Lille, and afterwards at Paris; while her trumpet-like words of encouragement sustained his energy and rewarded his perseverance. He never forgot the devotion which had thus consecrated and watched over his youth, and in after years was fond of repeating the lessons he had learned from his admirable mother. Thus to his daughter he writes:—"Fix well in your memory, my dear child, the word *must*;

your grandmother seldom had it out of hers;" and the reminiscences of his childhood were among the greatest pleasures of his manhood. Mason, the friend and biographer of Gray, tells us that the poet seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. All that was best in his character and genius he inherited, and all his happiest hours he owed to her love. While at Eton and Cambridge, she cheerfully maintained him "on the scanty produce of her separate industry;" and, in return, he clung to her as long as she lived with the tenderest affection. He might, like Pope, have replied to the friends who condoled with him on his father's death, "Genitrix est mihi," for thenceforth his mother became his constant charge; and when he lost her, he placed over her grave an inscription which almost painfully reveals the intensity of his grief:—"Here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." Cowper was but six years old when his mother died, and yet her loving care and her gentle attentions remained deeply engraved on his memory, to be immortalised in that exquisite poem which breathes the very spirit of household peace. That he should remember such comparatively small details is a striking testimony to the influence exercised by his mother. He returns, nearly half a century afterwards, to the bounties, "the biscuit or confectionery plum," which she bestowed upon him every morning before he went to school; the "velvet cap" and "scarlet mantle warm" in which she wrapped him, and "the bauble coach" in which the "gardener Robin" daily drew him along the public way. But more endearing still than all is—

"The constant flow of love that knew no fall."

There is a touching pathos and a quiet, simple beauty in the following passages:—

"Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile);
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again." . . .

"By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

Joseph de Maistre remarks that it is a truism to say that women have produced no masterpieces in art or letters. They have written no "Iliad," no "Æneid," no "Paradise Lost," neither a "Hamlet," nor a "Tartuffe;" they have composed no "Elijah," no "Creation," no "Messiah;" they have painted no "Transfiguration," and carved no "Apollo Belvedere." Nor have they attained to the first rank in science; they have invented neither algebra, nor the telescope, nor the steam-engine. Ebenezer Elliott has commented on this assertion in some vigorous verses:—

"What highest prize hath woman won
In science or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
'She hath no Raphael,' Painting saith;
'No Newton,' Learning cries.
'Show us her steam-ships!' her 'Macbeth!'
Her thought-won victories!'

"Wait, boastful man! though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou are true,
Things worthier still and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows
He honours her the more.

"Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heaven!

> And in her garden of the sun
> Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
> For woman's best is unbegun,
> Her advent yet to come."

But, he adds, they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained, and these are the most excellent productions in the world! The United States owe much to the mother of George Washington, for when his father died, at eleven years of age, it was she who undertook the management of his estates, the superintendence of a large household, the education of a numerous family. It was she who communicated to her son the shrewd sense, the integrity of character, the rectitude of purpose, which raised him to an heroic position,—though never had great man less in him of the hero,—and secured him an immortality in the praises of a grateful people. How greatly was the late Lord Lytton indebted to his accomplished and gifted mother! The talent which he inherited from her she carefully cultivated, and his earliest efforts in composition sprung from her enlightened encouragement. To the maternal influence upon childhood the novelist alludes in his "Caxtons," where he represents Pisistratus Caxton as saying, "Music became my darling passion. My mother possessed, I must own it fairly, less book-learning than many an humble tradesman's daughter can boast in this more enlightened generation; but she had some natural gifts which had ripened, Heaven knows how! into womanly accomplishments. She drew with some elegance, and painted flowers to exquisite perfection. She played on more than one instrument with more than boarding-school skill; and though she sang in no language but her own, few could hear her sweet voice without being deeply touched. Her music, her songs, had a wondrous effect on me." Even when the mother is no sweet singer, her voice touches a chord in her child's heart which no other voice can touch—a chord the echo of which lingers ever in the child's memory! The Napiers, John Wesley, Lever, Michelet, Curran, Paley, Erskine, Samuel Johnson (who wrote "Rasselas" that he might give his mother's remains a decent interment), all these derived their intellectual vigour and their force of character from their mothers. As much may be said, I think, of Hans Christian

Andersen, the Danish poet and romancist, whose mother was a woman of fresh and original mind, with a strain of poetry in it that descended to her son. She had the wisdom to discern his intellectual tendencies, and to refrain from all attempts to check them or force them into an uncongenial channel; while, in his absence from her, she continued to advise, cheer, and encourage him by letters full of wit and shrewdness. "Is example nothing?" says Burke; "it is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." And what example is so powerful as a mother's? It was at his mother's knee that the fire of Burns's genius was kindled, for he would hang upon her lips with delight while she crooned all the fragments she could remember of old Scottish songs and ballads. We may surely say, therefore, with Eugène Pelletan, that since such is her influence, such the potency of her example, such the sovran position she occupies in the family, woman has a right to the highest education that can be given her—the education of heart, mind, and body; the wide and judicious culture of all her faculties, moral, intellectual, physical.[1] Motherhood is a ceaseless work. It rests upon the mother to develop the man who is hidden in the infant, and in effecting this development she exhausts the entire diplomacy of tenderness. She knows how to make labour attractive, how to employ her child while apparently ministering to his amusement. She teaches him to do good and to live by her own bright example. If the pupil, in due time, rise to eminence, his mother is entitled to half the merit. True: her devotedness is not without reward. The generous self-sacrifice returns to her, as it were, and invests her with a new beauty. Both wife and mother—faithful wife and tender

[1] "Je ne reproche pas seulement aux pères de famille d'elever leurs filles dans le culte de l'oisiveté; je leur reproche encore de les laisser dans une ignorance funeste. Pourquoi la femme n'apprendrait elle pas les mêmes choses que l'homme? Pourquoi reste-t-elle étrangère à toute science? Nous élevons des marionettes, et plus tard nos fils épouseront des poupées, très-fortes sur la mode et sur l'art de grossir les dépenses, mais peu propres à faire des hommes. Les belles mères de famille qu'on prepare ainsi, et quelles compagnes pour des hommes, nourris des grandes découvertes de dix-neuvième siècle! Dans ce grand courant qui emporte tout, la femme ne peut démeurer seule, oisive et étrangère. Elle doit avoir sa large part dans l'activité générale, et pour cela il lui faut savoir tout ce qu'elle ignore, oublier bien des choses qu'on lui a apprises à contresens."—C. SOUVESTRE.

mother—she bears, like the orange-tree, flowers and fruit together. He who approaches her feels a moral change working within him, is conscious of a yearning after something better and holier than his daily life has hitherto afforded. This is the recompense that awaits her, though it is not one that she has sought; for a mother asks nothing in return for her great affection but her child's love.

We are speaking here (need we point out?) of the good and wise mother, who "looketh well to the ways of her household," who "openeth her mouth with wisdom," and in whose tongue is "the law of kindness," who knows her duties and responsibilities, and strives to discharge them honestly. But there are mothers and—mothers. What shall we say of Mrs. Smith, whose sole idea of ruling her children is by servile compliance with their demands? of Mrs. Brown, who seeks to govern by the policy of negatives? Which is the more injurious—excessive indulgence or immoderate repression? Then there is the mother who devotes herself to society or religious dissipation, abandoning the care of her children to tutors and nurses; the mother who keeps them in the background in order that she may be complimented on her youthful appearance, and dress like a girl instead of like a matron; the mother who now wheedles and now threatens, now bribes with a gift and now punishes with a blow. There is the mother who, trained in some dark Calvinistic creed, crushes back the natural emotions of the childish heart as if they were heinous sins, and feeds the young soul with religious husks which leave it hungry and dissatisfied; the mother who clothes Sunday for her children with funereal gloom, and shows them the God of love as if for ever surrounded with His Sinai terrors. Not less baneful, however, is the mother who lives, and accustoms her children to live, "without God in the world;" who never prays for them, nor teaches them to pray; who takes no care to implant right principles in their bosom, or to lead their innocent minds to the blessed feet of the Divine Friend of little children. Not thus, as Ben Jonson tells us, were the children of Sir Henry and Lady Sidney bred:—

> "They are and have been taught religion; thence
> Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
> Each morn and even they are taught to pray
> With the whole household."

Those children were the hero of Zutphen and Mary Sidney, sweetest and gracefulest of women. We know into how glorious and ripe a harvest ripened the seed sown by their noble parents. Fulke Greville said of Sir Philip that he had lived, not to write of, but to act out, a noble life. And his last words supplied the key to his conduct:—"Above all," he said to his friends, "govern your will and your affections by the will and word of your Creator."

No happy household will gather round the mother who sacrifices peace and sweet convenience and homely comfort to a rigid principle of order, an iron system and method, to which everything and everybody must give way, however conditions vary. The fidgety, dogmatic precisian, prim and unlovely, heedful only of the time when and the place where, regulating life by clockwork, and subordinating the emotions and affections to the mechanician's economy, is the natural enemy of family love and domestic peace. There is a fine moral taught by Albert Dürer's picture of "Melancolia." With a wreath of poppy on her head and a sad look in her eyes, she contemplates the screw, wheel, and lever, the mechanical appliances at her feet, as if she had at last discovered that they are useless to solve the deep problems of life. On the other hand, no less determined a foe to all that should sweeten and brighten, elevate and sanctify, the bonds of domestic intercourse, is the slatternly mother, who revels in carelessness and disorder, who lives without plan or punctuality, whose house is the sanctuary of confusion, who does everything at the wrong time and puts everything in the wrong place. Then there is the feeble mother, the woman of weak nerves and weaker will, who professes to have no strength to take up the burden of her daily duties, who indulges herself in the airs of an invalid, and shudders at the sound of her children's hearty laughter. Poor victim of self-indulgence! who can love her or respect? Yet not less deserving censure is the ill-tempered mother, who lives in a chronic state of irritability, who quarrels with her husband and her servants and her children, who has always a grievance to complain of, a fancied slight to resent, who responds to the offered caress with a querulous complaint, and peevishly maintains an attitude of antagonism. George Eliot justly doubts the possibility that, with a temper like this—a porcupine-temper, with

quills always erect—a high order of character can co-exist. "For it is," she remarks, "of the nature of such tempers to interrupt the formation of healthy mental habits, which depend on a growing harmony between perception, conviction, and impulse. There may be good feelings, good deeds—for a human nature may pack endless varieties and blessed inconsistencies in its windings—but it is essential to what is worthy to be called high character that it may be safely calculated on, and that its qualities shall have taken the form of principles or laws habitually if not perfectly obeyed." Finally, we may note the mother who brings up her children in the worship of Fashion, and initiates them (more particularly the daughters) in the mysteries of dress; the mother who cares not whether they learn *any*thing; and the mother who thinks they are educated if they learn a little—a very little—of *every*thing. Mothers of future Englishmen and Englishwomen who read these pages, God grant that to neither of these classes may any of you belong, so that "the cry of the children" may never go up against you, their accusing fingers never be pointed towards you!

There are writers of both sexes who, in claiming for woman what they consider to be her fit position, are weak enough and mad enough to asperse motherhood, and to speak of it as a degrading and even debasing condition. Woman may rule the world as the artist, the poet, the reformer, the teacher, but not as the mother. She may cultivate her intellect, but must allow her deepest and tenderest affections to lie in cold oblivion. The better portion of her being, her purer and higher self, is to be hopelessly wasted. It might have been thought that in the rank and dignity of woman the mother was supreme; but such is not the view of this new school of philosophy, which would improve mankind off the face of the earth, or impose maternity only on the weakest of the sex. Yet motherhood and culture are not incompatible. The most cultivated women, all other things being equal, will make the best mothers; for maternal love stimulates instead of deadening the intellect. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's imagination lost none of its rare power and delicacy through her devotion to her child. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, after she assumed the sacred names of wife and mother, was not less eager in her pursuit of truth, not less ardent in her love of freedom, not less alive to the sweet sympathies of

nature. As motherhood has made many a woman heroic, inspiring her timid bosom with an inexpugnable courage, so has it called forth in many an unsuspected reserve of mental power. Have you not read of mothers who have learned languages and mastered sciences in order to teach their children, who, in the fond radiance of filial affection, have blossomed out into painters, poets, sculptors, and musicians? Love touches with magic wand the cold rock, and straightway issues forth a stream of living water.

Few women's lives are more interesting than that of Madame de Sevigné, and yet its chief interest arises from her strong maternal affection. It was this affection which stimulated her literary talent, and thus made her known to posterity. Her most charming and graceful compositions are the letters which she addressed to her idolised daughter. Of these letters it is impossible to speak too highly; their style is as elegant as their tone is pure, they are brightened by touches of a lively wit, they abound in vividly coloured pictures. How they show to us all the strength and weakness, all the excellences and little faults of their most accomplished writer! How they reveal to us every incident of her life! How intimately they make us acquainted with both the daughter and the mother! She tells us, through her daughter, when she feels indisposed, when she is in health, when she is sitting for her portrait. How she exalts and enriches that daughter, and converts her into an ideal, which she insists upon loving and worshipping! So intense is her love, that it throws a glamour over our own eyes, and we learn to see Madame de Grignan through her mother's rose-coloured glasses. We are pained to hear of her illness; we see, with a mother's quickness of perception, that she is losing her beauty and growing pale and thin. And at last child and parent meet. Do we not rejoice in the happiness of that meeting? Are we not present at it? Look round at the picturesque scene:—On a broad ascent, and dominating over the town, stands the massive and stately castle of Grignan. It resembles, says Madame de Sevigné, the magic palace raised by Apollodorus, with its Gothic towers, its ramparts, and bastions, and buttresses; made either for defence or delight, but withal strangely rude and bare of leaf and shade, shattered by the tempest, and scorched by a Provençal sun. The great courtyard blazes with splendidly-dressed cavaliers

and pages, for the governor is wealthy and lavish of his wealth. To the right, through a wide Gothic arch, a broad flight of marble steps leads to the great hall above, where the eye is confused by a glorious medley of painted windows, shining armour, banners borne at Ascalon and Joppa by the Crusaders, storied tapestry, statues, pictures, and rare carving. Powdered lackeys here await us, and proceed to guide our steps through an almost interminable succession of corridors and apartments. Beyond, in an octagonal boudoir, which has been fitted up in a secluded turret, and commands a fair view of the distant landscape, sits the long-loved daughter, the lady of this enchanted castle. Madame de Sevigné hastens forward, regardless of things of beauty on either hand, and clasps her daughter in her arms. In that fond embrace let us leave them.

Madame de Sevigné's days were passed almost entirely in Paris, at Livry, and latterly at Les Rochers in Brittany, with occasional visits to her daughter in Provence. Her married life had been as brief as it was unhappy, but her long widowhood was cheered and brightened by her great power of sympathy. Her letters to her daughter are among the most charming things in literature. "To read your letters, and to write to you," she says to Madame de Grignan, "are the final objects of my life. Everything gives place to you. To love as I love you makes every other feeling frivolous." And so all she sees, all she hears, all she knows, all she thinks, is recorded by her faithful pen, so that her daughter may have part and parcel in it. If she loved anything beside her daughter, it was nature; and her descriptions are characterised by a simple beauty and delicacy of touch which impress us greatly. With a passionate regard she writes about her birds and their songs, the crystal rills, the leafy trees, with their grateful shadow and delicious fragrance. Thus she writes: "I have found my woods extraordinarily beautiful and sad. All the trees you remember as saplings have grown up into large, straight timber, with a delightful shade. They are forty or fifty feet high. I feel towards them a maternal pride. Remember, I planted them all, and knew them, as Monsieur Montaigne said of his children, 'not bigger than that.' The solitude here is made expressly for day-dreaming." With her rare natural gifts, Madame de Sevigné could not have been other than an observant and

reflective woman; but her literary powers would hardly have been called forth, or even known to herself, but for the impulse given to them by her maternal sympathy.

There is delicacy and a deep reflection in the fond mother's reply to her daughter when the latter had expressed a desire that her mother's life might be longer than her own. "If I had a heart of crystal," she says, "so that you could look into it, you would see the sad and bitter grief which overcame me, my dear child, when I read your wishes that my life might number more years than yours, and you would recognise with what sincerity and fervour I desire that Providence should not alter the order of nature, which, in giving me birth, ordained me to be your mother, and consequently to come into the world long before you. It is right and the law of the universe that I should, therefore, go before you; and God, to whom all hearts are opened, knows well how eagerly I pray to Him that, with respect to myself, this law may be observed." Her love for her daughter was, as she herself said, mingled with her blood and compounded with the marrow of her bones: "It has become myself; I feel it as I say it." Yet her love could not wholly prevail over her acute insight into character, and she perceived too many of that daughter's faults. On one occasion she writes: "When we can never say anything that is not harshly contradicted; when we imagine we have employed the pleasantest form of speech, and yet it is never right; when we find a seal set upon every subject we could take up and discuss; when things known to all are magnified into mysteries, and positive facts treated as calumnies; when distrust, bitterness, avarice are visible in and mixed with every word—such conduct wounds the heart, and, to speak the truth, is not altogether pleasing. I am not accustomed to tread such rugged paths, and were it only for having given you life, I am entitled to hope for tenderer behaviour. Yet, my daughter, I have too often experienced these unseemly manners; but why I speak of them is, because all is now altered, and I enjoy the sweetness of the change. If this improvement could last, it would afford me great joy—I say great; you must believe me when I speak. It is not often I do." But Madame de Grignan seems in her heart to have been touched by her mother's devotedness. After her death, writing to the President de Monceau, she says:—"You lose a friend of incomparable

merit and fidelity; nothing is more deserving of your regret; but I, Monsieur, what do I not lose? What perfections did she not unite to be to me, in different ways, ever dearer and more precious? A loss so complete and irreparable does not dispose one to seek consolation, except in lamentation and tears. I have not the strength to lift my eyes high enough to find out the place whence help must come; as yet I can but look around me, to see no more the dear one who loaded me with love, who had no other care but daily to give me fresh proofs of her tender attachment, with the happiness of her presence."

It is only through this force of sympathy that a parent can understand her child, and there can be no successful training without perfect knowledge. The florist carefully studies the character and properties of his plants, and regulates accordingly the strength of soil, the quantity of moisture, the temperature of the air, the exposure to the light; and so must it be with our children. Projecting ourselves, so to speak, into their temperament and nature, and arriving at a full comprehension of what in them is weak and what is strong, what are their defects and what their excellences, when they need support and guidance and when they may be suffered to stand alone, we shall be able to provide them with an adequate education. There will then be no fear of aims misdirected, of talents wasted, of energies diverted into an unprofitable channel. Referring to a little incident in her domestic life, Margaret Fuller Ossoli remarks:—"Often have I seen the same misunderstanding between parent and child, the parent thrusting the morale, the discipline, of life upon the child, when just engrossed by some game of real importance and great leadings to it. That is only a wooden horse to the father—the child was careering to distant scenes of conquest and crusade, through a country of elsewhere unimagined beauty. None but poets remember their youth; but the father who does not retain poetical apprehension of the world, free and splendid as it stretches out before the child, who cannot read his natural history, and follow out its inclinations with reverence, must be a tyrant in his house, and the purest intentions will not prevent his doing much to cramp him. Each new child is a new thought, and has bearings and discernings which the thoughts older in date know not yet, but must learn." The mother

fails in this matter less frequently than the father, because the woman's temperament is more sympathetic than the man's:—

> "Great feelings hath she of her own,
> Which lesser souls may never know:
> God giveth them to her alone,
> And sweet they are as any tone
> Wherewith the wind may choose to blow."
>
> —*Lowell.*

Yet much of the misery of later life arises from the want of maternal sympathy in childhood. I once saw a child go to his mother with a slate on which he had drawn a rough rude sketch, unmeaning enough to the careless eye. She glanced at it hastily, and put it aside with a pettish exclamation of "Nonsense! why do you waste your time so?" "It is a castle, mother, on a great hill," replied the boy, "with towers and flags; and don't you see the knights?" "Take it away," she said; "I can see nothing but stupid scratches!" I shall not readily forget the pained look with which the child turned from his mother to hide himself, silent and unhappy, in a distant corner. There were deeps of thought and heights of fancy in that boy's mind which the mother, not so much from want of mental force as from absolute lack of sympathy, could not touch. The brave castle which he had pictured out, with banners flying from its topmost turrets, and lofty arched gates, through which defiled a gay procession of knights in armour and ladies on horseback radiant with beauty—the glorious forms of the mountains, with sunlight gilding their peaks and mysterious shadows nestling in their vast bosoms—the poem and the drama which he had created were to the cold eye of the mother nothing but "scratches," as to the dull eye of the commonplace spectator one of Turner's most glorious canvases may be only a blur of colours!

There must be discipline in a family, and order, and system—a time and a place for everything. There must be command, and there must be obedience; but these will be the more easily attained and preserved, if, underlying all and harmonising all, prevails the grace of sympathy. Parent and child must learn to share "the inward fragrance of each other's heart." The child must learn to trust, and the parent must strive to become worthy of being trusted. It is no light thing to receive the frank confidence of a young and innocent soul;

to watch its early aspirations; to be made familiar with its most secret hopes, anxieties, and wishes; to see, day after day, each new petal of this delicate flower revealing its unsullied beauty. How shalt thou avert from the tender blossom the chilling influence of frost; how shalt thou guide the thought aright; how purify and strengthen the aspirations; how restrain the exuberance of feeling; how subdue and control the force of passion; how inspire the mind with a noble purpose, if thou hast not in thyself the power and life of sympathy, a sympathy informed by knowledge and animated by love? Let this wonderful life and power be thine, O mother! and thy children shall—

> "Take patience, labour, to their hearts and hands,
> From thy hands and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
> And God's grace fructify through thee to all."
>
> —*E. B. Browning.*

CHAPTER II.

WOMAN AS WIFE.

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure—
And these embodied in a woman's form."
—*Robert Browning.*

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."
—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

"A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, and making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety, he ruling because she would obey, or rather, because she would obey, she therein ruling."—*Sir Philip Sidney*, "*Arcadia.*"

"They joyed one joy, one grief they grieved,
One love they loved, one life they lived."
—*Sir Philip Sidney, Ibid.* (*Epitaph on Argalus and Parthenia*).

'Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life
Look through my very soul with thine. . . .
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."
—*Tennyson.*

"I would exhort all married people to seek that mutual love so commended to them by the Holy Spirit in the Bible. . . . The first effect of this love is the indissoluble union of your hearts. If you glue together two pieces of deal, provided that the glue be strong, their union will be so close that the stick will break more easily in any other part than where it is joined. Now God unites husband and wife so closely in Himself, that it should be easier to sunder soul from body than husband from wife; nor is this union to be considered as mainly of the body, but yet more a union of the heart, its affections and love."—*St. Francis of Sales*, "*The Devout Life.*"

"In presense and in all celestiall grace
That men admire in goodlie womankinde
She did excell, and seemed of angel's race,
Living on earth like angell now divinde,
Adorned with wisedome and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie."

—*Spenser.*

"Prepare to meet the weak alarms
Of novel manners; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic to defect.
Fear comes at first; but soon, rejoiced,
You'll find your strong and tender loves,
Like holy rocks by Druids poised,
The least force shakes, but none removes.
Her strength is your esteem; beware
Of finding fault; her will's unnerved
By blame; from you 't would be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her noble nature stir
To make your utmost wishes true.
Yet think, while thus amending her,
Of matching her ideal too!
Of perfect nuptial joy the price
Is manhood perfectly fulfilled. . . .
To keep your mistress in your wife,
Keep to the very height your oath,
And honour her with arduous life."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"She was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea."

—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

CHAPTER II.

WOMAN AS WIFE.

THERE are many varieties of love. Like a crystal, it has its radiant angles and shining faces, each differing from the other, though all of the same substance. We have spoken of a mother's love; how like it is, and yet how different from, a wife's love or a daughter's love! The great passion, like the ocean, has numerous unfathomable deeps, into which no plummet of human sagacity has ever sounded. A mother's love is vigilant, untiring, self-sacrificing, provident; so is a wife's, but a wife's love, we repeat, is not a mother's love; resembles it, perhaps, in kind, but not in degree. Yet can we say that it will endure less, or achieve less, or hope less? Will the mother bear for her child's sake more than the wife for her husband's? If we read of women throwing themselves between their babes and the murderous steel to save the little life at the cost of their own, do we not read of wives who have gladly done as much, who have freely poured out their blood in defence of their husbands? If we know of mothers who have borne the ingratitude of sons, and yet uncomplainingly loved on, forgetting and forgiving, do we not also know of wives who have repined not beneath the sullen frown, the angry word, the open infidelity, even the coward blow, but have been faithful to the end? Perhaps it is from the love of the wife, from married love, that, as from a central sun, all other loves proceed. They flow from it and are fed by it. That mystical union of body and soul which has been consecrated as the type and counterpart of the union between God and His Church seems to compre-

hend within itself the love of child for parent, of brother for sister, of friend for friend,—all-absorbing and all-pervading,—the centre and heart of the rose, which sweetens and reddens each fair petal!

"A good wife," says Jeremy Taylor, "is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his conscience; her arms the rule of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest reward, her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellor; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head." Man's home is incomplete without her. His life loses its object, and his intellect its aim and inspiration. It is the wife who consoles the wounded spirit, who infuses fresh vitality into the waning hope, who strengthens the decaying energy, who restores the jaded mind to a healthy vigour. When all others prove false, when friends and neighbours pass on the farther side, she remains constant, true, and loyal; and so long as we preserve her trust, no burden of adversity can utterly overwhelm us. We put our hand in hers, and she guides our tottering steps; through the gloom of fortune her loving eyes shine starlike; the crushed heart gathers itself up again in her smile, like a wind-torn flower in the sunshine. There is no happiness so pure or so strong, so little affected by external circumstances, as the happiness which flows from the affection of a true wife. Hence, as Habington quaintly says:—"A wife is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being, to the love of which, as the charms of nature enchant us, so the love of grace by special privilege invites us. She is so religious that every day crowns her a martyr, and her zeal neither rebellious nor uncivil. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if success crown not expectation, remain nevertheless uncontemned. She is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity, and a safe retiring place when adversity exiles him from the world." Thinking over all that such a wife is to her husband, of the glory with which she overspreads his life, and the pure and active happiness which she communicates, the poet Middleton exclaims:—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love."

And with a fine exaggeration he goes on to say:—

"I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter."

Yet shall we never know the full debt of men to their wives, because no husband, however good and grateful, could possibly sum up all its countless details. There is a beauty which language can never express, and there is a bliss in well-mated wedlock which no pen can describe. Who can remember or relate all the good and great things that women have done for their husbands? Did not George Grote say that his "History of Greece" would never have been written but for his wife's devotion, the encouragement of her presence, and the assistance supplied by her intelligent assiduity? And the wife of Edmund Burke, did he not find in her such comfort and helpfulness that he was led to exclaim, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof?" And the poet Moore, what would he have been without his self-denying, tender, devoted, and sensible Bessy? "I would not exchange my poverty with Catherine," said Luther, "for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Guizot, the statesman and historian, was cheered in the trials of an arduous career by the loving faithfulness of a noble-hearted helpmate. "Man yearns after a happiness," he says, referring to his own experience, "more complete and more tender than that which all the labours and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I felt when it began and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great enterprises domestic affections prove the basis of life, and the most brilliant career has only incomplete and superficial enjoyments if it be a stranger to the happy bonds of family and friendship." And does not the reader remember the beautiful tribute paid to the virtues of his wife by Sir Samuel Romilly? "For the last fifteen years," he writes, "my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives, a woman in

whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and heart, and all these intellectual perfections are graced by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld." So over-mastering was the passion with which his heart regarded her, that her death proved a greater trial than he could support. He could not work, or rest, or sleep; his nervous system gave way; and, after three days of intolerable misery, his hasty hand put an end to his own life. Sir Thomas Graham, "the hero of Barossa," endeavoured to conquer his sorrow by a life of action. After losing the wife who had made the sunshine of his vigorous manhood, he entered the army at the age of forty-three; served throughout the Peninsular War; was raised to the peerage as Lord Lynedoch; and died at an advanced age, cherishing to the last the one loved and most precious memory.

Among the epitaphs in the Roman Catacombs is one which eloquently speaks of happy wedlock :—

"CECILIVS . MERITVS . CECILIÆ
PLACIDINAE . COIVGI . OPTIME
MEMORIAE . CVM . QVA . VIXI . ANNIS X.
BENE . SE . NE . VLLA . QVE . RELLA."[1]

That is: "Cecilius, her husband, to Cecilia Placidina, my wife, of most excellent memory, with whom I lived happily for ten years without variance." Between equal minds and loyal hearts no contention or disputes should occur. When the wife and husband are of congenial tastes and dispositions, and bound together by love's golden ties, it is difficult to imagine that they can be separated, even temporarily, by the shadow of ill temper. But as of maternal life, so of married life, the chief element must be sympathy. The husband and the wife must understand each other, trust each other, and feel a real and vivid interest in each other's occupations; they must have no half-confidences, no secrets, no pursuits which the other cannot share, no friends which the other cannot take by the hand. So that the survivor, while

[1] A curiously similar epitaph is to be seen in Burnham Church, where, on the tombstone of Jonathan Rogers, we read :—"Anna, conjux mæstissima per annos xxxiii. *nulla unquam intercedente querimonia* omnium curarum particeps." This epitaph is said to have been written by the poet Gray.

looking forward to a glorious reunion in eternity, may place upon the lost one's grave some epitaph as tenderly grateful as the following :—

> "BIXIT . MECVM . ANNIS XXII. MENS IX.
> DIES V. IN . QVIBVS . SEMPER . MIHI .
> BENE . FVIT . CVM . ILLA."

"She lived with me for twenty-two years, nine months, five days; during which time, in her companionship, my life was unclouded." The same spirit breathes in the more elaborate testimony to the gifts and graces of his lost wife which was borne by Lord Lyttelton in those beautiful lines which are characterised by Mrs. Delany as "very pretty *and just*:"—

> "Made to engage all hearts, to charm all eyes,
> Though weak, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
> Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
> Yet good as she the world had never seen.
> The nobler fire of an exalted mind
> With gentlest female tenderness combined.
> Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
> Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
> Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
> Soft as her heart and as her virtue strong.
> Her form the beauty of her mind exprest,
> Her mind was Virtue by the Graces drest."

It is not reserved for every woman to give such a proof of affectionate devotion as was given by Mary of Regensburg, the wife of Grotius (or De Groot), the great Dutch jurist, and the author of "De Veritate;" who, when he was imprisoned, rested not until she was allowed to share his captivity, and eventually effected his escape by concealing him in a book-chest, while she herself remained to brave the vengeance of his baffled enemies. So, too, Lady Nithsdale, the wife of the Jacobite Earl, confined in the Tower and sentenced to execution for his share in the rebellion of the '45, saved her husband from the scaffold by disguising him in her own attire, in which he eluded the vigilance of his guards, and made his way out of prison to a carriage that had been engaged to receive him. By a similar expedient, the wife of Count Lavelette secured the deliverance of her husband after the restoration of Louis XVIII. But every wife can show an

equal courage and fidelity, though under less romantic conditions. There are heart-troubles and mind-troubles as hard to bear as prison fetters, and they may be greatly lightened by the sympathy of a true wife. There are times when it is well for a man to escape from himself, from the captivity of anxious or engrossing thought, and it is the true wife's true love to which he must look for rescue. The world can give no richer boon than a wife who is at once lover, companion, friend; whose exact judgment may always be relied upon, whose generous affection can never be exhausted, whose disinterested aid will not be sought in vain. It is impossible to conceive a pleasanter domestic picture than that which Luther's married history presents. It was the sunny side of his stormy career. He was always sure of his wife's sympathy, of her affectionate reverence, of her abounding self-denial; and her absolute devotion to him was not the less certain because in small things she sometimes took her own way. They trusted each other so entirely that they could venture upon a sly jest. Luther, more than once, banters her on her delightful little imperiousness. "My Emperor Kate," "my Lord Kate," he calls her; or "the rich dame of Zuhlsdorf, Doctress Catherine Luther." In the last year of his life, when writing to her, he still blends a gentle humour with his intense affection:—"To my heart-loved housewife, Catherine Lutherinn, Doctress Zuhlsdorferss, sow-marketess, and whatever more she may be, grace and peace in Christ, and my old poor love in the first place." Not less happy in his helpmate was George Herbert, between whom and his wife, says Izaak Walton, "there never was any opposition, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires." "And," adds his biographer, "though this begot and continued in them such a mutual love and joy and content as was no way defective, yet this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." That she was well-fitted to be the "right hand" of a parish priest, one brief anecdote will convince the reader. Having met at Bemerton with a poor old woman, very infirm, and in a necessitous condition, Herbert, on returning to Baintree, his wife's residence, acquainted Mistress Jane with what he had

heard and seen. "With which she was so affected that she went next day to Salisbury and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman." Yet again, "He was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her a power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn, which last she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty, for she rejoiced in the employment; and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them."

A wife should be her husband's dearest and nearest friend, therefore his equal in the qualities of heart and mind; as capable of advising as of consoling him; a true woman, to be his helpmate and companion, not a goddess to be set on a pedestal and adored with prostrate homage, or a doll to be tricked out with the gauds of ostentatious and degrading partiality. In the close intercourse of domestic life the wife and the husband must necessarily act and react upon each other. Tennyson, in a well-known poem, refers to the abasement which a callous and sensual husband will inflict on the woman of higher nature to whom he has been united :—

> "Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
> What is pure within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.
> As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

George Eliot has shown us this work of moral declension in her tale of "Janet's Repentance," where Janet, through association with the drunken Dempster, learns to sin as he sins. But it is not less certain that as the wife is so is the husband; that she will bring him down to her depth with a fatal facility; that in too many cases her desires will become *his* desires, and her objects *his* objects also. It must be always difficult for the higher existence to escape contagion from the inferior, when the two are in daily, nay, hourly contact, and the former enthralled, perhaps, by the force of habit or the linger-

ing fragrance of past affection. The danger is not likely to arise when the inferiority is very marked, for the superior will then be on its guard; nor where the inferiority is purely educational, for an unintellectual wife cannot rob her scholar-husband of his erudition. But a woman of mean ambitions, of low desires, of a frivolous or sensual disposition, can hardly fail to exercise a deteriorating influence upon her husband. In the old Persian apologue the clay smells like the rose because it has been lying beside it; but we know that the rose thereby must have lost something of its sweetness. When a turbid stream mingles with a crystal brook, the united waters thenceforward flow with discoloured current. It is not essential to happy wedlock that a man of genius should marry a woman of equal genius; but it is essential that a man of pure mind and cultivated taste should find the same qualities in the woman whom he takes to his bosom, who is to live with him in most intimate companionship and receive the deepest confidences of his soul. He cannot love the woman who does not comprehend him. Orlando must marry Rosalind, and not Audrey. We know the transfiguring power of love; how, like the moonlight, it can spread a silver glory over the rugged rock as well as over the verdant lawn; how it isolates the one beloved from all her sex—a woman among women—and raises her to a height to which it seems impossible that any other should aspire; how it invests the plain features with comeliness, and the awkward with a Juno-like dignity; how it sets to sweetest music the commonplace utterances of uninspired lips; how it exalts the most ordinary virtues into celestial graces. But not even love's transforming magic can convert the mean and vulgar into the generous and noble, can change pinchbeck into pure gold, or the image of plaster into a marble statue. Not even love can long shut its eyes to the speck within the fruit, the narrowness and selfishness of a low nature.

What does man want or expect in a wife? Sufficient mental power and firmness of disposition to govern her household aright and maintain a wise economy? Is that all? May we not add, intellectual tastes and sensibilities to make her companionship a source of life and light and of elevated pleasure; such high thoughts and aspirations as will encourage his imagination to maintain a heavenward flight, and help to lift

both of them, by a free interchange of ideas, above the gross atmosphere of this work-day world? He should look, says Sir Henry Taylor, for a clear understanding, cheerfulness, and alacrity of mind, rather than gaiety and brilliancy, and for a gentle tenderness of disposition in preference to an impassioned temperament. What men want most in their homes is rest—rest and peace—the sweet calm of an untroubled fireside, to which, weary with the strain of public life, or the excitement of competition, or the arduous pressure of prolonged study, they may turn with eager, happy eyes. Who would desire to plant his household gods on a volcano? or who would seek relief from the cares of the world amid a coruscation of fireworks? The true wife's love should be, as Sir Henry Taylor puts it:—

> "A love that clings not, nor is exigent,
> Encumbers not the active purposes,
> Nor drains their source; but proffers with free grace
> Pleasure, at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived,
> A washing of the weary traveller's feet,
> A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose,
> Alternate and preparative; in groves
> Where, loving much the flower that loves the shade,
> And loving much the shade that the flower loves,
> He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved,
> Thence starting light, and pleasantly let go,
> When serious service calls."

We would go further than the poet, however, and say that the wife's love should accompany her husband into this "serious service;" that she should still be "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh" after he has crossed the threshold of the house; that she should participate in his hopes, his ambitions, and his projects. Her place, we grant, is not in the counting-house or "on 'Change." It is not necessary or desirable that she should be cumbered with the *details* of business. But surely she should have a general knowledge of what her husband is aiming at, is striving to accomplish; of what are his anxieties or expectations, of his successes or his failures. We believe that the influence of her pure spirit and simple straightforwardness of purpose would often hold back her husband from many a hazardous speculation, and rend aside the thin veil with which many a questionable action is disguised.

We have digressed. What should a man seek in a wife?

Let us take Habington's ideal, to which we have already made allusion. "She is so chaste," he says, "she never understood the language passion speaks in, nor with a smile applauds it, although there appears wit in the metaphor. She is fain only to win on his affections; nor would she be mistress of the most eloquent beauty, if there were danger that it might persuade the passionate auditory to the least irregular thought.[1] She is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evil a herald, she never boasts the story of her ancestors. She is so moderately rich that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity license her to riot. She is liberal, and yet owes not ruin to vanity, but knows charity to be the soul of goodness, and virtue without reward often prove to be her own destroyer. She is much at home, and when she visits, it is for mutual converse, not for intelligence [*i.e.*, gossip]. She can go to court, and return no passionate doter on bravery; and when she hath seen the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as cobwebs the spider vanity hath spun. She is so general in her acquaintance that she is familiar with all whom fame speaks virtuous, but thinks there can be no friendship but with one, and therefore hath neither she-friend nor private servant. She so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes that in the country she lives without a froward melancholy, in the town without a fantastic pride. She is so temperate, she never read the modern policy of glorious surfeits, since she finds nature is no epicure, if art provoke her not by curiosity. She is inquisitive only of new ways to please him, and her will sails by no other compass than that of his direction. She looks upon him as conjurors upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but heaven and hell; and in him she believes Paradise circumscribed. His virtues are her wonder and imitation, and his errors her credulity thinks no more frailty than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, she so lives that she may die and have no cloud upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned."

Such a wife was the wife of De Tocqueville, the illustrious political philosopher, whose "Democracy in America" will

[1] What a satire is this upon the fashionable wives who, now-a-days, exhibit their photographs in every print-shop, and at all public places attract the curious and unflattering gaze!

prove an imperishable monument to his sagacity and judgment. She aided him in his studies, cheered and consoled him in the various experiences of his public career. He felt his mind strengthened and purified by the felicitous atmosphere which she diffused about their home. To his friends he spoke of her as the greatest of all the blessings which God had bestowed upon him. "You cannot imagine," he wrote, "what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which distract *me* but leave her serene." At another time he said:—"I am in great want of rest, and of a long rest. If you sum up all the perplexities that besiege an author towards the end of his work, you will be able to imagine a very wretched life. I could not go on with my task if it were not for the refreshing calm of Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a disposition forming a happier contrast to my own." And yet again:—"I must describe the happiness afforded by the continued companionship of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even extended and elevated. When I say or do that which seems to me just and proper, I read immediately in my wife's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which inspires me; while, on those occasions when my conscience reproaches me, her face is instantly clouded." Thus the presence of a pure woman acts like a monitor, to check the soul when wandering into the paths of error, to encourage it when struggling upwards and onwards to the light. Men can have no such help and support in life as sweet intercourse with a wife of high principle and lofty purpose. De Tocqueville shrewdly remarked that he had frequently seen, on the public stage, men of a naturally feeble character exhibit unexpected virtue and nobility of aim, because sustained and inspirited by the example and teaching of a noble-minded wife, who exercised a strengthening influence on their sense of duty, while it is notorious that men of great and generous instincts have been degraded into self-seekers and worshippers of success by unhappy contact with women of coarse natures and low aims.

Edmund Burke was eminently fortunate in his wife, of whom it might have been said (as Congreve said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings), that "to love her was a liberal education."

A refined and an accomplished woman, with much strength of character and a boundless capacity of loving, equally fitted to rule in the household or shine in the social circle, and possessed of an ardent sympathy with everything beautiful and good and true. Even her friends agreed that her husband's fond portrait of her excellences was not too vividly coloured. To look upon that portrait will both inform and gratify the reader:—

"She is handsome, but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all these in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

"Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

"Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"Her voice is a soft low music[1]—not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you must be close to her to hear it.

"To describe her body describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes.

"She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. . . .

"Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

"She discovers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning

[1] "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in women."—*Shakespeare.*

but by sagacity. She never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises.

"She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the beauty of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful, in hers."

Such a wife is, indeed, "a treasure" to her husband, and her society would be a constant education. It is possible that even the warmest friends of Mrs. Burke failed to discover in her all the virtues and excellences her husband saw; but this is as it should be. The wife should always leave something to be revealed only to her husband; some modest charm, some secret grace, reserved solely for his delight and inspiration, like those flowers which give of their sweetness only to the hand that lovingly gathers them. Burke's beautiful portrait, however, is one which we cannot study too often or too closely; it embraces all the features, one might say, of a perfect woman as well as of a perfect wife. There is a curious similarity, by the way, between it and Tennyson's presentment of "revered Isabel, the crown and head, the stately flower of female fortitude, of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihood." The comparison will be instructive:—

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise, on either side her head;
Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity. . . .

"The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edgèd intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold
The laws of marriage charactered in gold
Upon the blanchèd tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-pacèd counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried;

Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride,
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway;
Crowned Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

Another poet, Robert Burns, has divided the qualities of a good wife into ten parts, of which he apportions four to good temper (the good temper springing from self-control—the good temper which can bear and forbear—the good temper not of indifference or facility, but of patience and a well-regulated mind), two to good sense, one to comeliness (not absolute beauty, we suppose, but sweetness of expression, fineness of feature, a good address, and grace of attitude and movement), one to wit, and the remaining two to education and such adventitious circumstances as birth and fortune. He omits all mention of the *religious sentiment*, which will be found to consecrate and preserve the good temper so largely and justly appreciated by the poet. A woman without reverence, without serious thought of Divine things and the world beyond mortality, can never rise to the ideal standard of the perfect wife. The conviction that the union begun in this life will be continued in the future life, only spiritualised and exalted, will teach both husband and wife a more liberal patience and a loftier love. Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," in which, by the way, a noble wife is very finely portrayed, was not a little indebted to the earnest piety of the excellent young woman whom he had married. "My mercy," he says, "was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were accounted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet she had for her part 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died." The perusal of these volumes and the persuasive example of his wife were no small assistance to Bunyan in struggling through the valley of the shadow of death.

To these ideal portraits we may add Sir Thomas More's description of the advantages that flow from happy wedlock, founded, there can be no doubt, on his own experience. In one of his Latin poems he advises a friend, in choosing a wife,

not to set too much count on the qualifications of wealth and beauty, but, if he desire a happy life, to mate with a woman of virtue and knowledge. "May you mate," he says, with a wife not always stupidly silent, nor always talking garrulous nonsense! May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being instructed! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue from the best authors of antiquity. She will be herself in all changes of fortune, neither puffed up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an equable, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable life companion. Her children will imbibe knowledge with their milk, and from their infancy she will train them up to wisdom. In whatever company you may be engaged you will long to be at home; and you will retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one who is so dear, so well informed, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will soothe you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will spend with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever discovering new charms in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from excess, and prevent its melancholy from becoming painful. Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus, for who would have undergone what he did to recover only a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who rivalled him in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the fondest and most learned of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their teacher than their parent."

As a pendant, let us add the worldly counsel which Lord Burleigh, one of the shrewdest and most discreet of men, addressed to his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, in his "Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life:"—"When it shall please God," he says, "to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposi-

tion, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous (*generosus*) soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and unseemly creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will irk thee to hear her talk. Thou shalt find, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool."

Fully were the duties and happinesses of marriage, when it is indeed an union of hearts and souls, comprehended by that admirable wife of George Washington, who, when his spirit had departed before her, exclaimed:—"'Tis well; all is now over. I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." Death was no trial, because it would restore her to her husband. After the death of the Duc de Chevreuse, his wife, Saint Simon says, could not be in any degree persuaded to return to the world; when it lost him whom she had not so much "loved as adored," it lost all attraction for her. Sir Henry Wotton in two pregnant lines has summed up the passionate love of Lady Morton, who, unable to endure the blow which made her a widow, sickened, and literally died of a broken heart:—

> "He first deceased; she for a little tried
> To live without him: liked it not, and died."

Such grief, however, may well be called immoderate. It is more instructive to contemplate the wife in her capacity as fellow-worker with her husband, the companion of his studies, his assistant, laborious, intelligent, sympathetic. Such a wife was the late Lady Beaconsfield, according to her husband's graceful acknowledgment in the dedication to his "Sybil:"—"I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided, its pages, the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife!" Such an one was the wife of Sir Henry Taylor, who dedicates to her (the "scornfullest of reviewers") his "Eve of the Conquest." Such an one was the late Mrs. John Stuart Mill, as we learn from her husband's pathetic words, prefixed to his essay

"On Liberty:"—"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume."[1] "I never was anything, dearest," writes Thomas Hood, poet and humourist, to his wife, "till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." For a great part of their wedded life, Hood suffered pitifully from physical ailments; but he was strengthened in his cheerful efforts to rise superior to them by the inspiration of her untiring affection and inexhaustible sympathy. She was also of constant service to him in his literary avocations, and he gladly made use of her fine memory, her sound judgment, and her accurate taste. He was ever ready to say of her, in the deep gratitude of his soul, as Herder said of a scarcely less admirable helpmate:—"I have a wife who is the tree, the consolation, and the happiness of my life. Even in our fugitive and transient thoughts, which often surprise us, we are one." So says Carlyle, in the epitaph inscribed upon his wife's tomb in Haddington churchyard:—"For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."[2] It is known that the late Earl Canning, Viceroy of India, was never weary of

[1] Over his wife's tomb at Avignon he placed the following inscription:—"To the beloved memory of Harriet Mill, the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of John Stuart Mill. Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom, the example in goodness, as she was the chief earthly delight, of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been felt in many of the greatest improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this world would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survived her, at Avignon, Nov. 3rd, 1858."

[2] In this epitaph he also speaks of her as possessing "a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare."

owning his indebtedness for practical help as well as domestic consolation to his accomplished wife.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn is of opinion that women are incapable of the sustained pursuit of an elevated object for its own sake. "When a woman's heart is touched," she says, "when it is moved by love, then the electric spark is communicated, and the fire of inspiration kindles; but even then she desires no more than to suffer or to die for what she loves. That woman remains to be born who is capable of interesting herself for an abstract idea." We think it would not be difficult to disprove this assertion; but, as Mr. Hayward remarks, it applies in the case of Lady Palmerston, the motive power of whose brilliant career as a queen of society was love of Lord Palmerston. It was her affectionate interest in him and in his political fortunes that made her a politician; her source of inspiration was not "an abstract idea," but the man. "To place him and keep him in what she thought his proper position, to make people see him as she saw him, to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated adversaries within the genial atmosphere of his conversation, to tone down opposition and conciliate support—this was thenceforth the fixed purpose and master-passion of her life."

Lady Palmerston was a loyal friend. Whoever was once admitted into her intimacy might thenceforth count upon her enduring regard and generous advocacy. She would allow none to rail against him or depreciate him. She cherished no strong feelings against those who were *not* friends, always provided they had not caballed against Lord Palmerston, or in attacking him had not trespassed beyond the limits of fair party warfare. *Then* a change came over her, her placability and mildness deserted her; the dove appeared suddenly equipped with the beak and talons of the hawk. With a tact and intuition almost approaching to genius, knowing exactly what to say and what not to say, what to conceal and what to divulge, Lord Palmerston found in her a safe adviser and an invaluable assistant. She could disarm a possible adversary and confirm a wavering adherent by the charm of her address and the felicitousness of her conversation. She undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property, personally inspecting the accounts, and examining minutely

into everything that was done. "She had read a good deal," says Mr. Hayward, "in a desultory way, and, when roused to the exertion, could talk on a wide range of subjects with a vigour and accuracy which would have astonished those who had only seen her trifling gracefully with the Cynthia of the minute, the floating rumour or gossip of the hour. She possessed a keen insight into character, and was singularly happy in conveying a trait by an epithet, or a graphic sketch by a phrase, letting fall her felicitous touches with an ease and spontaneity that showed her unconscious of the gift."

We have spoken of Earl Canning. He may be said to have inherited a tradition of domestic felicity, for the wedded life of his parents was not less prosperous than his own. His distinguished father, George Canning, in the course of an exceptionally active career, found in his wife his truest friend and most useful helper. He concealed nothing from her; she shared all his hopes, fears, anxieties, convictions. When separated from her, he never failed to inform her of all that occurred even in the minutest detail, and to seek her advice in every difficult conjuncture. The devotedness of the late Lady Hamilton may here be recorded. When her husband, the greatest of the Scotch metaphysicians, was overtaken by paralysis at the age of fifty-six, she became his *alter ego*, his reader, his amanuensis, his tender and faithful assistant. She copied out and revised his lectures, consulted authorities for him, made extracts and classified them, corresponded with his friends and pupils. Even before this she had given abundant proofs of her wifely fidelity. She had supplied the order and method in which he was constitutionally deficient, the energy, vivacity, and decision that quickened a powerful but somewhat sluggish intellect. Professor Veitch, Sir William's biographer, very truly and justly says that she had a power, in his case a most needful and valuable power, of keeping her husband up to what he had to do. "She contended wisely against a sort of energetic indolence which characterised him, and which, while he was always labouring, made him apt to put aside the task actually before him—sometimes diverted by subjects of inquiry suggested in the course of study on the matter in hand, sometimes discouraged by the difficulty of reducing to order the immense mass of materials he had accumulated in connection with it. Then her resolution and cheerful disposition sustained

and refreshed him, and never more so than when, during the last twelve years of his life, his bodily strength was broken, and his spirit, though languid, yet ceased not from mental toil. The truth is," adds Professor Veitch, "that Sir William's marriage, his comparatively limited circumstances, and the character of his wife, supplied to a nature that would have been contented to spend its mighty energies in work that brought no reward but in the doing of it, and that might never have been made publicly known or available, the practical force and impulse which enabled him to accomplish what he actually did in literature and philosophy. It was this influence, without doubt, which saved him from utter absorption in his world of rare, noble, and elevated, but ever-increasingly unattainable ideas." Her industry was indefatigable, because the spirit of love sustained and animated it. Everything her husband sent to the press and all the courses of his lectures were written by her, either to dictation or from a copy. "The number of pages in her handwriting," says his biographer, "filled with abstruse metaphysical matter, original and quoted, bristling with propositional and syllogistic formulæ, that are still preserved, is perfectly marvellous."

It is a commonplace to speak of William Blake, the painter-poet, as one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived. His genius had a mystical element in it, and hovered constantly on the threshold of a world of dreams and illusions. A vivid imagination so completely possessed him that he came to regard all its images as realities, to give life and substance to its most fantastic creations. Like the Solitary in Bulwer Lytton's romance of "Zanoni," he was surrounded by visions; the air was full of the beings summoned into existence by his wayward fancy. One evening, to a friend who called upon him, he whispered:—

"Disturb me not—I have a person sitting to me."

"I see no one," was the reply.

"But, sir, *I* do," answered Blake; "there he is, his name is Lot; you may read of him in the Scripture."

"Did you ever see a fairy's funeral?" said he, on another occasion, to his companion.

"Never, sir."

"I have; but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden, there was a great stillness among the branches

and flowers, and a more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures of the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral."[1]

Obviously a man of such extreme sensibility to mental impressions needed a companion of singular prudence; and such Blake found in his wife, Katherine Boultbee ("dark-eyed Kate," as he calls her), whom he married when he was six-and-twenty. Their lot from first to last was poverty, but she never complained. She believed in her husband, in his genius, in his mystical verse and still more mystical designs; she listened to his extravagant rhapsodies with as much faith as a votary of old to some Sybilline utterance. Of their double existence she supplied the sound, solid, practical prose. She ordered his household and prepared his frugal meals; she did more: she printed the impressions of his plates; she coloured them nimbly and skilfully; she herself made drawings, much in his own style and spirit; and whatever she did or suffered, she continued cheerful, patient, actively intelligent, and readily sympathetic. Many of Blake's masterpieces were produced in the small room which served him and his wife for kitchen, bedchamber, and study, where his only companion (except his visions), was his faithful Katherine, and his income never exceeded eighteen shillings a week. The end came at last, and by the dying man's bed sat the faithful wife in tears. "Stay, Kate!" exclaimed the fond enthusiast; "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait, for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed; and the dying artist made a faithful likeness. As he waited, with sublime faith, for the great revelation, he chanted wild strange songs, of which both the words and the music sprang from the moment's inspiration. He grieved—it was his only grief—that he could no longer commit them to paper. "Kate," he said, "I am a changing man; I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone; and you arose too and sat beside me—this can be no longer."

[1] The reader will do well to refer to Mr. Algernon Swinburne's eloquent monograph upon Blake.

It was the fanciful belief of the ancients that when a noble wife departed, Proserpine welcomed her to the other world with a procession of the best and purest spirits, who strewed the way with flowers. Such a procession must surely have received the wife of the poet Schiller, who soothed that strong but restless genius by her intense devotion, and held him to his home by the sweet attraction of her presence. "To be united with a person," he says, "that shares our joys and our sorrows, that responds to our feelings, that moulds herself so pliantly, so closely to our humours, reposing on her calm and warm affection, to relax our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild wishes and tumultuous passions, to dream away all the bitterness of fortune in the bosom of domestic enjoyment—this is the true delight of life." So profoundly did he feel the bliss of happy wedlock, a bliss undisturbed by incompatibility of temper or opposition of taste, that he declared life to be quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife. "Beautiful Nature!" he exclaimed; "I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. I look with a glad mind around me; . . . my existence is settled in harmonious tranquillity; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear."[1] She rendered no small service to the world who cast the flowers of love before the toiling feet of Friedrich Schiller.

The extent to which a wife may elevate and ennoble her husband's life, bearing it up on the wing of her higher genius and more ardent sympathies, is illustrated by the story of Madame Roland. There can be no doubt that hers was a loftier nature than her husband's; that her intellect was more powerful, her enthusiasm more genuine, her fertility of conception and faculty of expression greater. Carlyle paints her as a "queen-like burgher woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye—more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of sincerity and nature, in an age of artificiality, pollutions, and cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, the noblest of all these living Frenchwomen." Queen-like, indeed, in her bearing, her looks, her movements, in her lofty beauty; but still more

[1] Carlyle, "Life of Schiller."

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THE STORY OF MADAME ROLAND.

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in her genius, her elevation of thought, her faculty of ruling. She married M. Roland de la Platière, an elderly man, thin and tall in person, of reserved manners, and with a grave, almost stern countenance; but a man of rigid integrity, and a sincere worshipper of liberty and truth. He was very jealous and exacting; insisted on her putting aside all the friendships of her youth; surrounded her with a constant atmosphere of suspicion; without, however, drawing from her exalted soul a murmur of regret or disobedience. She devoted her leisure to his assistance; transcribed his literary labours, corrected the proofs, and not infrequently kindled the arid mass with a spark of her own imagination. When he was stricken down by a dangerous malady, she watched by his side for twelve days and nights with a gentle patience which commanded universal admiration. He plunged into the stormy strife of politics; she became his sagacious adviser. He accepted office in Louis XIV.'s Government; she presided at his receptions, prepared his speeches, suggested his policy. "Envious men insist that the wife Roland is Minister, and not the husband; it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. Serene and queenly is she here, as of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines' convent! she who has quietly shelled French beans for her dinner; being led to that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and computation; and knowing what that was, and what she was; such a one will also look quietly on ormulu and veneering, not ignorant of these either."

The Revolution followed, and the brief but terrible agony of the Reign of Terror. Danton, Marat, Couthon, Robespierre; these were the men who held in their hands the destinies of France, and they hated the Girondists, of whom Roland was one of the leaders. His life and his wife's life were constantly in danger. She slept with a pistol under her pillow. Her friends urged her to fly, but she refused to abandon the cause of liberty or to desert her husband. In May 1793, however, M. Roland effected his escape from Paris; he was less troubled by an heroic generosity. Directly afterwards Madame Roland was arrested and committed to prison. There she began those "Memoirs," which the world still reads, for every page is the revelation of an elevated mind. Written in a picturesque and glowing style, which insensibly charms the reader like a strain of wayward but sweet music,

its principal merit lies, nevertheless, in the fidelity with which it reproduces every feature of the writer's character: her scorn of tyranny, her love of freedom, her sympathy with all that was bright and beautiful; as well as the clearness of her intellect, and the vivid force of her imagination. It is a wonderful picture of a human soul, drawn in the shadow of death, on the threshold of a premature grave.

The Revolutionary tribunal sentenced her to the guillotine, and within a few hours the sentence was carried out. In the tumbril which conveyed her to the place of execution was another victim, a weak and infirm old man, named Lamarche. As they drew near the scaffold he wept and moaned bitterly; she endeavoured to cheer him with brave words of consolation. At the foot of the guillotine she sprang lightly from the cart, close beneath a huge clay statue of Liberty. Pausing a moment, she asked for pen and paper "to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her;" strange thoughts of the past and future, of the life so nearly ended, of that *other* life which was so soon to begin. Her request was denied, and the executioner drew her by the arm towards the dread instrument of death. "Stay!" said she, "I would ask a favour, but not for myself. Spare yonder poor old man the pain of seeing me die." "It is contrary to my orders," answered Samson. "You cannot," she said, with a radiant smile, "refuse the last request of a lady,"—and the executioner complied. But it was soon time for her to take her place. For a moment she gazed on the great clay image of Freedom, and, bowing gravely before it, uttered the well-known apostrophe:—"O Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Then she surrendered herself to the executioner, and in a few seconds her head rolled into the fatal basket.

We are reminded of another French heroine, whose wedded life was one long spell of conjugal devotion. At the age of fourteen, the beautiful daughter of the Duc d'Ayon fell in love with, and was loved by, the young Lafayette, and it was agreed between their parents that, after a delay of two years, they should be married. The two years passed, and the youthful lovers were united. But if Lafayette loved his wife, he loved liberty also; and when the American War of Independence broke out in 1777, he offered his sword to those whom the British Government not unnaturally designated

"rebels," but the French styled "patriots." Proud of his chivalrous ardour, the young wife bore the parting with composure, and was cheered in his absence by the reports of his brave deeds and the tender enthusiasm of his letters. He returned in safety, and for a time her joy was complete; but kindling with republican fire, he was soon engaged in new plans for advancing the cause of the young commonwealth of the West. His wife's fortitude gave way. She fell ill; her life was in danger. On her recovery, however, she unselfishly yielded to his desire to make a second visit to America, and with tears saw him depart. For many months she received no letter from him, no report of the campaign in which he was engaged, and her loyal heart was rent with anticipations of misfortune. After the victorious issue of the war, he suddenly returned, when her revulsion of feeling was so great as to threaten fatal consequences. Fortunately, the peace of 1782 brought calm and contentment to their home, and she rested for some blissful months in the bliss of her husband's presence.

In the early tumult of the French Revolution Lafayette accepted the command of the National Guard, and his career is thenceforth identified with the history of his country. At first the popular hero, it was his misfortune soon to fall into disgrace with the fickle crowd; and his wife tells us that though she gloried in all he did, he never left the house without her feeling that perhaps she had kissed him for the last time. Throwing up his office, he retired into Auvergne with his family, but the Revolution pursued their footsteps, involving in its current their happy lives. Lafayette left Chavariac to take the command of the army of defence on the northern frontier. Meanwhile he regarded with alarm the violent measures of the authorities at Paris, and ventured upon remonstrances, which led to his being denounced by Robespierre at the Jacobins' Club, and by Collot d'Herbois before the National Convention. Having good cause to fear for his life, he fled across the frontier, but fell into the hands of the Austrians, and was flung into prison at Olmütz. His wife, as an aristocrat, was at the same time lying in captivity at Plessis. At first her gentle feminine spirit was so overwhelmed that she could make no effort to secure her freedom. But when the Parisian deputies visited Plessis, forbade the name of Lafayette to be uttered as that of "a traitor to his country,"

and condemned the woman who proudly bore it to remain a prisoner, she was roused from her prostration by the public insult to her husband. Once more her heart was alive with the thought of liberty and of Lafayette, and she applied to her friends to obtain her release. Not without difficulty was this accomplished through the intervention of the American ambassador. She then sent her son to the United States, and having carefully arranged all the details of management of her husband's estates and her own, set out for Paris to obtain a passport for herself and her daughters. "It was not alone her following me," said Lafayette, after her death, "to the fortress of Olmütz, 'on the wings of love and duty,' as Charles Fox said; but it was her intrepid courage in not quitting France until she had settled everything, paid my debts, ordered my affairs, and despatched our son George to America. It was her noble imprudence in thus remaining in France, the only woman compromised by her name who did not change it. Though generally so indulgent to party feelings and prejudices, and standing, as so long she did, under the shadow of the scaffold, she never allowed a hostile remark upon me to remain unanswered. Never did she present a petition or make a declaration that she did not glory in signing it with my name as 'La femme Lafayette.'"

Eventually the passport was secured. At Vienna she had an interview with the Emperor, who accorded her what is called a gracious reception. She not only received permission to join Lafayette at Olmütz, but was assured that every indulgence she might require would be immediately granted on personal application to himself; an assurance, it is unnecessary to say, that was as empty as imperial promises too often have been. On the 1st of October 1795, the faithful wife first saw the grim walls of Olmütz. She fainted from excess of emotion, then offered up to Heaven her solemn thanksgiving for the realisation of her hopes and prayers. The sombre doors of the fortress opened to receive her and her children; they hastily traversed the long dark galleries leading to the lonely cell; there sat Lafayette, who, during three years of rigorous imprisonment, had heard no voices of the outer world, received no news of those whom he loved. The door was suddenly opened. Did he dream?—no; it was really his wife—his wife and their children, who hung upon him with tears and

kisses — tears that were not all joy, but kisses that were all love!

We must pass rapidly over the details of the prison life of the little family. In spite of the gracious words of the Emperor, they were allowed no exercise; they could not write a letter except under the supervision of their jailers; they were deprived of their money and forbidden to attend mass. The domestic work was all done by themselves; they swept the rooms, made the beds, and mended their clothes; while so poorly were they provided with comforts that they were compelled to eat with their fingers. Yet Madame de Lafayette, as her daughter and biographer tells us, was supremely happy. "If it be remembered that, from the age of fourteen, her passion for my father had absorbed her whole being; what she had suffered from his long and frequent absence, his incessant occupation, the dangers to which he was continually exposed; how she had passed the last three years without any hope of ever seeing him again; to possess and hold the object of so much love anywhere, and under any conditions, was to her a living and daily bliss that no external circumstances could diminish. She wondered at her own capacity for happiness; she reproached herself for the fulness of her content while her husband was still a prisoner." But, in spite of her happiness and content, nature asserted its rights; she needed fresh air, exercise, suitable food, and she had neither. Her health gave way. Permission to consult a physician at Vienna was denied her. "If she left Olmütz she could never return!" She would rather have died than abandon her husband, and she remained a prisoner and an invalid. Her illness increased; she could move neither hand nor foot; low fever set in, and for nearly a twelvemonth her sufferings were intense. But her heart and mind were at peace, for she was by her husband's side. In the pauses of her disease she wrote a memoir of her mother on the margin of some book she had brought with her, using Indian-ink and a toothpick for a pen.

In 1797 Napoleon dictated to Austria the Peace of Campo-Formio, and one of its stipulations was the release of the prisoners of Olmütz. After a captivity of five years, Lafayette was free. His wife, restored to the enjoyment of fresh air and daily exercise, rallied her energies, and the little household settled at Witmold, near Hamburg, where they were

joined by the young Lafayette from America. But Lafayette was still under proscription, and his wife felt that she had still a mission to accomplish. She set out for Paris to observe the condition of political feeling. Napoleon was First Consul, and his vigorous administration had restored order and the authority of the law. Madame Lafayette, from what she observed, was induced to advise her husband to join her without waiting for special permission. He did so; but Napoleon was deeply irritated at this act of disobedience. Taking upon herself the responsibility, the heroic wife solicited and obtained an interview. With affectionate eloquence she pleaded her husband's cause, contending that he could not justly be considered either an exile or an emigrant, and therefore was not amenable to the regulations which affected those classes. She spoke of his patriotism, his earnestness, his courage, and Napoleon listened. He admired the wife's devotion. "Madame," he said, "I am charmed to make your acquaintance. You have spoken admirably; but you are entirely ignorant of public affairs." Lafayette, however, received permission to remain in France, and the re-united family took up their residence at Lagrange, near Brie.

Here, then, Madame Lafayette, after the stirring experiences of her career, seemed to have found a secure haven of repose. But Providence has willed that we shall never do more than reach the frontier of the Eden land, and view the happy valleys, for whose peace our souls have yearned, from the summit of the Mount Pisgah to which we have painfully climbed. Madame Lafayette, in the completeness of her bliss, was attacked by a mortal disease. "We soon felt," writes her husband, "that her summons had come, and that no human skill could save her. The evening on which she became delirious she said to me, 'If I am going to another home, you know I shall think only of you. Whatever it may cost me to leave you, I would gladly sacrifice my life to ensure your eternal happiness.' It seemed as if her love for me was stronger than disease; as if it conquered it. Even when this angelic creature was, as it were, already dead; when the death-chill had seized upon her limbs, some warmth and consciousness lingered in the hand I clasped in mine. Perhaps had she had full command of her senses, her passionate affection might have found less lavish utterance.

"She had no fear of death; her religion was all faith and hope; she had fulfilled every religious duty, and it was her firm belief that the sincere and virtuous of all creeds would be saved. 'I know not,' she used to say, 'what will befall them at their death; but God will provide. They will be saved.'

"During an interval of reason she exclaimed, 'How I thank God that my ardent love to you was a duty! How happy I have been! What a privilege to have been your wife!'

"When I spoke of my own tenderness for her:—'Yes, it is true; yes. Say that again; it is delightful. If you think I did not love you in return, it is because God gave me no greater faculty of loving. I love you,' she repeated, 'I love you passionately!—as a woman—as a Christian—body and soul!'

"All the scenes of her life passed before her. She repeated with infinite emotion the Canticle of Tobias she had recited on first seeing the towers of Olmütz; she recalled her secret tears at my departure for America—tears concealed in order that her parents might not blame me. 'Oh!' cried she, 'for six more years at Lagrange! But I am dying! Have I ever offended you? Have I been a loving wife?'—'Yes, yes, surely.'—'Then bless me, and promise me while you live to think of me as you do now.'—'Bless me also,' said I; and she did so for the first time and the last.

"On the day of her death we wondered to hear her say, 'To-day I shall see my mother.' When her sister for a few moments seated herself by her side, I confess that I felt my conjugal affection aroused by a sentiment of jealousy for the only time. I passionately longed to occupy her exclusively. I wanted all her looks, all her thoughts. And she, too, seemed impatient for me to take my old place again. When I had done so, she pressed my hand in hers and softly whispered, 'I am all yours.'

"These were her last words.

"We stood around her bed, which had been moved into the centre of the room; we threw ourselves on our knees, watching each breath she drew. Without a pang, a heavenly smile brightening her wan face, and still holding my hand, this angel of love and tenderness passed away."

Lafayette may not have been—we do not think he was—worthy of so much heroism, of such heights and depths of affection; but the glory of the wife is not the less because she idealised and exalted in her husband the virtues that were really her own. It is marvellous how the love of women will drape in royal robes the most unkingly of creatures; how it persists in seeing in the idol to which it has once given its allegiance a greatness and a goodness, an excellence of motive and conduct, which the world is unable to discover; how it finds a reason for a weakness and an excuse for a fault; how it seeks to divest even sin of its shame and repulsiveness. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; certain it is that if he appear not as one to his wife, the failure must be of his own making. She is anxious to the last to shut her eyes to anything that may impair her conception of the perfect man on whom she has poured out all the treasures of a virgin heart; and bitter indeed is the agony when she can no longer deceive herself, when the degradation or imbecility of her husband stands revealed in all its nakedness; when she is forced to confess that she has been mistaken. This stricken condition of the soul is finely depicted by George Eliot, when, in her novel of "Middlemarch," Mrs. Bulstrode discovers, what everybody else had long before known, the moral worthlessness of the husband she had loved and married. She needed time, this poor, miserably-awakened woman, to get used to her maimed consciousness, her pitifully lopped life. "A new searching light had fallen on her husband's character, and she could not judge him leniently; the twenty years in which she had believed in him and venerated him by virtue of his concealments came back with particulars that made them seem an odious deceit." But even in this hour of sorrow and suffering, when the heart is bleeding with the wound inflicted by the hand it had fondly cherished, the true wife harbours not a thought of disloyalty. It is true that the "has been," the old confidence, the old regard, the old esteem, the common interest, the natural sympathy, can never be again. It is true that between her and her husband has suddenly risen up a barrier which in this life can never be removed. Yet she does not, she will not, she cannot abandon him. The finger of scorn may be pointed at him, the voice of deserved censure may judge him, as she herself judges him, but she will remain

at his side. And so, in "Middlemarch," Mrs. Bulstrode seeks out her guilty husband. "The door opened, and his wife entered. He dared not look up at her. He sat with his eyes bent down, and as she went towards him she thought he looked smaller—he seemed so withered and shrunken. A movement of new compassion and old tenderness went through her like a great wave, and putting one hand on his which rested on the arm of the chair, and the other on his shoulder, she said, solemnly but kindly, 'Look up, Nicholas.'" And thus hand in hand, but never more heart with heart, the twain, between whom has come so sharp a severance, go forth into the desert of the Unknown.

It is well for most of us that our wives, like the hero in Marmontel's fairy tale, look so perseveringly through rose-coloured glasses. We gather up so much that is petty and untrue in our daily contact with the world, that it would prove a grievous mishap if they saw us exactly as we are; if they could make out each speck and stain, and observe how the seemingly fine smooth texture of our characters is worn and abraded in many unsuspected places. Oh, the love of woman, how fond, how generous it is! No imagination of poet has so strong an idealising faculty as the affection of a true wife! Her unselfish devotion, Midas-like, turns all it touches to gold. Ordinary virtue swells into moral heroism; dull respectability rises to severe conscientiousness; commonplace cleverness masquerades as transcendent genius. Most wives believe that their husbands have in them a potentiality of intellect, and could become Shakespeares, Miltons, Rafaelles, Michael Angelos, if they liked. Even when the judgment is clearer, the affection is not lessened, and it is ready, at need, to supply every deficiency. What will not a wife forgive in her husband? Every day we see her condoning infidelity, ill-usage, suspicion, and arbitrary injustice, until we are led to wonder when the limit of her forbearance will be reached. Perhaps the one sin, unforgiven and unforgiveable, is meanness; not so much meanness in a pecuniary sense, for that does not greatly affect most women, but meanness of motive and conduct, a littleness which not only humiliates the man, but all who are nearly allied to him. Thackeray has painted this pettiness or mediocrity of character in the George Osborne of his "Vanity Fair;" and every reader must have rejoiced

that he was killed at Waterloo before his wife could know him as he really was, before the sad but inevitable moment of awakening had come upon her.

"A man," says Emerson, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colours." Herein lies the subtle skill of the true wife: she detects in her husband the latent vein of golden ore; she knows how to expose that particular angle of his character which reveals the finest hues. It is her pleasure and her pride to exhibit him to others as she herself sees him; and many a man owes half his fame, half his influence, to his wife's transports of tenderness. Frequently her affection kindles the dormant spark of intellectual life. More frequently still she keeps the divine fire a-light by her indefatigable care. She is always ready to soothe the lacerated heart or cheer the despondent spirit; to give her husband fresh confidence in himself by the fulness of her own belief in him. And all she asks in return is his love.

> "Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
> With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
> Unto me, and to me alone, revealed—
> 'A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.'
> Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine;
> Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
> But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful, and true,
> Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine." [1]

Let him be what he will or do what he will, so that he places his heart in her keeping. Be his failures ever so many, or his errors ever so glaring, she will forgive, and she will plead, as Amelia does in Fielding's admirable novel, that he may be forgiven. Let us pause to note that Fielding's "Amelia" is said to be a "true picture of his first wife." "They say," remarks Thackeray, "it was in his own home Fielding knew and loved her; from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction." It would be difficult to find a better portrait of an unselfish, forgiving, and generous-souled wife, who, in return for all she gives and bears, seeks nothing but a little tenderness.

[1] "*Poems*," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

What is necessary to happy wedlock? First and foremost, we suppose, "compatibility of temper;" that is, not a mere superficial good-humour, proceeding from a natural facility of disposition, but that entire and cordial agreement which is based upon community of tastes, implies common sympathies and interests, and is maintained by a high sense of honour and a genuine, unfailing courtesy. Husband and wife may never exchange an angry word or look, and yet be so alien in temper, so opposite in sentiment, as never to agree. That intimate union of hearts and souls without which marriage is always a sham or a mockery, and often becomes a curse, can never be realised where this incompatibility of temper exists. The victims may disguise it from themselves, from their friends, from their neighbours; may even preserve such an apparent cordiality of fellowship as to be quoted as "a happy couple," and yet pass through their wedded lives without ever drawing near to one another, without ever speaking from heart to heart or from soul to soul. It is quite possible that their own deception may be so complete that they shall go down to their graves without any consciousness of its huge extent, the survivor placing on the tomb of the departed a pathetic reference to years of conjugal felicity! Happy are they with whom the delusion is thus permanent; unhappy they who grow aware of it while time is yet before them! The majority of marriages are probably what the world calls prosperous, because this deception continues to the last, not because they are really that intimate alliance of fit souls and cognate spirits which the idea of wedlock supposes. "Mr. and Mrs. Brown get on very well together," says a sagacious world; "but then, you know, Mr. Brown is so very amiable!" Or, "Mrs. Brown has such a lovely temper!" Yes; the Browns do not quarrel; do not exchange harsh words; very seldom are betrayed into "cross looks;" and yet, Mr. and Mrs. Brown know no more of each other's inner self than Desdemona knew of Othello's or Guinevere of King Arthur's. Very probably they have made no attempt.

In English literature, the "History of the Peninsular War," by the late Sir William Napier, holds a distinguished place. It is the finest war chronicle in the language—glowing in its descriptions of scenes and events, incisive in its sketches of individuals. The style flows with a fervid eloquence, in which

one can often hear the blare of silver trumpets. A work of very considerable labour and research, it is doubtful whether its author would have undertaken it without his wife's encouragement, or completed it without her assistance. The original documents on which it is founded, many of them in cipher, she translated, deciphered, and summarised; and the historian's handwriting being far from legible, she copied out for the printer the whole of his interlined, blurred, and corrected manuscript. And this she did while carefully and conscientiously fulfilling her duties as the head of a household and the mother of a large family. Unquestionably she was able to accomplish so much through the entire agreement in taste and disposition between her husband and herself, their real "compatibility of temper," their thorough understanding of each other. When Sir William lay on his death-bed, his wife was also dangerously ill. She caused herself to be wheeled into his room, and they took, as far as this world is concerned, a last and loving farewell. Soon afterwards Sir William died. In a few weeks his wife followed; and they who in life were so closely and tenderly united have not been divided in death: they sleep in the same grave.

It is impossible to read the "Life and Letters of Charles Kingsley," so gracefully edited by his widow, without perceiving that the unbroken felicity (we would use a stronger phrase if we knew of one) which marked his married life originated in the perfect "compatibility of temper" existing between him and his wife.[1] They shared their tastes, feelings, opinions; they were at one on all subjects of importance; in their love of nature, their views of duty, their religious beliefs, their literary likings. A man possessed with a wonderful activity of intellect and an almost irrepressible energy, he would have worn himself out with thinking and doing many years before his time but for the calming influence of the wife he so tenderly loved. In her affection he found rest; in her sympathy.

[1] Miss Mitford says of the Kingsleys:—"He won his own sweet wife entirely by his charm of character. She was a girl of family, fortune, fashion, and beauty; he a young curate, without distinction of any sort—without even literary distinction, for he had not then published. He loved her—she loved him; and without any unseemly elopement, they lived down and loved down a pretty strong family opposition, and were married."—*Life and Letters*, iii. 223, 224.

strength. The one constant cloud on his horizon was the fear he entertained that she might be taken away before him; and he seems to have shuddered at the idea of being left for ever so brief a while without the sweet and close companionship that made the sunshine of his existence. In December 1874, Mrs. Kingsley was dangerously ill—so ill that at last the doctors told him there was no hope. "My own death-warrant," he exclaimed, "is signed with those words." A Christian and a man, he continued his ministrations in the sick-room, though his heart was bleeding, and spoke with hopefulness of an eternal reunion, and the indestructibility of that married love which, if genuine on earth, can be severed only for a few short years. Dwelling on the Threshold together for weeks of deep communion, husband and wife went over every bright page of the past again, reading their favourite poetry, and conversing on things human and divine. Kingsley was ill himself, and, in his carelessness of his own health, his cough became bronchitic, and pneumonia ensued. The weather was bitter; he had been warned that his recovery depended on an uniform temperature being kept up in his chamber, and on his never leaving it; but one day he leapt out of bed, made his way into his wife's room, and taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven! don't speak;" but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing ensued; he could say no more, and they never met again. The noble chivalrous spirit of Charles Kingsley passed to its Creator, and his wife was spared to raise in her book of biography an appropriate monument to their mutual affection.

We sometimes hear much pernicious nonsense talked about a man being "master in his own house;" while, on the other hand, much very ordinary wit has been levelled at the household in which the "grey mare is the better horse." To our thinking, the house in which the woman governs and the husband truckles, is only less miserable than that in which the husband is a tyrant and the wife a slave. Perfect happiness can exist only where there is perfect equality, which implies perfect love. Such equality, be it remembered, is not inconsistent with that willing subordination a wise wife recognises as due to the man, because placed, socially, in a position of greater responsibility, and by human laws as well as divine constituted the head of the family. Where there is that entire compatibility of temper, that full and complete understanding

of which we have spoken, there will never arise any question of master or mistress. Husband and wife will know that each has separate duties but common interests, each a work that the other cannot do, and both a vast world of pleasure and labour to be shared between them. Each will know when to yield to the other, when to give the other preference. There is a time for all things, as the Hebrew moralist told us long ago; a time for the husband to lead and the wife to follow; a time for the husband to follow gladly while the wife leads; and a time for the husband and wife to walk side by side and hand in hand. Thank God, it is this last phase of duty that is most frequent. May we repeat that oft-quoted passage in "The Princess"?—

> "The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
> Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
> For she that out of Lethe scales with man
> The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
> His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
> Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
> If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
> How shall men grow? but work no more alone! . .
> For woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse: . . .
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

As between man and woman, so is it between husband and wife; they are diverse and yet one; neither superior nor inferior, but planted side by side:—

> "Either sex alone
> Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
> Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfils
> Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
> Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow."

Was there any question of superior or inferior, we wonder, between Faraday and that noble wife of his, his marriage with whom he described as a source of honour and happiness far

exceeding all the rest? Or between Heinrich Heine and the leal-hearted partner of his many trials and sorrows, whose love for him he declared to be the strongest and truest that ever throbbed in the heart of woman? Or between Huber, the Genevese naturalist, and the devoted helpmate who supplied his loss of sight by her vigilant, untiring, patient, loving eyes, —reading for him, writing for him, watching his bees for him, so that he afterwards said, "While she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind"? Biography teaches by example, and biography supplies us with numerous illustrations of that "perfect marriage" in which no question of "equal or unequal" is ever agitated. We wish we had space for the charming story of Margaret Moller, the wife of Klopstock, the poet of "The Messiah." There must have been a truer poetry in the man's nature than we find in his epic, or he would hardly have inspired his "Meta" with so deep and passionate an attachment. Writing to Richardson, the novelist, she says:—"He is good, really good, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us which would please us if we knew its whole aim and true extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did: they have married—as people marry; and they are happy—as people are happy." She died in childbed, after four years of wedded peace; her last words, addressed to her husband, "My love, you will follow me!" Klopstock speaks of her as endowed with a refined and cultivated taste, much literary skill, and a fine critical faculty. He knew immediately by her countenance whether his thoughts pleased her; and so absolute was their sympathy, that their souls could commune together almost without the aid of language.

We may glance for a moment at the married life of Flaxman the sculptor. It has all the grace and sweetness of an idyll. Ann Denman, whom he married when he was twenty-seven, was an amiable and accomplished woman, conversant with good writers in French and Italian, possessed of some knowledge of Greek, and a literary and artistic faculty. What was better than all, as one of Flaxman's biographers says, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius. She cheered and

encouraged him in those attacks of despondency to which genius is peculiarly liable, because it can so clearly appreciate the gulf between what is conceived and what is accomplished, between the Thought and the Expression. She regulated with prudence his domestic economy. She arranged his drawings, and sometimes conducted his correspondence. In all things she so acted that it seemed "as if the Church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and blood." Flaxman's imagination was stimulated by intercourse with so congenial a companion. Her careful management provided the funds necessary for their journey to Rome, where they resided for upwards of seven years, Flaxman greatly profiting by his study of the masterpieces of ancient and mediæval art. Those who desire to see him aright during this long apprenticeship must not forget to admit into the picture "the modest matron who was ever at his side, aiding him by her knowledge and directing him by her taste. She was none of those knowing dames who hold their lords in a sort of invisible vassalage, or, with submission on their lips and rebellion in their hearts, make the victim walk as suits their sovereign will and pleasure. No; they loved each other truly; they read the same books, thought the same thoughts, prized the same friends, and, like bones of the same bosom, were at peace with each other, and had no wish to be separated."

With equal grace and gratitude the Artist acknowledged the Wife's devotion. In a MS. quarto he wrote the story, and with his magic pencil illustrated the adventures, of a Christian hero, who in the truest spirit of chivalry goes forth into the world to succour the suffering, chastise the evil, and protect the weak. He is surrounded by a throng of temptations; good and evil spirits contend for him as their prize; his own passions beset him in terrific shapes, like those of Dante's "Inferno;"[1] but, led by a guardian angel, he defies and escapes every danger, becomes a purified spirit, and is commissioned to watch over the good on earth. In this capacity he defends

[1] "The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy."
—DANTE, *Inferno*, canto v.

the oppressed, shields the innocent, and spreads a celestial light wherever he passes. The sketches are forty in number; and, being Flaxman's, it is needless to say that they have a fine and delicate beauty touched by poetic genius. On the first page of this *Liber Amoris*—how much truer, purer, and loftier than Hazlitt's!—the artist-husband drew a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth; on either side an angel, and above a scroll, inscribed "Ann Flaxman;" below, two hands clasped, as at the altar; while two cherubs bear a garland, and space is provided for the dedicatory epigraph:—"The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to the spiritual world, and blessed with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry, and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence; he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as Universal Benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy.—JOHN FLAXMAN, October 2, 1796."

> "She was in one a many parts of life;
> A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
> A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
> So charitable to religion's end,
> In all her polite actions so devote,
> As her whole life was now become one note
> Of piety and private holiness."

This praise, which Ben Jonson bestows on Venetia Digby, Flaxman might justly have applied to Mistress Ann, who, for thirty-eight years, strewed his daily path with the fragrant flowers of love, and truth, and hope. She was his friend, his companion, his helpmate. Her husband paid her, it is said, the double respect due to affection and talent; and when any difficulty in composition occurred, would say, with a smile:—"Ask Mrs. Flaxman; she is my dictionary." After her death, a lethargy was observed to seize upon his genius, and he gradually failed in health and strength until the end came.

There is certainly much significance, if there be but little elegance, in the phrase, "a well-assorted couple." We know

th what care a housewife, when she designs an addition to me article of dress, provides for its agreement in texture and olour and quality with the original. Shall Benedict or Beatrice e less particular in their choice of a life-partner? Love at rst sight may be an indispensable ingredient for dramas and omances, and in the heyday dreams of youth will always figure s the one special element of happiness; but as few of us ossess an intuitive faculty of reading offhand the character nd disposition of a person whom they have never seen before, t must be pronounced injudicious. Cases there may be where he soul instinctively feels that, according to the Platonic theory, it has suddenly met with its counterpart—that "other half" which is its proper and destined complement; but far more numerous are those in which the hasty passion is followed by a permanent repentance. It is surely the commonest prudence to make ourselves acquainted with the temper, disposition, mental and moral qualifications, tastes, and tendencies of the one man or woman who is to become to us, for the remainder of our lives, more than all other men and women, with whom we are to live in the most intimate association, upon whom, in spite of ourselves, the good or ill fortune of our career must mainly depend. There must be something more than the admiration excited by "coral lips" and a pair of bright eyes, a handsome figure, or a graceful bearing: there must be that rational and sober regard which arises from a conviction of the presence of admirable qualities of mind and heart. No true and enduring love, says Fichte, can exist without esteem; every other draws regret after it, and is unworthy of a noble human soul. These, it is true, are the commonplaces of moralists, yet daily experience shows that they need repetition. All of us are cognisant of marriages in which the happiness of the future is set upon a hazard; marriages concluded between men and women as ignorant of each other's real self as if they had never met. "Love," says Spenser—

> "Love is a celestial harmony
> Of *likely hearts* composed of stars' consent,
> Which join together in sweet sympathy
> To work each other's joy and true content."

ll true love, says an old poet, is grounded in esteem; and is esteem is the bond between "likely hearts," which no

pressure of adverse circumstance, no malignant influence of time, can break or weaken.

I would have all young people study the charming history of the married life of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, as told by herself with such modest eloquence and winning gravity in her memoirs of her eminent husband, the Puritan soldier. Theirs was a love that endured unto death, giving way beneath no earthly trial, however sharp, but rather growing in strength and fervour as years convinced them of each other's surpassing worth. It was not a love called into life by the sudden magic of an eloquent glance, as the hearts of tropical flowers respond to the first gleam of tropical sunshine; but, beginning in a knowledge of common tastes and sympathies, it was matured by an increasing acquaintance with the virtues that naturally command the esteem of the wise and prudent. Lucy Apsley, the daughter of judicious and noble-minded parents, was gifted by nature with a quick understanding, which was carefully developed by a liberal education. She learned to speak and read French and Latin with ease and elegance, while she acquired a considerable proficiency in the lighter accomplishments of music, dancing, and needlework. From her mother she derived those strong religious principles which gave to her character its singular elevation and dignity. Not that she was a female ascetic; if she spent a portion of her Sundays in explaining serious subjects to the domestics of her father's household, she thought it no sin "to learn or hear witty songs, amorous poems, and twenty other things of that kind." Let it be added, that she was possessed of great personal charms, and in her movements and general demeanour almost realised Milton's glowing picture of the first woman.[1]

Colonel John Hutchinson, her future husband, was the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson and Lady Margaret Biron (one of the Birons or Byrons of Newstead). His wife sets him before us as a gentleman of graceful person, good address, and refined mind; and we know from other evidence that his abilities were considerable, that his character was unblemished, and that he governed his life by a strong and abiding sense of duty. His

[1] "Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."
—*Paradise Lost*, viii. 488, 489.

literary attainments and his skill in all active exercises attracted attention in a day when these were the usual distinctions of young men of aristocratic birth. On a visit to Richmond he formed an acquaintance with a young sister of Lucy Apsley's, and accompanying her on one occasion to her mother's house, found on an old shelf a few Latin works, about whose ownership he not unnaturally inquired. He was informed that they belonged to the elder sister, Lucy. Some further questioning brought out details relative to herself and her pursuits which greatly excited the interest of a young man who found no pleasure in the light conversation of frivolous beauties. The more he heard of her the deeper grew this interest, until he himself wondered at the way in which his thoughts constantly reverted to a stranger whom he had never seen. One day there was a large party at the house, and a song was sung which called forth general admiration. A gentleman present remarked that it was written by a lady of the neighbourhood. Mr. Hutchinson, "fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, said he could scarcely believe it was a woman's." But his informant persisted, and added that the writer was Miss Lucy Apsley, whose praises he enthusiastically recited. "I cannot rest," exclaimed Mr. Hutchinson, "until this lady returns. I must be acquainted with her." "You must not expect that, sir," was the reply; "she will not be acquainted with gentlemen. However this song may have stolen forth, she is extremely unwilling to have her perfections known. She lives only in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex."

Mr. Hutchinson, however, not long afterwards was fortunate enough to be introduced to this peerless maiden, and found that she more than realised his most glowing antici pations; while she herself was "surprised with an unusual liking in her soul for a gentleman whose countenance and graceful mien promised an extraordinary person." Neither, however, committed the egregious folly of "love at first sight." But as they studied each other's graces of mind and heart, a warm affection was cultivated between them, a respect and an esteem which gradually ripened into a full, strong, passionate love. "I shall pass by," she says, delicately, "all the little amorous relations, which, if I would take pains to relate,

would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; but these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy to be mentioned among the greater transactions of his life." There was not wanting, however, that element of romance and sentiment without which love loses most of its refining and idealising influence. Mr. Hutchinson's passion for Lucy Apsley was, in fact, just such a passion as the true man will always feel towards the true woman who has honoured him with her preference. It was deep and earnest, but under due control. He loved her better than his life, with a tenderness and a kindness inexpressible, and had a most high, obliging esteem for her; yet still considered honour, religion, and virtue above her;[1] nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him to her imperfections; these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem for her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of the respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, says the modest wife, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her. It was not her face that he loved; her virtues were his mistress, and these, like Pygmalion's statue, were of his own making, for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities. Whether acquainted with Spenser or not, it is upon the counsel of the author of the "Hymn in Honour of Beautie" that he seems to have acted:—

> "But, in your choice of loves, this well advize,
> That likest to your selves ye them select,
> The which your form's first source may sympathize,
> And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
> For if you loosely love without respect,
> It is not love, but a discordant warre,
> Whose unlike parts among themselves do jarre.

[1] In the spirit of Lovelace, the old Cavalier poet—

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

> " Then wrong it were that any other twaine
> Should in love's gentle bond combinèd bee,
> But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
> And made out of one mould the more t'agree ;
> For all that like the beauties which they see
> Streight do not love ; for love is not so light
> As streight to burne at first beholder's sight."

The day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, Lucy Apsley fell ill of the small-pox. Her life was for a time despaired of, and for long her countenance was scarred and seamed by the ravages of the terrible disease. Mr. Hutchinson, however, loved the mind and not the person, and married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, though the priest and all who saw her were affrighted to look upon her. God rewarded his manly and noble constancy by her entire recovery. At the time of their fortunate nuptials the husband was twenty-three and the wife eighteen years of age. For two years afterwards Mr. Hutchinson enjoyed the high and honourable position of an English country gentleman, but he was soon drawn into the vortex of public affairs, and in the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament, that was rapidly coming to a climax, he embraced the side of the latter. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was chosen governor of Nottingham, which he held firmly against the Royalists; but, sincere Puritan that he was, and strongly opposed to the King's ideal of absolute monarchy, he behaved with a serene moderation, and favoured no excess of austerity. "The name of Roundhead," says his wife, who shared all his counsels and trials, "was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who had a fine head of curling hair, and wore it in a becoming manner." The godly of those days would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut or his words in their phrase. Many of them were weak enough to esteem such insignificant circumstances as of more consequence than solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought real aid and honour to their party. His repute among men of sense daily increased, and he was returned to Parliament as member for the town he had so loyally defended. Afterwards he was appointed to serve on the High Court of Justice, created for the trial of Charles I., and he agreed in the sentence of death passed upon the King, though not until after a very consider-

able hesitation. A republican by principle, he did not accept the personal rule of Cromwell, and there seems to have been no cordial understanding between two men who in character had so many points of resemblance; but he attempted no opposition, and lived in peace, with his wife and children, at his seat of Owthorpe, in Northamptonshire. The Restoration disturbed their tranquillity and broke up their happy home. He was seized on a charge of treason, removed to the Tower, and thence transferred to Sandown Castle in Kent. During his imprisonment his wife waited upon him with the most indefatigable love, daily walking to and fro to share his captivity, and using every effort, though in vain, to obtain his release. The rigour of his confinement brought on a severe illness; this he bore with a cheerfulness which was to no slight extent sustained by the tender devotion that constantly administered to his wants. In the autumn of 1664, however, his wife was compelled to go to Owthorpe for her children, and for some supplies essential to her husband's comfort. "At the time of her departure he seemed very well, and was so confident of seeing Owthorpe again, that he gave her directions concerning planting trees and many other things belonging to the house and gardens." A few days after he returned from his walk on the sea-beach with his daughter, and complained of a shivering and pain in his bones. He rapidly grew worse; it was evident that death had laid its cold hand upon him. When apprised of his condition, he calmly answered:—"The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then expressed his wishes concerning the disposal of his estates, giving strict injunctions that in all things the children should be guided by their mother. "And tell her," said he, "that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds." His last words were a reference to his wife:—"Alas! how will she be grieved!" And so he passed away.

Here is the portrait which that beloved and loving wife has drawn of her husband, and, it may be said, by reflection, of herself; for as he was to her in all things, so was she to him, with just that difference which their different positions necessitated. And if all men were like Colonel Hutchinson, would not their wives resemble Mrs. Hutchinson?

"His affection to his wife was such that whosoever would

draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion to be practised in that estate, need no more but exactly draw out his example. Never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife; yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted he that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection that she who could not delight in such an honourable and advantageous subjection must have wanted a reasonable soul.

"He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable to herself; he loved her soul and her honour more than her outside, and yet he had ever for her person a constant indulgence exceeding the common, temporary passion of the most uxorious fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doated on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him. All that she was was *him* while he was here, and all that she is now, at best, is but his pale shade.

"So liberal was he to her, and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses, his estate being so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended. So constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely he began to show most fondness. He loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express. Yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was bounded by a superior—he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol; but in such a manner as showed that an affection founded on the just rules of duty far exceeds every way all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God above her, and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and for His glory cheerfully resigned them."

They who look upon life as a probationary stage, in which it is given to us to prepare ourselves for a higher existence, will not forget that marriage may be made a part of their education, a means of moral and intellectual development. The influence for good of a wise, kindly, and gentle companion cannot be over-estimated. The wife's womanly weakness may profit by the husband's manly strength; the husband's greater vigour be restrained and refined by the wife's graceful tender-

ness. The one will supply what the other needs. If such a view of marriage prevailed, we should not find the generous-minded maiden surrendering her future to the caprice of some ignorant and unstable tyrant, or the cultivated man weakly accepting the charge of a gay and frivolous girl. "What happiness," says an elegant writer,[1] "can a man of enlarged views and warm imagination find with a narrow-minded creature, not capable of comprehending even the value of the things that occupy him? The capacity of following out abstruse investigations he may not require; it is one which operates most in solitude, and is comparatively not often drawn forth in conversation. But when the simple and beautiful results unfolded by the labours of science cannot be even appreciated by her with whom he is to spend his days; when the surprising powers of nature, that stir his soul like visits to another planet, are viewed by her with stupid ennui or the contempt of ignorance; when he finds her cold and insensible to the progress of truths that touch the interests of all mankind, and brisk as a faerie about some gossip that he listens to with sore and contemptuous irritation—there may perhaps remain a feeling of compassionate protection, which the bond of children may ripen into something of tenderness and consideration, but strong affection, the Creator's pledge of immortality, will never be called forth at all." What love or respect is it possible for a man to feel towards the woman who contentedly accepts the cynic's exposition of her duties as

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer?"

Or for the woman to feel towards the man who never shows himself impelled by a noble motive, is apparently unconscious of a lofty aspiration? In choosing our "future partner," we should endeavour to fix upon one whose influence will confirm in us what is good and eradicate what is evil; who will lift us up above ourselves, and into a purer region of thought and feeling. Conscious of our own defects, we should seek an example that may help to strengthen us in the right, and to repress every wayward and ill-regulated tendency. Admirable advice is constantly given to us upon the choice of friends; we are duly warned of the extent to which they will affect our

[1] Woman's Rights and Duties, i. 227.

traced in his
"The Last Man;"
the debt, moral and
example and teaching:—

"Then, Friend, whose presence on my wailing heart
Fell like bright spring upon some herbless plain. . . .
No more alone through the world's wilderness,
Although I had the paths of high intent,
I journeyed now; no more companionless,
Where solitude is like despair, I went."

What Elizabeth Barrett Browning was to her husband, the poet of "Paracelsus;" the beautiful nature of the intercourse between George Grote and his wife, and between Guizot, the statesman, and Madame Guizot; the beneficial influence of the late Prince Consort upon the mind and character of the Queen: these are subjects we have not space to discuss, but they involve considerations not to be neglected by the reader. Says Nathaniel Hawthorne:—"In matters of affection there is always an impassable gulf between man and man. They can never quite grasp each other's hand, and therefore man never derives any intimate help, any heart-sustenance, from his brother man; but from woman—his mother, his sister, or his wife." But the nearest and dearest intimacy is that between wife and husband. Each sees the other as he or she is never seen by mother, sister, or friend. How little can husband or wife conceal from each other's searching gaze! All that is mean and little, as well as all that is generous and great, stands displayed before eyes which are incessantly fixed upon us. And hence it is that wife or husband, with the fitting qualities, may do so much for each other's inner life and spiritual nature. "If God had designed woman as man's master," says St. Augustine, "he would have taken her from his head; if as his slave, he would have taken her from his feet; but as he designed her for his companion and equal, he took her from his side." His companion and equal, and therefore meet to be his teacher! For woman can teach so much which it is good for man to know; the loving wife is the husband's best book, every page of which, written in the fairest characters, is legible with lessons of truth, gentleness, and goodness. So the husband's companionship may prove to the mental and moral advantage of the wife. Here, then, are grave reasons for choosing with anxious care and prudent deliberation; for entering into marriage only with one whose character has been wisely studied, from whom a daily example of what is good and beautiful may reasonably be

hoped for. We concede that it is easier for a man to make a suitable choice than it is for a woman. The education of the former secures for him a wider experience; and, again, owing to the operation of social laws, the man enjoys opportunities of seeing the woman in her house and her daily life which the woman cannot secure as regards the man. Many a young girl stands at the altar to utter the words which link together two existences for good or evil, for better or worse, in complete ignorance of her husband's past, of his real tastes, of the range of his intellect and the scope of his motives, of all, indeed, that it most concerns her to know. She sees, perhaps, that he has a good figure, that he dresses well, that he has (let us say) a frank and free address; she is told that his position is good and his income sufficient; she has danced with him, ridden out with him, and exchanged the sweet nothings which make up lovers' conversation; she has learned, perhaps, that he likes Browning or Tennyson, Thackeray or George Eliot, Beaconsfield or Gladstone; but of the man himself, of the living individuality behind this *persona*, she knows nothing, nor has she been told that she ought to know anything. So far as we have observed, in most cases she never asks herself whether she will be made better, purer, nobler, by his companionship; whether she can expect to be elevated by participation in his thoughts and sympathies. Does her father guide her? Does her mother assist her? Does either teach her a real discrimination of character? It is said of Sybella, wife of Duke Robert of Normandy, that her husband being wounded by a poisoned arrow, so that death was imminent, she applied her loving lips to the wound while he slept, drew forth the mortal venom, and fell a sacrifice to her devotion. Alas! how many wives imbibe the deadly poison which circulates in the veins of their husbands, but unknowingly and without the consecration of an heroic love! When they married they knew not what they did. But, as a thoughtful writer tells us,[1] to young girls, *puellæ nubiles*, the essential differences between the male and female mind should be explained, as well as the various circumstances of natural position and education which cause and tend to foster these

[1] "Thoughts on Self-Culture," by Maria G. Grey and Emily Shirreff, p. 178.

differences. "They should know the grounds of their own dependence, and how far it should go; what class of faults in a husband it must be their duty to endure with gentleness and patience, and when self-respect would demand that they should take a more dignified stand. If mothers tried thus to prepare their daughters for the difficulties they must encounter, if they strove to guide their views of life, not to leave them to be formed under the influence of false sentiment or false pride, we should not see so many irretrievable mistakes. For want of some knowledge of this kind in early life, women are too apt to look upon men either with enthusiastic, indiscriminate reverence, or with unreasoning fear, or with a foolish pride, springing from their triumphs over those who have either played with their vanity or really submitted to their yoke."

This writer continues, in words that should be anxiously meditated by our maiden readers:—"It is too late to warn a young girl of the errors and dangers which beset her path at the very moment she is exposed to them, and when her heart is, perhaps, kindling under the first breath of passion. She must be armed against them by habitual principle, by the integrity which will neither allow her to deceive herself or others,[1]—by the sobriety and self-command of a mind trained to constant obedience to duty, and by that love of moral excellence which will secure her from throwing away her affection on the unworthy. She must be early taught that love is noble only in proportion to the worthiness of its object, and sinks unto a degrading passion where it is indulged against the dictates of reason and conscience. She must be taught to bend all the energies of her mind against the approaches of such a feeling when it is not sanctioned by these higher principles. She must learn to choose her lover, and consequently her husband, as she would choose her friend, for those moral qualities that are the only solid basis of love, and to feel that any misery is preferable to marriage without esteem."

In the fulfilment of her conjugal duties the wife may derive encouragement from the reflection that the happiness and well-being of a household mainly rest upon her example. Her self-denial, her simplicity, her abounding charity, her

[1] The writer means:—"Will allow her to deceive neither herself nor others."

truthfulness, her unaffected piety will not be without fruit. The lessons she silently teaches will sink into many hearts, passing from one to another until they reach a circle, the extent of which she will be unable to conceive. It is she who must make the sunshine of home; repressing the forward temper, healing the wounded spirit, insisting upon peace, obedience, and the discipline of love. And is it nothing that her society, to one man at least, is the greatest joy the world affords,—the all-sufficient recompense which he accepts as satisfaction for every affliction, every trial? Is it nothing that his true heart leaps up at her smile; that her voice can conjure away the shadows of his darkest moments; that his chief pleasure in labour is to lay its results at her feet? Is it nothing that she, the angel of the house, can guide him in the way of righteousness, and with gentle hand lead him upward and onward to the higher regions of devout thought and tranquil meditation? In a word, is it nothing to be his friend, his counsellor, his partner, his teacher,—his WIFE?

CHAPTER III.

WOMAN AS MAIDEN.

"In mind and manners how discreet!
How artless in her very art;
How candid in discourse; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart.
How simple and how circumspect;
How subtle and how fancy-free;
Though sacred to her love, how deck't
With unexclusive courtesy."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

—*Longfellow.*

"To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Teach and tumble as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full-grown."

—*E. B. Browning.*

"Our dear Lord is Himself all that our highest and holiest affections can seek or comprehend, for He has made these our hearts: He gave us these our affections; and through them the Spirit speaks. Aspiring to their Source, they rise up like the white smoke and bright flame, while on earth,

if left unmastered, they burn, suffocate, and destroy. Yet they have their natural and innocent outlets even here; and a woman may warm herself by them without scorching, and yet be neither a wife nor a nun."—*Miss Manning.*

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure—
And these embodied in a woman's form."
—*Robert Browning.*

"A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays."
—*Wordsworth.*

CHAPTER III.

WOMAN AS MAIDEN.

IN the Southern Highlands of Scotland lies a well-known scene, famous in legend, song, and story, where, standing on a narrow isthmus, the traveller sees behind him a small mountain-girdled loch, and in front a larger loch, which stretches away towards the valley of the Tweed, and pours into it its shining waters through the channel of the Yarrow. The writer has been there on an early summer morning, when a luminous mist has filled the bosom of the larger basin, rendering all its outlines vague and shadowy, while the clear silver mere behind him has been as distinctly defined in every feature as if it shimmered on canvas with the glow of some great master's colouring. We take this to be an image of maidenhood, which forms, as it were, the isthmus between the two periods of girlhood and womanhood. To the young heart how immense, how uncertain, and indistinct seems that future on the threshold of which it pauses, in mingled fear and hope; how limited and how strongly marked that past which it has left behind! And so far, so far behind! For the future is always so near, the past always so distant! There is no stage of woman's career which brings with it such a burthen of anxieties, aspirations, wishes, and anticipations; just as there is no stage of profounder interest and graver importance. What her life is to become, whether it is to be nobly used, idly wasted, or painfully sacrificed, whether it is to send up to heaven the sweet savour of duty fulfilled, or whether it is to present a dreary record of neglected responsibilities, must be decided in maidenhood. It may not be always true that the boy makes the man, but it *is* always true that the maiden

makes the woman; for the female character is fixed and matured at an earlier age, and she is accustomed sooner to think and act for herself. She is frequently both wife and mother while the young man is still lingering at college, and has often learned to look upon the serious aspects of life while he is still dallying with its lighter and gayer moods. Yet with how little preparation the maiden is left to develop into the woman! The training she receives is too generally of the meagrest description; the education, confined almost entirely to the curriculum of a "ladies' school" or "select finishing establishment." That dim vast future on which she looks out with wistful eyes is all the dimmer and vaster from the ignorance of its possibilities and probabilities, its dangers, pleasures, and duties, in which she is allowed to remain. In too many cases her parents make no attempt to ascertain the tendencies of her mind, the scope of her talents, the nature of her tastes, the bent of her disposition; even the mother too frequently leaves her to grope her way in the obscurity, and to discover for herself, after many trials and much suffering, the course that she is best fitted to pursue.

Maidenhood is the season of culture, when the judgment has to be formed, the intellect disciplined, when the affections and passions should be brought under stern control. It is the time when the heart is most susceptible of external influences, when the soil is aptest for the reception of the germs of future growth. The utmost vigilance, therefore, is necessary, so that no blighting or corrupting breath may penetrate insidiously, no seed of thorn or thistle be perniciously or wilfully sown. For want of this loving watchfulness, we see society infested by precocious or premature women, who are swayed by every giddy impulse, while obstinately adverse to every genial impression. There is the commonplace maiden, without ideas, hopes, energies, or aims, to whom the morning brings no duties, and the night no effort of reflection; who plays a little, sings a little, and embroiders a little; who has never felt a shock of emotion or a quickening of the intellect; who reads nothing except the last vapid novel; has "finished" her education, and has nothing more to do in life. Then there is the flirt, who spends her energies in frivolous dissipation, and whose dream of happiness is to shine as the queen of the ball-room, with a train of "gilded youth" professing to wait upon

her smile. There is the religiously-dissipated maiden, who, neglectful of her home responsibilities, rushes from church to church, attends every fast and festival, is always on the alert for new preachers, embroiders slippers for ascetic curates, is fluent in ecclesiastical slang, and an adept in every variety of religious sensationalism. Not less objectionable is the pedantic (as distinguished from the educated or cultured) maiden, who sprinkles her conversation with scientific technicalities, drags her latest acquired bit of lore into the glare of day on every possible occasion, and supposes all literature to be shut up between the covers of a cyclopædia. We must not forget the æsthetic maiden, the peculiar product of the bad taste of the day, who lives and thinks in obedience to certain supposed canons of art, and in absolute defiance of the laws of beauty. "She exaggerates," says M. Claretie, "the meagre, the ideal, the improbable, and the vaporous." She dresses as if she had just stepped out of a picture by Ghirlandajo, or Margheritone d'Arezzo. Her opinions she derives from certain critics, and her ideas from the writers of the Renaissance. She dines on the lightest of dishes, that her fancy may not be vulgarised or her taste vitiated. And she flits through society like a phantom, made manifest only by her light robes of dusty green. The musical maiden, whose constant talk and thoughts are of concert and opera, symphony and sonata; the artistic maiden, who discourses about Burne-Jones and Whistler with the amazing assurance of half-knowledge; the visiting maiden, who spends her life in any house but her own, gathering up and retailing the inanities of tea-table gossip; these, and similar varieties, are the products of modern society, which has no earnestness, no depth, no high moral standard, no ideal. They thrive like rank weeds, until they almost obscure that type of pure and exalted maidenhood which our daughters and sisters should ever keep before them. And so it comes to pass that those higher moral influences are wanting which foster the real grace and beauty of noble womanhood. As the source, so is the stream. Fashion, and pleasure, and a sham love are the amusements and occupations of the hour. To outvie each other in dress, in engagements, in love-letters, in love-tokens, is apparently the whole duty of young women in the later years of the nineteenth century. Of many of these we may say, as Thackeray says of Blanche Amory, that they are

not able to carry out any emotion to the full, but have "a sham enthusiasm, a sham hatred, a sham love, a sham taste, a sham grief, each of which flared and shone very vehemently for an instant, but subsided and gave place to the next sham emotion."

We would not speak lightly of love. It is the passion that sways most entirely our nature, colours our existence, regulates our habits of thought, and inspires and controls our moods of mind. So diverse and so numerous are its aspects, so many its changes, so subtle is its power, so absolutely does it interpenetrate life, so vitally does it affect humanity, that to this day poets and moralists, preachers and teachers, have failed to exhaust the subject. Even its contradictions would afford material for a volume of commonplaces. For at one time it is so selfish that it thinks only of its own gratification, of its own suffering, of its own trials and troubles, of the shadows that cross its path, of the transient vexations that disturb the tranquillity of its enjoyment; at another, it will yield everything and endure everything for the beloved object's sake, and welcome the sharpest sacrifices with the heroic spirit of a martyr:—

> "In short, one only wish I have,
> To live for thee;
> Or gladly, if one pang would save,
> I'd die for thee."

It is generous, and yet capable of the most astounding meanness; trustful, and yet vigilantly suspicious; confident, and yet timid; humble, and yet arrogant. Now it is full of reproaches and complaints; and now it revels in praise and gratitude and tender protestations. At one moment it cries dolefully:—

> "I hang my harp upon a tree,
> A weeping willow in a lake;
> I hang my silenced harp there, wrung and snapt
> For a dream's sake."

At another, its heart being full of a glad conviction and a tender faith, and a passionate hopefulness, it breaks into joyous music:—

> "O morning star, that smilest in the blue,
> O star, my morning dream hath proven true;
> Smile sweetly, thou: my love hath smiled on me.

"O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O morn, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me. . . .

"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow, with three colours after rain,
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me."
—*Tennyson.*

Whatever its phases, whatever its heights and depths, whatever its lights and shadows, it forms so large a part of our nature, and plays so large a part in our existence, that it cannot be ignored. It bulks to such an extent in art and literature that it cannot be concealed by any thin veil of conventionality. And yet in the family circle it is seldom spoken of. One might suppose that it was associated with the grossness of indelicacy, from the care with which it is kept out of conversation. How often do fathers speak of it to their sons, or mothers to their daughters? Yet parents must know, and do know, that this reticent affectation will not keep their children in ignorance of it; nor do they seem to wish any such ignorance to prevail, if we may judge from their anxiety to promote "desirable flirtations" and their keenness in looking out for "desirable matches." Perchance, however, it is marriage and not love to which their thoughts always point:—marriage, in the sense of "a good establishment." Of that which makes it the most sacred and beautiful of human ties, of that sweet passion which South has called "the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spirit and spring of the universe;" which, wisely controlled and rightly prompted, warms, elevates, and brightens life; few words are spoken, and those, too often, mere words of laughter and contempt. That it should not be lightly given nor lightly accepted; that the heart should carefully discriminate between the real passion and its counterfeit; that with its sacred aureole of glory no unworthy object should be crowned; that it should not be allowed to obtain a supremacy over the reason and the judgment:—counsel such as this, so essential to the happiness of the young maiden, is never given. Not only is the subject passed over by parents, but by those too who profess to be our spiritual guides and teachers. I do not remember ever to have heard an allusion to it from the pulpit, and yet the young might

well be reminded that no love can be prosperous which is not purified by religious feeling, which they cannot take with them to the altar of God and offer there among their oblations.

As an elegant critic[1] has observed:—"Only conceive this passion of love," which fathers and mothers seek to ignore, "blotted out from the pages of our first-class poets, from Chaucer, from Spenser, from Shakespeare, from Milton—what a sky without its sun would remain, what an earth without its verdure, its streams, and its flowers." What would become of "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Tempest," and "The Midsummer Night's Dream;" of "The Faery Queen," of "Comus," of Shelley's finest songs, of Keats' "Endymion," of Coleridge's "Genevieve," of Tennyson's "Idylls"? "Something, no doubt, there would be still to attract us in the manner-painting, the grand thoughts, the vivid natural descriptions; but even these would have lost a charm that now often insensibly mingles with them and enhances them. . . . Here and there some lyric, short and loosely expressed, would survive in popular esteem, especially if married to fine music; but the bulk would float in undistinguished heaps by Lethe's wharf, and scientific cultivators of literature would resort to them as agriculturists do to the guano stores, to fertilise dry brains, and astonish the world with spasmodic crops of lectures on historical development of poetry, and so forth." By the light of love, in the young days of the world, blind Homer told the tale of Troy; by the light of love Milton beheld the pure joys of the bowers of Eden; by the light of love Shakespeare imagined the story of Florizel and the fair Perdita; by the light of love Spenser created the legend of the Red Cross Knight and "heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb;" by the light of love Tasso sang the mystic strain of the "Jerusalem Delivered;" by the light of love Petrarch was inspired to pour out in immortal sonnets the praises of his Laura; and by the light of love Tennyson saw the vision of the dead Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, as the barge, palled all its length in blackest samite, bore her up the stream, in her right hand a lily, her bright hair loosened free:—

[1] George Brimley.

"And all the coverlid was cloth of gold,
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

"The strong bent of nature," as Emerson remarks, "is seen in the proportion which this topic usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? And what fastens attention in the intercourse of life like any passage betraying affection between two parties?"

An able female writer affirms that the first notion of a girl thus unprepared is that she must "fall" in love—("Fall!" the word suggests a kind of predestinated helplessness!)—and have a lover. "If neither of these events happen immediately, she is disappointed and mortified; and she is probably not wanting in companions superior to her either in beauty or in artifice, who will take care to deepen her mortification by the display of their own triumphs. The temptation then arises to fancy feelings that do not exist. She is apt to magnify any slight attention paid to her—even the commonplace compliments of a ball-room—into a decided avowal; and worse still, she mistakes the flutterings of vanity in her own breast for the emotions of real love." This fictitious sentiment she nourishes by novel-reading, idleness, and indulgence in day-dreaming. Sooner or later, however, the illusion vanishes; and the sense of utter weariness and emptiness which it leaves behind is magnified immediately into a great sorrow, which must be nursed and fostered until it absorbs every faculty, and casts a shadow over all the later years. Or perhaps the ambition is realised, and marriage takes place; but with what security for happiness? There may be sufficient agreement of feelings and tastes, and a sufficient stock of natural amiability to prevent any open rupture or permanent discord; but the chances are all the other way. And thus the ill-assorted couple are doomed to a dreary existence of irritability and suspicion, of indifference or dislike, to an union in which the partners are irreconcilably opposed, a confederacy in which the allies have no common principle, no common interest.

That young girls should look forward to love and marriage seems to us both natural and honourable, for a woman's crown-

ing glory must always be wifehood and motherhood; but better than a marriage without love, or love without esteem, is the "single life." Women must not be taught that in wedlock lies their only or chiefest chance of happiness; nor should they be allowed to suppose that it is all light and no darkness, all roses and no thorns. The truth is, that a maiden in marrying sacrifices much; she gives up her independence, to a great extent her preferences; she consents to great changes in her pursuits, her habits, and, frequently, her friendships; she abandons almost all her past. She may well question her betrothed, in the words of Mrs. Browning:—

> "If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
> And be all to me? Shall I never miss
> Home-talk and blessing, and the common bliss
> That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
> When I look up, to drop on a new range
> Of walls and floors, another home than this?"

For seldom, we fear, does the bride, half-smiling, half-weeping beneath her crown of orange blossoms, appreciate the character of the sacrifice she has made. Too often does she wake up with a sudden surprise to the awful breadth and depth of the chasm that lies between her wifehood and her maidenhood, the *now* and the *then*. She misses the mother, the sister, the tender felicities of home, the cherished places, the favourite pursuits, the old singleness of heart, the old serenity of mind, the delightful yet sober freedom of her blissful girlish days. She looks around, and unless she loves—loves long and deeply and worthily—she sees a blank and a dreary void, and her heart aches with a dumb, dull pain that is never wholly conquered. Unless, we say, unless she loves; and unless her love has lighted upon a man wholly meriting it, and fully capable of compensating her for the losses she has sustained, of making her even richer than before. For this generous passion will supply her with new hopes, brighter than the old; fresh pursuits, more charming than those she has surrendered. This will be a guide

> "To unpathed waters, undreamed shores,"

that will effectually prevent shipwreck. It converts each sacrifice into an exquisite pleasure. We do not give up our

feelings or our wishes when we merge them into the feelings and wishes of those we love. But where there is no such pure, unselfish and devoted affection, the young wife, too late, discovers, with a bitter sense of being wronged, the extent of her renunciation. So, in "Daniel Deronda," when Gwendoline is able to understand all that she has lost by her loveless marriage with Grandcourt, she is conscious, we are told, "of an uneasy, transforming process—all the old nature shaken to its depths, its hopes spoiled, its pleasures perturbed, but still showing wholeness and strength in the will to reassert itself. After each successive shock of humiliation she tried to adjust herself and seize her old supports—proud concealment, trust in new excitements that would make life go by without much thinking; trust in some deed of reparation to nullify her self-blame and shield her from a vague, ever-visiting dread of some horrible calamity; trust in the hardening effect of use and wont, that would make her indifferent to her miseries." It is in "use and wont" that women in such cases most generally put their faith.

Our poets and novelists, cynics and humourists, are much to blame for the ridicule they have lavished upon "single blessedness" and "old-maidism." No doubt it has an ungracious and unlovely aspect when it is accepted with undisguised reluctance, and, as it were, under protest; when an attempt is made to disguise it with an assumption of girlish vivacity, and the mature spinster tricks herself out with the airs and graces of a mimic youth. But how fine and sweet a thing it is when consecrated by sobriety, unselfishness, patience, and good temper! When it is devoted to generous deeds and the practice of every kindly virtue! Surely a cheerful and happy "old maid" is less to be pitied than a loveless or neglected wife. Bishop Jeremy Taylor's comparison or contrast of celibacy and marriage is often quoted in this connection, and the passage is so finely worded that it may well bear quotation again. "Celibacy," he says, "like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king and keeps order, and exercises many virtues and promotes

the interest of mankind; and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world." This definition or description of marriage may be admirable, but is our "English Chrysostom" (a title that hardly does him justice) quite generous in his definition of celibacy, or at least of female celibacy? Do all unmarried women live alone "confined in singularity"? Nay, it would take a volume to show forth the many ways in which the world has been indebted to the self-denying and assiduous devotion of unmarried women! We in England cannot forget, at least, all we owe to the Christian chivalry and generous heroic labours of Florence Nightingale, who has given up her life to the promotion of humane works, to the amelioration of the condition of our soldiers, the improvement of hospital organisation, the training of nurses, the diffusion of a knowledge of the laws of health, and the general elevation of the working-classes.

> "A lady with a lamp shall stand
> In the great history of the land,
> A noble type of good
> Heroic womanhood.

May we not also refer to the noble use of wealth and great opportunities made by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts,—to the labours, practical and intelligent, of Miss Emily Faithfull, to provide new channels for the industry of women,—to the evangelistic work, always unassuming and well-directed, of the late Miss Marsh,—to Miss May's exertions on behalf of infant schools,—to the energetic efforts of Miss Mary Carpenter, and the sweet sacred songs of Frances Ridley Havergal, only just taken from us,—to the useful and honourable careers of Miss Ewart, Miss Shirreff, Miss Buss, Miss Brough, Frances Cobbe, Emily Davies, Mary Gurney, M. L. Whately, Anne Clough, Anne Beale, and many others?

Let those who sneer at celibacy read the Life of Catherine of Siena, and profit by the moral which it conveys. She was the Jeanne Darc of Italy,—the deliverer of the Church, the sweet enthusiast who made even a Roman Pontiff do her bidding, the "Mantellatta," who, though clothed in the mantle of the Blue Friars, remained a quiet and trustful woman still. One of twenty-five children born to Giacomo, *a woolcomber of* Siena, by his wife, Safra, she seems to have

felt the first breath of the spiritual life at a very early age. The valley in which she spent her childish years nestled between two wooded hills, on one of which rose the Church of St. Dominic, and thither her steps were directed, day after day, in a fervour of devotion. By successive stages she attained to such an intimate sense of communion with God, such an entire subjection of her soul to the Saviour, that it has been called "the marriage of St. Catherine," and represented in this allegorical form by some of the Italian painters. Like the Maid of Orleans, she believed herself to be directly inspired by the heavenly voice, and in her letters will frequently be found such expressions as "The Lord said to me," "My God told me what to do," "While I was praying, my Saviour showed me the meaning of this, and spoke thus to me." It is not necessary to attempt any explanation of this phraseology. As Mrs. Butler says:—"It is not for us to limit the possibilities of the communications and revelations which the Eternal may be pleased to make to a soul which continually waits upon Him. If you are disposed to doubt, reader, the fact of these communications from God, or to think that Catherine only fancied such and such things and attributed these fancies to a Divine source, then I would give you one word of advice, and one only. Go you and make the attempt to live a life of prayer such as she lived, and then, and not till then, will you be in a position which will give you any shadow of a right, or any power, to judge of this soul's dealings with God." God, in truth, constantly speaks to all of us, and is only not heard because we refuse to listen.

Catherine's piety, however, had in it nothing of that exaltation or mysticism which scorns or ignores the daily duties of life. Because she loved God, she loved His creatures, and she dedicated herself with sublime courage to their service. She lived at a time when Europe was withered and desolated by repeated visitations of the Black Death; and while strong men fled in terror from this fearful pestilence, she stood at the bedside of the stricken, and ministered to them with hands that never trembled. Her faith and her heroic composure shielded her from the attacks of the plague, but her immunity was ascribed by the populace to a supernatural cause. They began to reverence her as one who enjoyed the special and direct favour of Heaven. Thus she attained an influence which naturally led

to her acting as a public envoy or mediator between the rival republics of Siena and Pisa, the quarrels of which she succeeded in arranging. No thought of human love seems ever to have crossed her breast. She had found her place in the world, and the work she was qualified and called upon to do as the great peacemaker of her age and country. The long sojourn of the Popes at Avignon had led to many and serious abuses in the Church, and to the sad misgovernment of the Papal States. Catherine set herself the task of bringing back the Pontiff to his seat in St. Peter's. The Florentines, who had been put under ban and interdict by Pope Gregory XI., entreated her mediation, and this afforded her an opportunity. In June 1376 she set out for Avignon, and after a wearisome journey arrived there on the 18th. She was received with the respect due to her fame for sanctity and prophetic insight. Attired in the white serge gown and carefully patched Dominican cloak which made her usual attire, she was conducted into the presence of Gregory, who, magnificently robed, was seated on a majestic chair, with the cardinals, brave in purple, forming a circle round him. But it was observed that she evinced neither timidity nor embarrassment, this peasant maiden; there reigned in her the authority of one who comes direct from the presence of God to convey to men a divine message. "Gregory regarded her for a moment with silent astonishment, this poor and self-possessed ambassador from the proud Florentine Republic, but he saw in her also the generous woman who had written to him with so much affectionate candour, giving him such wise and severe advice as none of his princely counsellors would or could have offered to him. He felt her power even before she had spoken. It was evident to those who observed the interview that her ascendancy over the mind of Gregory was complete from the first moment. After a prolonged conversation, during which she exposed in a brief and masterly manner the circumstances of the Florentine rebellion and the present condition of mind of the citizens, Gregory said :—'I commit the treaty of peace wholly to your decision. This is a proof to you that I truly desire peace. I wish the negotiation to rest entirely in your hands, and I intrust to you the honour of the Church.'"

This matter concluded, Catherine urged upon him the duty and desirability of the return of the Papal court to Rome. The

force of her arguments or the spell of her personal influence prevailed; the Pope consented, and in January 1377 entered "the Eternal City" amid the acclamations of an excited and exultant multitude. From the triumphal procession that paraded through the bannered streets one person, however, was absent, to whom the thoughts of all were instinctively directed—the Mantellata herself, who had retired to her humble little oratory at Siena to thank God for what she had been permitted to accomplish. Her next great and good work was the reconciliation of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions, then contending for the mastery in Florence; a work in which she was partially successful, though at the imminent hazard of her life. When, after the death of Gregory, the Church was rent by the schism of the anti-Popes, Catherine laboured zealously to close the breach, while her efforts to reform the morals and manners of the clergy were as incessant as they were courageous. Worn out by her unresting activity, and probably enfeebled by an excessive plainness of diet, Catherine died at Rome in 1380, at the early age of thirty-three. Immediately the mists of legend began to gather around her, so rapidly increasing and deepening that it became difficult to discern the modest figure of the poor, humble, shrinking, virgin-enthusiast. Hagiologists delighted to record that she would live for many weeks without any other sustenance than the Holy Eucharist; that in a vision the Saviour opened her side, took out her heart, and after some days substituted His own; that at communion she frequently saw Him entering her mouth in the form of a little child; and that she received the stigmata, or marks of the five wounds, which afflicted her with great anguish. With these legends the true Catherine has no concern. She may have erred in her apprehension of the nature of the intercourse between her soul and its God, but she made no pretence of miracle-working, and did not affect to separate herself from her fellows. Her letters breathe the tenderest, truest spirit of humanity, and are lit up with the light of a noble but unassuming purity. By her virtues and her heroic deeds she glorified celibacy, and showed that marriage is not the only vocation in which a true and womanly woman can exhibit her truth and womanliness.[1]

[1] See Hase, "Caterina von Siena" (Leipzig, 1864); her "Letters," edited by Tommaséo (Florence, 1860); and Mrs. Josephine Butler, "Catherine of Siena, a Biography."

The beautiful light in which old-maidism sometimes presents itself is seen in the career of Miss Anna Gurney, a member of a family well known for its philanthropy. Miss Gurney was not only an old maid, but a cripple; she was singularly accomplished, her vigorous intellect having mastered most of the European languages, and also those of the ancient Teutonic stock. Her conversation was informed with good sense and brightened by a delicate wit; but most of all was she admired by those privileged to know her for her glowing and inexhaustible sympathy, which was as prompt in small things as in great. She could neither stand nor move without mechanical appliances; but if she observed a friend's eye wander in search of any article, immediately her wheeled chair was sped towards it, and the prize was offered with a grace all her own. Like all persons of buoyant and innocent nature, she loved to be surrounded by young people, and was always delighted to assist them in their studies or pursuits. She would come to the aid of boys poring laboriously over their Greek and Latin, brightening their lessons with quaint and comical illustrations. Children of a lower class were also taught by her; and her home was a centre of helpfulness and benevolence, to which all the fisher-folk turned in their hours of trouble.

Joanna Baillie sketches her as

> . . . "One with limbs nerve-bound,
> Whose feet have never touched the ground;
> Who loves in tomes of Runic lore
> To scan the curious tales of yore,
> Of gods and heroes dimly wild,
> And hath intently oft beguiled
> Her passing hours with mystic rhymes,
> Legends by bards rehearsed of other times;
> Learned, and loving learning well,
> For college hall or cloister cell
> A student meet, yet all the while
> As meet with repartee or smile,
> 'Mid easy converse, polished, blithe, and born
> To join the circles of a gay saloon;
> From childhood reared in wealth and ease,
> The daily care herself to please—
> For selfish nature here below
> A dangerous state, I trow."

Miss Gurney's daily care, however, was to forget herself, and

give up her thought and her time to the welfare of her fellows. This "old maid," at her own expense, procured a lifeboat and the necessary apparatus for rescuing the shipwrecked; and to make sure that these were properly made use of, she would be wheeled down to the shore in her chair, and issue the requisite orders. Surely, as Miss Yonge remarks, there can be no more noble picture than this infirm woman, constantly in pain, whose right it would have seemed to be shielded from a rough blast or the very knowledge of suffering, coming forth in the dead of night, amid the roar of the storm, to direct and inspire the rugged men of the coast, sending them on errands of life or death. It is difficult to see which was the more admirable, the force of will that conquered infirmity, or the force of understanding that made that effort valuable. Certain it is that all along the wind-swept, wave-worn Norfolk coast no one ridiculed the "Old Maid!"

When half-drowned mariners were brought ashore, she remained to give instructions for their treatment, or she had them conveyed to her own house, where their welcome was such that the mariners of Cromer and its neighbourhood were wont to say it was worth while to be wrecked to be received by Miss Gurney. She died at the age of sixty-one, and was carried to her last resting-place in Overstrand Church by old and rugged fishermen, who, when they had lowered the coffin into the open vault, wept bitterly. More than a thousand persons had assembled in token of their gratitude and sorrow, most of them in mourning, many in tears. "I never," said one who was present, "saw so many men weeping; at one time it seemed a general wail."

A reference to the life-work of Miss Emily Faithfull, "a woman who has devoted her life to women," will also show of what infinite practical benefit an unmarried lady may make her abilities to her fellows. A clergyman's daughter, born and bred in a pleasant rural rectory,[1] she was exempt from those trials and anxieties which are generally supposed to quicken our feelings and prompt our sympathies. But the earnestness of her nature supplied the place of experience. She shrank from a life wholly absorbed in social pleasures, and asked herself whether she could do nothing to amend the condition of

[1] At Hoadley, in Surrey, in 1830.

her less fortunate sisters. With rare sagacity, she perceived that one of their special difficulties was the want of employment, the conventionalities of society having raised so many obstacles in the way of suitable female occupation, and closed to women so many channels in which their energies might have been usefully employed. For twenty years or more she has been, therefore, the advocate of women's rights, of their just and legitimate rights; "rights" in a moderate and practical sense, and without any reference to the extravagant and fantastic theories which have too often prejudiced the public mind against a fair consideration of the subject. That women have "a right" to live, and to work in order that they may live, and to be educated in order that they may work, are three propositions which Miss Faithfull has striven, not unsuccessfully, to enforce. A fourth proposition, which follows as a corollary, she has also ventured to maintain, that women are entitled to legal protection in enjoying the results of their work. To the society formed in 1857 for Promoting the Employment of Women Miss Faithfull was appointed secretary, and she discharged her duties with the energy that is born of zeal. In conjunction with Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes (Mrs. Parkes-Belloe), a lady well known in the world of literature, she originated and carried out the idea of female type-compositors. Taking lessons from a printer and purchasing the necessary appliances, she established the Victoria Printing Press, which, after undergoing considerable ridicule and not a little trade jealousy, became "a great success." It was soon seen that, as compositors, women could hold their own against men, displaying equal facility, accuracy, and good taste. The "Victoria Magazine" sprang from the Praed Street Press, and materially helped to forward the movement, which has now assumed considerable dimensions, and advanced beyond all possibility of failure. Meantime, Miss Faithfull has laboured as a lecturer, as a member of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, as a journalist, as a publisher, besides replying to innumerable applications for advice or assistance, and investigating and relieving innumerable cases of undeserved misfortune. A busier woman, we suppose, is hardly to be found "within the three seas;" but she is wisely busy, and her business is of that happy nature which blesses others while it makes her own exceeding happiness.

Old-maidism has, we know, its unlovely aspect. It is sometimes associated with scandal and gossip, with a querulous and spiteful temper, with a jealous eye and an evil tongue; but these are attributes not exclusively confined to old maids. Yet it may freely be admitted that the single life is calculated to foster a good many disagreeable qualities when both the mind and the heart are left without occupation. The frivolous and uneducated young woman, who has no resources of her own to fall back upon, who has never been accustomed to interest herself in the higher intellectual pursuits, to whom thought is a labour and reading a weariness, will assuredly find the years weigh heavily upon her, as, loveless and unloving, she descends towards the grave. It is the want of occupation, of object, that makes old-maidism a burden. Consider how bright and cheery to the last, in spite of heavy trials and bodily afflictions, was Mary Russell Mitford, the very queen of old maids, as she was also one of the most charming of English essayists. She was in her sixty-seventh year when she wrote to a friend with this vivacious pleasantness:—

"Some day I may grow stronger—at least, so I will hope. I do all I can to become so by sitting out of doors, to have as much as possible of the summer air, which is, Mr. May says, the best tonic. A very pleasant seat it is, at the corner of my little dwelling, under a great acacia tree, now loaded with snowy tassels waving like the green leaves, and wafting their rich perfume with every motion. Underneath is a syringa bush, also in full flower, the English orange-tree, so charming in the open air, and on the table pinks and roses. I quite lament when this showery weather prevents my being transported to that shady seat, or sends me in before my time. I have a real passion for sweet scents," she continues, "and like even perfumes when I cannot get flowers. I suppose it is to this love of flowers that I owe a singular visitor that was found in my room last night. As K—— was putting me to bed, she broke forth in a series of exclamations, all of which ended in a desire that I would look in the candlestick. At first I saw nothing but a dull-looking caterpillar, till the creature moved, and then came a tiny reflection of green light. It was a glow-worm. I could not go to look after it, bright star of the earth as it is! There were two jars of pinks and roses from the garden, and there had been one of wild honey-

suckle from the lane. Of course, it must have entered with the flowers."

With wonderful energy and gallant endurance she bore the pressure of disease. "My present ailment," she writes, "is rheumatism, which has long been coming on—'a highly rheumatic condition,' to use the medical phrase, upon which that terrible overturn, just at the beginning of a wet winter, fell like a spark among gunpowder. I don't think there is the slightest chance of any improvement, and must be content with what remains to me—the use of my intellect, and, to a certain extent, of my right hand, a comfortable cottage, excellent servants, kind neighbours, and most dear friends. And this is much. We must not forget, in thinking of my case, that for above thirty years I had perpetual anxieties to encounter—my parents to support, and for a long time to nurse, and generally an amount of labour and of worry and of care of every sort such as has seldom fallen to the lot of woman. . . . When I see you in the summer, my own beloved friend, if it please God to spare me so long, you will perhaps find me sitting under my acacia tree; and I hope to get a garden chair, and be wheeled about in the open air. It is a great thing to have a man like Sam, at once so strong and so gentle, who can bear me along by putting his hands under my arms, and even lift me down stairs, step by step—only that is so painful a process that I avoid it whenever I can, and see as few strangers or mere acquaintances as possible."

The ungracious features of old-maidism are often connected, no doubt, with that sense of youth departed, that regret for the springtime of life, which women feel, perhaps, more keenly than most men. Trained to believe that their chief charm and potency lie in their good looks, we must forgive them if they are conscious of a pang when the season of comeliness has gone by; we must not smile if some of them make vain, despairing efforts to prolong it. For to all of us it is a pain to think of youth as something which can never again be ours. It is not only that we sigh for the lost physical energy, the elasticity of limb, the strength of muscle, the bright eye and the smooth brow—for youth's gracefulness, and that which makes it not only pleasant to ourselves but to others to look upon; but we miss even more sensibly the blithe-heartedness and joyousness of youth, its fresh delight, its unspoiled tastes.

its ready emotion, and its vivid fancy. Ah me! those days, when every morning brought a new pleasure, and every evening found us meditating new schemes of entertainment for the morrow—those days when the flowers had so rare a fragrance and the music of the birds so exquisite a sweetness; when the brook sang a song which the dull ear of age can never hear, and the heavens put on a glory which the dim eye of age can never see—those days when earth seemed an Eden of bloom and beauty, and life so long that we could not think of it as ever ending, and so happy that we never wished it to end—those days, when such was our assurance of the friendship of our friends and the truth of those we loved, that we listened with wondering incredulity to the tales that our elders told of falsehood, and deception, and broken hearts—those days can be ours no more. Give us back our youth, we cry; but no magic of genius can restore it. The years pass, and old age draws nearer and nearer, and that inevitable "Hic jacet" which sums up all our vain hopes and ambitions; and the trite moralities we once laughed at press upon us as bitter truths. What are we to do? Our duty; and *that* will render light as air the burden which otherwise would crush us. There are tasks always close at hand waiting to be done. In the home circle, in the outer world—as sisters, daughters, friends, if not as wives and mothers—women will find in woman's work that elixir of youth which the mediæval Rosicrucians sought after in vain. Old maids may embellish old-maidism with the most winning graces if, like Mary Russell Mitford, they take up, with sweet patience and content, the lot that Heaven has marked out for them, and accept the blessings with which Heaven consoles man for the flight of those

> "Happy hours,
> Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,"

before the darker aspects of life fell, shadow-like, upon the soul.

We wish we had space to tell the story of Mary Russell Mitford; it is a fine tonic for the weak nerves, an inspiration for the despondent. What a happiness she drank in from the fair face of the green earth; from the sights and sounds of the country—hedgerows, green lanes, broad meadows, and leafy coppices, the song of birds and the bubble of noisy streams!

What an infinite source of sympathy she found in the study of human nature! How dear to her were her friends and friendships! And then her books! These never failed to solace her dreariest hours, to encourage and sustain her under the severest trials. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that her life was surrounded with almost everything that could make old-maidism intolerable. She was compelled to work hard for a livelihood; literature, as we know, is a precarious staff to lean upon, and yet it had to be her support, and that of her parents; she was a martyr to ill-health; she was plain of feature and ungraceful of person; and she had the bitter knowledge that a position of affluence and independent ease had been taken from her by the faults of those she most dearly loved. Yet she never repined; she was never irritable or querulous; the sunshine of a tender heart diffused itself over all her surroundings. Her wide reading and her intense love of nature provided her with ample pleasures; her strong affections and her sense of duty taught her contentment and brought her peace. Her little garden was an Eden to her—a world of light and sweetness—a land of faëry, full of inexhaustible wonders. How she revelled in its modest glories! "You would like it," she writes to Miss Barrett, the poet (afterwards Mrs. Browning), "it is so pretty; one side (it is nearly an acre of show flowers) a high hedge of hawthorn, with giant trees rising above it beyond the hedge, whilst all down within the garden are clumps of matchless hollyhocks and splendid dahlias, the top of the garden being shut in by the old irregular cottage, with its dark brickwork covered with vines and roses, and its picturesque chimneys mingling with the bay tree, again rising into its bright and shining cone, and two old pear trees festooned with honeysuckle; the bottom of the garden and the remaining side consisting of lower hedgerows melting into wooded uplands, dotted with white cottages and patches of common. Nothing can well be imagined more beautiful than this little bit of ground is now. Huge masses of lupines (say fifty or sixty spiral spikes), some white, some lilac; immense clumps of the enamelled Siberian larkspur, glittering like some enormous Chinese jar; the white and azure blossoms of the variegated monkshood; flags of all colours; roses of every shade, some covering the house and stables and overtopping the roofs, others mingling with tall

apple trees, others again (especially the beautiful double Scotch rose) low but broad, standing in bright relief to the blues and purples; and the Oriental poppy, like an orange lamp (for it really seems to have light within it), shining amidst the deeper greens; above all, the pyramid of geraniums, beautiful beyond all beauty, rising in front of our garden room, whilst each corner is filled with the same beautiful flower, and the whole air perfumed by the delicious honeysuckle." If she goes abroad, we find her attended by the same power of sympathy, the same unaffected and innocent cheerfulness. "Only yesterday," she writes, "I strolled round the park-like paddock of an old place in our neighbourhood—an old neglected ride, overgrown with moss and grass, and primroses, and wild strawberries—overshadowed by horse-chestnuts, and lilacs, and huge firs, and roses, and sweet briar, shot up to the height of forest trees. Exquisitely beautiful was that wild, rude walk"—yet how many would have seen no beauty in it! But she had eyes to see, without which the brightest landscape must be as a sealed book; and a heart that was susceptible to every sweet and gentle influence.

Her devotion to her parents was absolutely heroic, and in the case of her father was, unfortunately, undeserved. A man more wholly given up to self it is difficult to conceive of; a reckless, extravagant, indolent gambler, who in the gratification of his own tastes was content to risk the happiness of everybody connected with him. Miss Mitford's biographer remarks that he must have possessed some bright, sterling, domestic virtues, some latent good qualities, undiscernible to the eyes of his acquaintances, but patent to those of his wife and child, since they were never heard to complain of his conduct, never seemed to love him less, nor to repine at the privations and exertions which for his sake they were required to undergo. But even in his daughter's correspondence we cannot trace the existence of any such virtues or good qualities; and we imagine that their conduct must be explained by that wonderful self-abnegation of which women are often capable, and by that voluntary deception they practise upon themselves when those they love will profit by it. Dr. Mitford married an heiress, whose fortune, besides houses and landed property, consisted of £28,000 in money. He got rid of the whole in ten years. He then obtained another fortune of £20,000

through a prize in the lottery. Immediately he resumed his old habits, kept his horses, his spaniels, and his greyhounds, gambled incessantly, and maintained an open house. This second period of prosperity lasted for another ten years; and in 1820 the ruined family was compelled to retire to a small cottage at Three Mile Cross, near Reading, where there was nothing between the father and mother and hopeless destitution but the daughter's genius and industry. With unflagging energy the daughter plied her lively pen, producing several excellent dramatic compositions (one of which, "Rienzi," is not wholly forgotten), and those delightful sketches of English rural life and character which, under the general title of "Our Village," have attained a permanent place in English literature. Faithful as a photograph, they are nevertheless instinct with colour, while the subdued poetical feeling which pervades them heightens their simple charm. Miss Mitford was also an industrious contributor to the annuals, and the author of "Belford Regis," "Atherton," and "Recollections of a Literary Life." In spite of her exertions, Dr. Mitford died considerably in debt; but still undiscouraged, his daughter wrote:—"Everybody shall be paid, if I sell the gown off my back or pledge my little pension" (a pension from the Crown in acknowledgment of her useful literary labours). And still brimful of lovingness, she strewed flowers over his dead body, "the lovely chrysanthemums that he loved so well," and records that "he looks with a heavenly composure, and almost with his own beautiful colour, the exquisite vermilion for which he was so famous, on his sweet, serene countenance." She writes with a pathos that has nothing unreal about it:—"My real feeling is one of intense thankfulness that what I have has lasted so as to furnish to my dear father all that he has wanted; that for the last twenty years he has known no want in this poor cottage. What I earned and what I had has been enough. In the terrible embarrassment of falling circumstances—first, in the struggle after appearances with a great establishment in a fine place; then with that long lawsuit and the uphill striving in literature and the drama (always a series of expectations unfulfilled, and blighted hopes, and sharp, sudden, cutting disappointments), and more or less even during these last twenty years—although want, actual want, has not come, yet fear and anxiety have never been absent. I

may truly say that ever since I was a very young girl I have never, although for some years living apparently in affluence, been without pecuniary care—a care that pressed upon my thoughts the last thing at night, and woke in the morning with a dreary, heavy sense of pain and pressure of something which weighed me to the earth, which I would fain cast off, but could not." We must make one more quotation in illustration of this admirable filial affection. "Did I tell you that my father [then in his old age, and afflicted with a mortal disease] took last night with Mr. Cox three glasses of claret, and afterwards two glasses more; enjoying them, not taking them, as he does the gravy, medicinally, but feeling the pleasure, the strange pleasure, that gentlemen do feel in the scent and taste of fine wine, especially when shared with a friend? Surely this is a sign of amendment; and he called me again 'my treasure,' always his favourite word for his poor daughter. It rejoices my heart. Of course the previous omission was accidental. I feel sure now that he was not angry; but before I had *so* feared it, and it had *so* grieved me—grieved me to the very bottom of my heart. So that if it had pleased God to take him *then*, I do believe that I should have died of very grief. I thought that I must have said something or done something, or left something unsaid or undone, that had displeased him. *Now*, so far as that goes, my heart is at ease, and it is the taking off of a great load."

Byron, in his "Childe Harold," has immortalised the story of the Roman daughter who, when her father was sentenced to death from starvation, secretly visited his cell, and fed him with the milk from her own innocent bosom. Her act of devotion was discovered, and for the daughter's sake, and in honour of such pure true love, the father's life was spared.

> "The starry fable of the milky way
> Has not thy story's purity; it is
> A constellation of a sweeter ray,
> And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
> Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
> Where sparkle distant worlds. O holiest nurse!
> No drop of that dear stream its way shall miss
> To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
> With life, as our freed souls rejoice the universe."

The legend is beautiful though dubious; but we believe

that at least an equal beauty shines out from the story of the English daughter—from that of Mary Russell Mitford, with all her heroic sacrifice and glorious unselfishness.

We pass on to glance at the work and worth of woman in her capacity as the sister. To many brothers their sisters are scarcely less tender or trusted helpmates than many wives to their husbands. They share each other's thoughts, opinions, tastes, and feelings; are all-in-all to each other; and the tie is sometimes so close that even marriage does not greatly weaken it. Such a sister and such a brother were Sir Philip Sidney and Mary, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, for whom he wrote his prose poem, "The Arcadia," and over whom, says the historian Osborn, "he had no other advantage than what he received from the partial benevolence of fortune in making him a man (which yet she did, in some judgments, recompense in beauty)." Between them prevailed the most entire communion; their dispositions presented numerous points of resemblance, and they delighted in the same studies. Both were passionately fond of poetry, which they cultivated diligently in the sweet retirement of Penshurst. The world owes the "Arcadia" to Mary Sidney, since it was preserved in deference entirely to her loving appreciation and gentle admonitions. Inspired by the example of her brother, she composed a "Pastoral Dialogue in Praise of Astræa" (that is, Queen Elizabeth), and executed a metrical version of the Psalms which has received the praise of Coleridge. To this version the Elizabethan poet Daniel refers:—

> "Those hymns which thou didst consecrate to heaven,
> Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
> Unto thy voyage eternity have given,
> And make thee dear to Him from whom they came."

She also wrote an elegy, the "Doleful Lay of Clarinda," in commemoration of the illustrious brother whom she had loved and admired.

> "The fairest flower in field that ever grew,"

she exclaims, "was Astrophel; that *was* we all may rue." And she continues:—

"O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flower hath left?
Is not the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

"But that immortal spirit which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovran choice from th' heavenly choirs select,
And lineally derived from angels' race,
Oh, what is now of it become aread,
Ah me! can so divine a thing be dead?

"Ah no; it is not dead, nor can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie,
In beds of lilies wrapt in tender wise,
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet."

She raised a better monument to her brother, however, in his own "Arcadia," the fragments of which she carefully collected and prepared for publication, revising it, and adding to the episodes and adventures in the later books. It was published about four years after his death, and rapidly passed through eleven editions. In the dedication, Sir Philip thus addresses his sister:[1]—"Here now you have, most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, lady, this idle work of mine, which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. . . . I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child which I am loath to father. But you desired me to do it; and your desire, to my heart, is an absolute commandment. . . . Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done."

[1] Sidney in the "Arcadia" draws a glowing picture of sisterly love in the story of Pamela and Philoclea. We will venture on an extract. Philoclea, going to Pamela's chamber, finds her in tears:—"She earnestly entreated to know the cause thereof, that either she might comfort or accompany her doleful humour. But Pamela, rather seeming sorry that she had perceived so much than willing to open any further question, 'O my Pamela,' said Philoclea, 'who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in counsel, a princess by the law of our country, and—which name, methinks, of all others, is the dearest—a friend by my choice and your favour, what means this banishing me from your counsels? Do you love your sorrow so well as

It is pleasant to trace the extent to which Wordsworth in his poems was influenced by the exquisite taste and profound sensibility of his sister Dorothy, whose prose is scarcely less poetic or high toned than her brother's verse. His genius was in danger of being wasted upon sterile political theories and abstract speculations, when, after a long absence, she returned to his side, aroused him from his despondency, and directed his thoughts towards poetry and nature :—

> 'She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
> A poet, made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office upon earth."

They lived together at first in a pleasant cottage at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, where Dorothy discharged the household duties and studied Italian, while Wordsworth attended to the garden, translated Juvenal, and threw his thoughts into verse. Here they were visited by Coleridge, who keenly enjoyed the idyllic life led by the highly-gifted couple ; while they, on their part, not less warmly appreciated their friend's vivid eloquence and boundless stores of imagination. Coleridge thus describes the sister :—"She is a woman indeed, in mind, I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary ; if you expected to see an ordinary woman you would think her pretty, but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.' Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer." The Wordsworths, to be near Coleridge, removed to Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, near Nether Stowey, where the two poets walked together and conversed together, with the "sole sister" as their companion,

to grudge me part of it? or do you think I shall not love a sad Pamela so well as a joyful? Or be my ears unworthy or my tongue suspected? What is it, my sister, that you should conceal from your sister, yea, and servant, Philoclea?' These words wan no further of Pamela, but that telling her they might talk better as they lay together, they impoverished their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorn the shrine of Venus ; and there cherishing one another with dear, though chaste embracements, with sweet, though cold kisses, it might seem that Love was come to play him there without dart, or that, weary of his own fires, he was there to refresh himself between their sweet breathing lips."

and "struck each from the other his finest tones." But however much Wordsworth was benefited by his intercourse with Coleridge, he gained much more from his sister's constant companionship. She softened his austerity of spirit, and taught him to sympathise with his fellow-man, while his study of nature was prompted and stimulated by her subtler faculty of observation. In the closing lines of his wonderful poem on Tintern Abbey he acknowledges his debt:—

> "For thou art with me, here upon the banks
> Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
> My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
> The language of my former heart, and read
> My former pleasures in the shooting lights
> Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
> May I behold in thee what I was once,
> My dear, dear sister!"

The three friends, in the autumn of 1798, went on a visit to Hamburg, and were introduced to Klopstock, the poet of "The Messiah." Parting with Coleridge, who went on to Göttingen, to plunge head over ears into German metaphysics, the Wordsworths took up their residence at Goslar, to study the language and literature of the country. In 1799 they returned to England, and eventually settled down for life in the beautiful Lake country, first at Grasmere, and afterwards at Rydal Mount. At Grasmere, the brother and sister lived on an income of £100 a year, all the household work being undertaken by the devoted Dorothy. Yet she found time to write out her brother's poems, to read aloud to him of an afternoon or evening, and to accompany him in his rambles over hill and dale. Nor was this all; she was ever ready to supply him with subjects for his genius, and not unfrequently to suggest appropriate thoughts and images. "The sister's eye was ever on the watch to provide for the poet's pen." Some of his poems are scarcely other than versions of her descriptions, and how closely akin was their treatment may be seen from the following example:—

"When we were in the woods," writes the sister, "we saw a few daffodils close by the water-side. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there were a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the

mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."

In Wordsworth's poem of "The Daffodils" we read :—

I wandered busy as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

In October 1802 Wordsworth brought home his young wife, Mary Hutchinson, "the phantom of delight," celebrated in one of his most charming lyrics; but no change took place in Dorothy's position. She continued to fill to her brother and his wife the place she had filled to her brother alone, and to them and their children she consecrated her best energies, until she broke down beneath the protracted pressure in 1829. But she had done her work. She had lived "in and for her brother;" subordinating to his genius her own delicate and vivid intellect, merging in his interests and gifts all her own, contentedly effacing herself in order that he might become better and higher than he could otherwise have been, and able to render worthier service to the world. The self-sacrifice was complete, but it was crowned by a splendid result. Without it we should never have had the poet of "The Excursion." [1]

[1] The following sketch of Miss Wordsworth is from the pen of De Quincey :—

"'Her face was of Egyptian brown;' rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm, and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some

Another remarkable example of a sister spending and being spent in her brother's service, and accepting the duty not only with patience but with cheerfulness, is afforded by Caroline Herschel. Until her brother's marriage she stood by him as his loving, untiring, self-denying, heroic helper. When he abandoned a lucrative career as a musician that he might devote himself to astronomical pursuits, her wise and skilful economy saved him from pecuniary vexations. She had been his constant fellow-worker when he was a leading musician; she became his assistant when he gave up his genius to astronomy. Bending all her energy and affection to the task, she acquired a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and of methods of calculation to be able to commit the results of his researches to writing. She toiled with him in the workshop, grinding and polishing his mirrors; she watched beside his telescope in the coldest nights of winter, recording his observations, when the very ink was frozen in the bottle. It was her care that kept him alive; putting herself aside, forgetting herself, she lived for him in whom she believed, and whom she loved with all her heart and mind. Like Dorothy Wordsworth, she might have won reputation on her own account, for with the "seven-foot" telescope given to her by her brother she discovered no fewer than eight comets. But all fame, all honour, as well as all love, were for her brother. Surely it is women only who are capable of such entire and consummate self-abnegation.

A few extracts from her journal will enable us to see the nature and conjecture the extent of her labours.

1783, July 8th. "I began to use the new Newtonian small

subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which —being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irresistible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age and her maidenly condition—gave to her whole demeanour and to her conversation an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer. . . . Her knowledge of literature was irregular and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart."

sweeper, but it could hardly be expected that I should meet with any comets in the part of the heavens where I swept, for I generally chose my situation by the side of my brother's instrument, that I might be ready to run to the clock or write down memorandums. In the beginning of December I became entirely attached to the writing-desk, and had seldom an opportunity after that time of using my newly-acquired instrument."

"My brother began his series of sweeps when the instrument was yet in a very unfinished state, and my feelings were not very comfortable when any moment I was alarmed by a crack or fall, knowing him to be elevated fifteen feet or more on a temporary cross-beam instead of a safe gallery. . . . That my fears of dangers and accidents were not wholly imaginary, I had an unlucky proof on the night of the 31st December. The evening had been cloudy, but about ten o'clock a few stars became visible, and in the greatest hurry all was got ready for observing. My brother, at the front of the telescope, directed me to make some alteration in the lateral motion, which was done by machinery, on which the point of support of the tube and mirror rested. At each end of the machine or trough was an iron hook, such as butchers use for hanging their joints upon, and having to run in the dark on ground covered a foot deep with melting snow, I fell on one of these hooks, which entered my right leg above the knee. My brother's call, 'Make haste!' I could only answer by a pitiful cry, 'I am hooked!' He and the workman were instantly with me, but they could not lift me without leaving nearly two ounces of my flesh behind. The workman's wife was called, but was afraid to do anything, and I was obliged to be my own surgeon by applying aquabusade and tying a kerchief about it for some days, till Dr. Lind, hearing of my accident, brought me ointment and lint, and told me how to use them. At the end of six weeks I began to have some fears about my poor limb, and asked again for Dr. Lind's opinion: he said, if a soldier had met with such a hurt he would have been entitled to six weeks' nursing in a hospital. I had, however, the comfort to know that my brother was no loser by this accident, for the remainder of the night was cloudy, and several nights afterwards afforded only a few short intervals favourable for sweeping, and until

the 16th January there was no necessity for my exposing myself for a whole night to the severity of the season."

In 1786, July 30th, she writes:—"I wound up the sidereal timepiece, Field's and Alexander's clocks, and made covers for the new and old registers."

August 1st. "I have counted one hundred nebulæ to-day, and this evening I saw an object which I believe will prove to-morrow night to be a comet." Her supposition proved correct.

August 5th. "I calculated nebulæ all day. The night was tolerably fine, and I saw the comet."

In the case of Charles and Mary Lamb, the brother's devotion was not less than the sister's love. He was in every sense her guardian and keeper; and the shadow of a great sorrow, of which she was the unconscious cause, lay upon all his life. But if her debt to him were beyond the debt that most sisters owe to the most affectionate of brothers, it is not to be doubted that he, on his part, profited largely by intercourse with so gentle a spirit and so pure and generous a mind. The story of their mutual love is in truth possessed of a peculiar pathos, and may be said to contain all the elements of romance.

To those examples of strong affection and attachment between sister and brother we may add that of the two Körners. Karl Theodor Körner among German lyrists must always hold a distinguished place. There is a wonderful force and fire in his songs; in those which relate to war you seem to hear the clash of meeting swords, and the thunder of dreadful guns, and the cheer of armed men in the fury of the battle. They have deservedly won for him the appellation of the German Tyrtæus. In his lighter strains the influence of Schiller is perceptible. He was the author also of some comedies, of the dramas of "Toni" and "Hedwig," and the tragedy of "Zrini." When, in 1813, Germany renewed its struggle against the oppression of Napoleon, Körner joined the army of liberation, and was approving himself a fine soldier, when he was killed in a skirmish at Gadebusch near Schwerin, at the early age of twenty-two. His life had been cheered by the sympathy and devotion of an only sister, who had shared his confidence and encouraged his genius. Their attachment was indeed an idyll of grace and beauty. The shock of his premature death was more than her gentle nature could endure, and she died broken-hearted,

living only long enough to complete his portrait, which she had drawn with the pencil of love, and a sketch of his last resting-place. The poet sleeps under the green boughs of an old oak in the recess of which he had been accustomed to deposit the verses composed while campaigning in the vicinity; and close beside him lies the faithful sister, so that in death as in life they are not divided. Mrs. Hemans commemorates their tragic story:—

"*Thou* hast a hero's tomb: a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave—
She pined to share thy grave.

"Fame was thy gift from others;—but for *her*,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oaks, thy trophy:—what hast she?
Her own best place by thee!"

Not unserviceable would it be, if space permitted, to examine the maidens drawn by our poets and novelists, and to endeavour to detect in each portrait those features that are truly lovable, or to consider how far they might be taken as examples by those who are desirous of developing a noble and tender womanhood. As, for instance, Shakespeare's maidens: to what a delightful study do they not challenge us! The bright, brave, delicate Rosalind, so sweet and pure in her sportiveness, so very a woman in her masculine garb, so keen of wit and yet so tender of heart; is not this an ideal that one might teach our daughters to strive after?

"From the East to Western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind!"

This is not the wild fancy of a lover; we all of us see and know that it is true. "She is like a compound of essences," says Mrs. Jameson, "so volatile in their nature and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyse them they seem to escape us. . . . Everything about her breathes of youth and youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze which plays among them. Her volubility is like the bird's

song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses." As "bright" is the one distinctive epithet which we feel to belong to Rosalind, so "tender" is the adjective that seems most applicable to Miranda, that gentle daughter, nurtured in the lonely, music-haunted island of ocean, who, with so pretty a renunciation of self, gives up her loving heart to the prince that has come across the seas to claim it. She has no ambition to see a goodlier man. She loves him, and it is enough. And with what a stainless, refined, maidenly, and delicate affection! With what a virgin openness of heart! As a contrast, turn to the impassioned Juliet, who is not less pure or maidenly, but in whose veins throb the passions of the sunny South. She is less reserved, therefore more entire in her abandonment; speaks where Miranda would be silent, and kisses where Miranda would care only to blush; a woman to the very core, and therefore forgetting herself in her love. But this very vehemence and impetuosity forbid that the course of her love should run smooth. One feels that the cypress must necessarily blend its fatal leaves with the orange blossoms in her bridal chaplet. "Under the paleness and coolness of the night," says Philarète Chasles, "you divine restrained ardours and powers which brood in silence, impatient to shine forth." But when they do shine forth, how fatal will be the glow!

In Cordelia, the master-poet shows us the sacredness and glory of filial devotion, which in her faithful heart is "a clear and perpetual illumination." She is pure love, tender and loyal, always submissive, always ready for the sacrifice, asking only to be believed and made use of. In the painful comedy of "Measure for Measure," we are soothed and sustained by the lofty maidenhood of Isabella, who has all that strength and force of will and directness of purpose which we miss in the faithful Cordelia or the meek Ophelia. She throws the white light of her virgin chastity upon the darkness of humanity, and passes through the corruption of Vienna like an angel of uprightness, warning and commanding, awing the mean and base by the transcendent radiance of her character. Then, as to Portia, her distinction among the women of Shakespeare (and we are not sure that any other of his heroines is more deserving of admiration or imitation) is, as Professor Dowden says, "the union in her nature of high intellectual powers and

decision of will, with a heart full of ardour and of susceptibility to romantic feelings. She has herself never known trouble or sorrow, but prosperity has left her generous and quick in sympathy." The advocates of "women's rights" (in their higher and wider sense) may reasonably claim Shakespeare as on their side; for in Portia he has drawn a "strong-minded woman," as if to prove that the masterful intellect and the firm will are by no means incompatible with the deepest sensibility and a most loving nature. Says Mrs. Jameson:—"Many women have possessed many of those qualities which render Portia so delightful. She is in herself a piece of reality, in whose possible existence we have no doubt; and yet a human being in whom the moral, intellectual, and sentient faculties should be so exquisitely blended and proportioned to each other—and these again in harmony with all outward aspects and influences — probably never existed; certainly could not now exist. A woman constituted like Portia, a gracious, happy, beloved, and loving creature, would be a victim, immolated in fire to that multitudinous Moloch termed Opinion. With her the world without would be at war with the world within: in the perpetual strife either her nature would 'be subdued to the element it worked in,' and, bending to a necessity it could neither escape nor approve, lose at last something of its original brightness, or otherwise a perpetual spirit of resistance, cherished as a safeguard, might perhaps in the end destroy the equipoise; firmness would become pride and self-assurance, and the soft, sweet, feminine texture of the mind settle into rigidity." It is nearly fifty years ago since this melancholy passage was written, and we are bold to think that it no longer embodies a truth. Though light tongues may sometimes rail at "women-pedants," at "lady-doctors," at "she-professors," and generally at every gifted woman who in elevating herself seeks to elevate her sex, we are convinced that the general feeling is sounder, truer, and more just; that modern Portias will meet everywhere with respect and reverent admiration; and that the more closely their sisters resemble Portia, the more earnestly will men strive to be worthy of such sweet companionship—the companionship of a perfect woman:—

"Il vago spirito ardento,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core."

The poet who perhaps stands next to Shakespeare in the estimation of the critic and scholar is Wordsworth. Possessing no dramatic faculty, no power of conceiving and presenting character, he has scarcely added to our gallery of female portraits; and yet he has left us in no doubt as to the qualities which, in his belief, constitute the perfect woman. She must not be too bright or good for human nature's daily food. She must be ready to dispense kisses, tears, and smiles; must not be above praise, blame, or love. Yet she must be something more than a toy or a plaything. As a being breathing thoughtful breath, as a traveller betwixt life and death, she must be gifted with—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Then, indeed, the poet will be prepared to greet her as a perfect woman—a woman who can warn, and comfort, and command;—

> "And yet a spirit still and bright,
> With something of an angel light."

This high conception of feminine excellence, this exalted ideal, may be traced more or less distinctly in all Wordsworth's references to women; and an exquisite illustration is supplied by the beautiful stanzas beginning,—"Three years she grew in sun and shower." Nature is represented as taking to herself a child in order that she may become a lady of her own. Thenceforth Nature is to dominate over her whole being, so that in earth and heaven she shall learn to feel an overseeing power to kindle or restrain. Sportive as a fawn she is to grow, and vital feelings of delight are to swell her virgin bosom; but deeper influences are to calm while they inspire her:—

> "The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her; and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

Tennyson may, without extravagance, be called the poet of women. His portrait gallery is second only to that of Shakespeare in extent and splendour. His canvas is not so distinct

and vivid as that of the great master, but the colouring is rich, and the outlines are drawn with a graceful pencil.[1] Has he not created for us "The lily maid of Astolat"—"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable," and Maud with her exquisite face?

> "Maud, in the light of her youth and her grace,
> Singing of death, and of honour that cannot die."

And that peerless wonder in "The Princess," who may well be matched with Wordsworth's "perfect woman:"—

> "No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between the gods and men,
> Who looked all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music."

He has drawn for us also the "airy fairy Lilian," with her arch innocence and her simple tricksomeness, a creature who seems too dainty for the responsibilities of the wife and the mother; and the variable Madeline, with her many moods, each sweeter than the last, her "delicious spites and darling angers," and those lovely frowns and lovelier smiles which chase one another in quick succession, like bursts of sunshine and shadow over the bosom of the purple hills. Then we have the faintly smiling Adeline, "scarce of earth nor all divine," with more of imagination than her sportive sisters, and deeps of thought to be plumbed by no superficial observer. We seem to rise higher still, to approach a more elevated grade of womanhood in sweet pale Margaret, with her aspect of painful thought and the tearful power and pathos of her eloquent eyes:—

> "You are the evening star, alway
> Remaining betwixt dark and bright;
> Lulled echoes of laborious day
> Come to you; gleams of mellow light
> Float by you on the verge of night."

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[1] "Mr. Tennyson's glory," says Brimley, "is to have portrayed passion with a feminine purity—to have spiritualised the voluptuousness of the senses and the imagination by a manly reverence for woman's worth, and a clear intuition of 'the perfect law of liberty' through which the true humanity develops itself in the form and condition of an animal nature."

Mr. R. H. Hutton has some just remarks on Tennyson's evident partiality for the domestic, modern type of woman. All his favourite women, he says, belong to a certain fixed class in social life, usually not the lowest; sometimes homely, like Alice, the miller's daughter, and Rose, the gardener's daughter, or Dora, or the wife of the Lord of Burleigh; sometimes women of the drawing-room or the palace, like Maud, Lady Flora in "The Daydream," or the Princess in the poem about women, or Lyonette, and Enid, and Elaine, and Guinevere in "The Idylls of the King;" but always women of the quiet and domestic type, "women whom you might meet every day in a modern home, women of the garden-flower kind rather than of the wild-flower kind." He has set even his fanciful poem on "The Sleeping Beauty" in a drawing-room framework; that is, he makes the Lady Flora to whom it is related "take her broidery frame and add a crimson to the quaint macaw." "The simplest and most lyrical heroines," adds Mr. Hutton, "heroines like Gretchen in "Faust," or Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister," are hardly in Mr. Tennyson's way. He loves something of the air and manner which a fixed social status gives."

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> "She bowed down her head,
> Remembering the day when first she came,
> And all the things that had been."

It was enough for her to nurse in her heart the secret of her rejected love; enough for her to love and suffer. In his "Dream of Fair Women," it is "the daughter of the warrior Gileadite," with her sublime faculty of self-sacrifice, whom he paints most tenderly, and in whose mouth he puts the words of heroic devotedness:—

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The "Lady of Burleigh" is also a type of the love that counts self-sacrifice its highest bliss and duty. Translated to

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could scarcely suppose that the poet recognised them as thinking, sentient beings, with minds and souls capable of growth,—with a place and part of their own in the Divine order of the universe,—and bound, like man, to make the best possible use of life. To adore the lover or the husband,—to crouch at his feet, and thank him for flinging to her the gift of a careless smile,—to dazzle or betray or attract by the splendour of their beauty,—such is the poet's idea of the "mission" of women. Who would not turn from it with pleasure to that which we have traced in the pages of Wordsworth or of Tennyson?

Let us compare it with a woman's ideal of woman. Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is as truly a "poem of women" as Tennyson's "Princess;" and if less finished and exquisite as a work of art, is animated by a loftier spirit. Its deficiencies may be freely acknowledged: in many passages it is sadly prosaic; the rhythm is often cumbrous; the expression is not always clear; the metaphysical disquisitions are heavy and discordant; the whole structure of the poem is irregular and imperfect; but we are ready to forgive and forget these, and greater defects than these, for the sake of the vigorous, exuberant genius that runs riot in every page.[1] The confessions of a poetical mind, the experiences of a woman's heart, are poured out with a strength and beauty that carries away the reader. The heroine, Aurora Leigh, is the daughter of an "austere Englishman," a scholar and a gentleman, and of a Florentine mother, who dies when her child is four years old. For nine years more Aurora undergoes the silent education of "grief and love," while she

[1] Mr. Justin M'Carthy goes so far as to say that in England we have hardly had any woman but Mrs. Browning alone who really deserves to rank with poets. And we would venture to add that no other country has produced as yet a poetess to surpass her. "She takes a place," he continues, "altogether different from that of any Mrs. Hemans, or such singer of sweet, wild, and innocent note. Mrs. Browning would rank highly among poets without any allowance being claimed for her sex. But estimated in this way," he adds, "which assuredly she would have chosen for herself, she can hardly be permitted to stand with the foremost even of our modern day. She is one of the most sympathetic of poets. . . . She speaks especially to the emotional in women. In all moods, when men or women are distracted by the bewildering conditions of life, when they feel themselves alternately dazzled by its possibilities and baffled by its limitations, the poems of Elizabeth Browning ought to find sympathetic ears."

learns to commune with Nature in the mountain solitudes to which the bereaved husband has retired. But he, too, the father, is taken from her; and she crosses the seas to England to reside with her father's sister; an ordinary woman, living an ordinary life, and busying her commonplace mind with commonplace things. Aurora is now educated after the manner of education formerly prescribed—for girls:—

> "I learnt the Collects and the Catechism,
> The Creeds, from Athanasius back to Nice,—
> And various popular synopses of
> Inhuman doctrines never taught by John,
> Because she liked instructed piety.
> I learnt my complement of classic French,
> And German also. . . .
> I learnt a little algebra, a little
> Of the mathematics,—brushed with extreme flounce
> The circle of the sciences, because
> She misliked women who are frivolous.
> I learnt the royal genealogies
> Of Oviedo, the internal laws
> Of the Burmese empire,—by how many feet
> Mount Chimborazo outsoars Teneriffe,
> What navigable river joins itself
> To Lara, and what census of the year five
> Was taken at Klagenfurt."

She goes on to say that she learned much music, fine sleights of hand, and unimagined fingering; drew costumes from French engravings; washed in, or rather washed out, landscapes from Nature; danced the polka and cellarius, spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax. And bursting into a tone of indignant scorn, she tells us that she read a score of books on womanhood, designed to prove that women, if they do not think at all, may *teach* thinking; books that boldly asserted their right of comprehending their husband's discourse "when not too deep;" their

> "Particular work and general missionariness,
> As long as they keep quiet by the fire,
> And never say 'no' when the world says 'ay,'
> For that is fatal,—their angelic reach
> Of virtue, chiefly used to sit and darn,
> And fatten household sinners,—their, in brief,
> Potential faculty in everything
> Of abdicating power in it."

In the process of such an education, so skilfully planned to crush out all that is best and purest in woman's nature, feebler souls "die out;" others pine in a sick and miserable condition. As George Macdonald says:—"Many women go into a consumption just from discontent—the righteous discontent of a soul which is meant to sit at the Father's table, and so cannot content itself with the husks that the swine eat." Their faculties are dwarfed, stifled, by injudicious training; their intellectual appetites vitiated by improper diet; or else they are left to struggle with a ceaseless craving and yearning after that wholesome food which alone could fully satisfy their souls. They grow up, isolated and struggling, like plants left without light; or rather, like muddy pools, they stagnate in a hopeless lethargy. For though a higher theory of education now prevails, and is not without considerable influence; though, as we have said, woman has forcibly seized upon and made good a position of greater freedom and independence, and this position has already had its effect upon her genius; though her inferiority is no longer so confidently asserted, and it is not denied that her mind is susceptible of extended cultivation; yet the mass of our daughters and sisters are still most inadequately taught and trained. There is still too much truth in the remark of Charles Sauvestre:—"Je ne reproche pas seulement," he says, "aux pères [et mères?] de famille d'élever leurs filles dans le culte de l'oisiveté; je leur reproche encore de les laisser dans une ignorance funeste. Pourquoi la femme n'apprendrait elle pas les mêmes choses que l'homme? Pourquoi reste-t-elle étrangère à toute science? Nous élevons des marionettes, et plus tard nos fils épouseront les poupées, très-fortes sur la mode et sur l'art de grossir les dépenses mais peu propres à faire des hommes. Les belles mères de famille qu'on prepare ainsi, et quelles compagnes pour des hommes, nourris des grands découvertes du dix-neuvième siècle! Dans ce grand courant qui emporte tout, la femme ne peut demeurer seule, oisive et étrangère. Elle doit avoir sa large part dans l'activité générale, et pour cela il lui faut savoir tout ce qu'elle ignore, oublier bien des choses qu'on lui a apprises à contresens."

But to return to Mrs. Browning's heroine. She makes the acquaintance of a certain Romney Leigh, her cousin, master of Leigh Hall, and apparently greatly given to statistics.

She reads much and thinks much; she contemplates nature, and in her own way carries on the education of her restless heart and mind. Then she begins, as, I suppose, most young thinkers do, when they first feel the flush of imagination and the passionate sense of life's deep emptiness, to pour her soul into song, and she learns to love her father's county:—

> "Such an up and down
> Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down.
> A ripple of lane; such little hills, the sky
> Can stoop to tenderly, and the wheat fields climb;
> Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
> Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
> And open pastures where you scarcely tell
> White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
> The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
> Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade."

Eventually Romney asks her in marriage, but is refused, on the ground that he is seeking not a companion, but a fellow-worker in his schemes of social reform:—

> "What you love
> Is not a woman, Romney, but a cause:
> You want a helpmate, not a mistress, sir,
> A wife to help your ends,—in her no end."

The cousins part, and Aurora devotes herself to literature; Romney to his projects for ameliorating the condition of the many, and linking classes together in cordial fellowship. He sees and pities a drover's daughter, one Marion Erle, a woman of great beauty and large heart, who has suffered much; and he proposes to marry her, in the belief that the marriage will unite St. Giles's with St. James's. She adores him passionately; but, through the artifices of Lady Waldemar, who has long desired to secure him as a husband, is induced to cast him off. Afterwards the characters all meet in Italy. Lady Waldemar's treachery is discovered; and Romney, who has lost his eyesight, true to his word, is willing to marry Marion, though his heart tells him that it is only his cousin Aurora who can make him happy. Marion, however, by this time has learned that toleration is not love, that devotion and sacrifice are not love, that her marriage with Romney would not be an union of hearts. She sees that his thoughts and sympathies are wholly his cousin's, and she will not take a place which

can never be rightly hers. Romney and Aurora, therefore, are left free to marry, and to carry into their wedded life that perfect understanding which will ensure its crown of bliss:—

"Beloved, let us love so well;
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born."

In Mr. Coventry Patmore's fine panegyric of the domestic affections, that beautiful poem of "The Angel in the House," which Mr. Ruskin has aptly described as "a most finished piece of writing," we meet with many admirable glimpses of lovely maidenhood. What can be more charming than the following picture of truly feminine graces?—

"Pure dignity, composure, ease,
Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed;
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride;
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose."

Who does not feel that such a maiden must needs develop into true wife and true mother?

"A girl of fullest heart she was;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burned the same.
And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown—
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own."

That intellectual and moral excellence which makes the best part of beauty is finely portrayed in the following passage:—

"Her beauty was a godly grace;
The mystery of loveliness,
Which made an altar of her face,

Was not of the flesh, though that was fair,
But a most pure and living light
Without a name, by which the rare
And virtuous spirit flamed to sight."

This is the beauty which is a joy to all beholders, in which rests the secret of woman's domestic power. The brother acknowledges its charm in the sister; the husband is soothed and elevated by its presence in the wife. It is this which enables her to make a sunshine in the shady places of the world. Going forth with so pure and living a light about her, she causes the deepest darkness of the soul to disappear; rough, rude men, who have come to curse, remain to bless. And the ideal which "The Angel in the House" places before every maiden is that of "a mystery of loveliness," emanating from the refined and cultivated mind, from the gentle, sympathising, self-forgetful, innocent heart:—

"A woman deckt
With saintly honours, chaste and good,
Whose thoughts celestial things affect,
Whose eyes express her heavenly mood!"

The heroines of our novelists cannot always be accepted as embodying their ideas of perfect maidenhood. They are fettered by the conditions of the story, and are necessarily adapted to the author's exigencies of incident and situation. Yet it is generally possible to recognise the character which is best loved by its creator, and to detect those features which the creator regards with the greatest satisfaction. There can be no doubt, for instance, that Mrs. Gaskell, a woman with a profound knowledge of woman's needs and woman's capabilities, endeavoured to set forth in her "Mary Barton" her conception of certain qualities as indispensable to true womanliness. She represents her as ill-nurtured and ignorant, born and bred in the hard lap of poverty, but she takes care to show her in constant pursuit of a higher and nobler life, in strenuous endeavour to fulfil the law of duty. The same yearning fills the heart and governs the conduct of Molly Gibson in the same writer's "Wives and Daughters;" and no doubt Mrs. Gaskell looked upon it as the spirit proper to maidenhood. It is this which makes her novels wholesome and desirable reading;

they can scarcely fail to foster in their readers an ambition to live a just, a truthful, and a noble life.

It is not our purpose to indicate to our readers *what* they should read or *how* they should read, further than to caution them against books which degrade the standard of womanhood or obscure the perception of duty. In the heroines of our poets and novelists they will find models to imitate and examples to avoid; and in analysing them, they must be careful to distinguish between the true ideal and the false, between what is superficial and meretricious and what is solid and sincere. The women described by Shakespeare or Fletcher are mostly noble women—women with brains and hearts and minds—women with the qualities which make happy daughters and heroic mothers and loyal wives. The same may be affirmed of the heroines of Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot, of Mrs. Oliphant and R. D. Blackmore. In Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," a high, if not a perfect, type is presented. It has been well said of Jane Austin's heroines, that even the most faulty of them, however desirous of regard or ambitious of influence, are "uniformly dutiful, right-principled girls, trying to be upright and contented, shocked at what they see to be worldliness, deceit, and ingratitude, and delivering their unhesitating testimony against wrong." The study of such characters is a wholesome and profitable occupation, or may be made so, if the young reader will ask herself, Am *I* like this or that? Do *I* cultivate this virtue or yield to this propensity? Should *I*, if called upon, display Shirley's heroism, or Laura's good sense, or Dinah's glowing piety, or Alice Bridgenorth's loyalty, or Margaret Helstone's patient tenderness, or Evelina's amiability?

There are heroines and—heroines. Few fathers or brothers would regret, perhaps, if their daughters or sisters grew up like Sophia Primrose in Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" few would be happy if they modelled themselves after the loud-speaking, fast-going, essentially vulgar heroines of the sensational school, or the inane and gossamer beauties of the modern romantic. Miss Kavanagh very truly observes that "effeminacy and falsehood are the two great increasing perils against which the literature of women must guard in England." It is these defects which our maidens must shrink from in their reading. Let them fling aside at once and for ever the novel or poem in which the heroines are "fast" or "silly;" in which they are

made to conquer by right of bold criminality and gross self-abandonment, or are supposed to charm by "pretty airs and arrogance,"—the pretty airs and arrogance of a spoiled selfish beauty. Says Miss Tytler:—"I do not admit that such models would be anything but despicable for girls, even if they were to continue girls. Seeing, however, that this is happily not the case, and granting a broad margin for the growth of human character, what sort of middle-aged women, married or single, will the fairy princesses and butterfly queens make? What kind of companions and helpmeets will they prove for earnest and struggling men?" The same writer, addressing girls and young women, says:—"You are bound, as intelligent and immortal creatures, to a life-long education; and you have the highest ends to incite you to lay hold of and store up every fragment of experience and instruction which may reach you at every stage of your history. If you would not be ciphers, such as manly, independent men ought not to tolerate—not to say respect—you must inquire and search into any truth (or falsehood) that comes before you." In the literature of to-day, novels and poetry occupy a very wide space. They enter into every young girl's course of reading; many, perhaps, read very little else; and therefore it is that we urge them to read with caution and discrimination, accepting the literature of fiction as part of their education, gathering up so much of "experience and instruction" as it contains, and anxiously distinguishing between what is worthy of imitation and what every pure soul should absolutely avoid.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the heroines of the early English novelists are all beautiful and virtuous; in truth, it seems to be assumed that they could hardly be virtuous, certainly not heroic, unless they *were* beautiful. Wise they are not, nor witty; they possess none of the claims of real greatness or goodness; they are the amiable, good-natured, pleasing, and too often frivolous creatures, whose life-mission is to amuse, perplex, attract, and obey man. No more than this can be said of the best of the women invented or painted by Fielding or Smollett. Even the former's "Amelia" is deficient in moral courage; as for Smollett's heroines, they never rise above mediocrity. We only know that they are this and that, because their lovers or admirers say so. The genial and generous Goldsmith could not attain to any higher ideal than Olivia

Primrose or Miss Hardcastle. In all our earlier fiction we can remember but one noble woman, Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe. In early French fiction, on the contrary, perhaps because so much of it was written by women, the heroines are not only beautiful and virtuous, but capable of "high living and high thinking," of patience and endurance, of generosity and self-denial. There are the refined, elevated, and romantic heroines of Mademoiselle de Scudéry,[1] her Isabellas, Mandanes, and Clélies; the nobly virtuous women of Madame de la Fayette in her "Zayde" and her "Princess of Clèves;" the tender, impassioned, devoted heroines of Madame de Tencin; the well-bred, well-mannered, and charming ladies of Madame Riccoboni; the lovely and loving heroines of Madame de Genlis in her "Alphonsius" and "Rash Vows;" and the enthusiasm and poetry of Madame de Stael's "Corinne." But in later French fiction the type of the heroine is low, coarse, and sensual. It is one that dishonours man scarcely less than it dishonours women. We find it difficult to recall a single

[1] Her "Ibrahim" is a true woman's book, written in defence (and revenge) of her sex. A French Marquis of the old school falls in love, or fancies that he falls in love, with a M. de Marsé's four sisters. He liked the eyes of the first, the graceful shape of the second, the sweet voice of the third, and the wit of the fourth; the four maidens, taken together, made, he declared, a most adorable mistress. A friend of M. de Marsé's seeks to ascertain which of the four sisters the Marquis really prefers. The answer is, that he esteems them equally. The eldest, he says, is plump and fair, with bright eyes and a sweet temper; what a pity she is not a little taller! The second, he admits, *is* tall; has a good address, fair hair, and an admirable pride; would that she talked more, and had a better complexion! The third is charming with her pearly teeth, her loveliness of disposition, and her fine and eloquent voice; why is she so uncertain of temper? Then as for the youngest, the Marquis owns that the clear roses and lilies of her complexion, her bright eyes, black hair, swan-like neck, graceful figure, and beautiful hands, and that pregnant wit which makes her the delight of company, teaches her to talk agreeably on every subject, and gives a particular charm to her whole person; he owns that all these attractions would almost deserve his whole heart, if she had not been brought up in the country! The satire here is light and elegant. It is directed not only against the levity and inconstancy of the *grands seigneurs* of the ancient régime, but against the feminine ideals which were then in general acceptance. Let us add that a host of clever sayings about women, and about men's treatment of women, might be collected out of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's charming, if too prolix, romances. Their tone, moreover, is essentially pure and refined, and they inculcate very valuable lessons of modesty, generosity, gentleness, and the finest courtesy.

conspicuous creation of the modern French novelist which could be safely commended to the imitation of girls and maidens. The "scrofulous French novel," with its "hazardous" (that is to say, its immoral) situations, and prurient scenes, and low, cynical, irreligious tone of sentiment, is the curse of the later literature of France. Turn to England, and you see that, on the whole, the reverse obtains. With each generation of novelists the ideal has been elevated and purified, since women began to dispute with men possession of the realm of fiction. As Miss Kavanagh puts it:—"The ambition of women seems to have been to establish a standard of their own excellence, essentially different from that which men prized. Their beauty is more delicate, their manners are more refined, than any man ever painted; especially have they delighted in the internal woman, that mystery which man has rarely fathomed. They have developed feelings he could only divine, and analysed, with minuteness and power, that changeable though faithful world which lies enclosed in a woman's heart. Their success has often been dearly bought; their men have been exposed to the reverses which marked the attempts of men with women. It may be that the sexes know little of each other, and that little but by contrast; that man can only see woman's gentleness and woman man's strength, and that the more delicate workings of either must ever escape the other's penetration and power." The general atmosphere of English fiction is undeniably healthy; and, without doubt, this healthiness is due to the sanative influence of female writers. It is all the more to be regretted that a coarse element has recently been introduced by lady-novelists of the "fast" school, who should surely have been the last to co-operate in the literary degradation of their sex.

Ben Jonson, in describing a true woman, says:—

> "I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
> Free from that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
> I meant each softer virtue there should meet,
> Fit in that softer bosom to abide.
> Only a learned and a manly soul
> I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
> The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
> Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

The lines furnish us with a model which our girls and

maidens may well desire to imitate, and with which they may compare the "heroines" of fiction. And thus, even their lighter reading may be made a means of mental and moral discipline; may be utilised in the development of character. The books which we read, be it remembered, are our great educators; and while our choice of them is, to some extent, an indication of our tastes and tendencies, these again are modified and affected by our books. Mrs. Delany records, in one of her letters to her friend Mrs. Davis, that Mrs. Clayton and herself had had a furious argument about reading books of a bad tendency. "I stood up," she says, "for preserving a purity of mind, and discouraging works of that kind—she for trusting to her own strength and reason, and bidding defiance to any injury such books would do her; but as I cannot presume to depend on my own strength of mind, I think it safest and best to avoid whatever may prejudice it." This is a sound and sensible conclusion. The evil influence of a bad book is not to be exaggerated. Its subtle venom slowly but surely spreads through the whole system, like some of those drugs employed by the mediæval poisoners, which were not less certainly mortal because they did not act immediately, and their presence was unsuspected by the victim. The virus of corruption infects our thoughts, our feelings, our desires. Thenceforth we discern everything through a blurred and distorted medium. We learn to see evil as good, and the vitiated appetite turns away from the wholesome food that formerly satisfied it. On the other hand, a good book is "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," and possesses a wonderful potency of encouragement and inspiration. "Books, as containing the finest records of human wit," says Emerson, "must always enter into our notion of culture. The best heads that ever existed, Pericles, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Goethe, Milton, were well-read, universally-educated men, and quite too wise to undervalue letters. We look that a great man should be a good reader, or in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the assimilating power." Bricks cannot be made without straw; our life-work cannot be done without books. They make as they mar us. They fire the train of thought; they feed the lamp with oil; they sow the seed which ripens into a more or less abundant harvest. It is said that a man or woman may be known by the company he or she keeps;

a truer index to character is the books they read. As the early culture, so the after growth. The spirited ballads and noble heroic poems Miss Mitford read and learned as a child stimulated her genius into the work of expression. Charlotte Brontë read continually, and the stores of reflection and experience she thus accumulated served her in good stead in her literary labours. The direction of Harriet Martineau's literary faculty was doubtlessly determined by her early studies in history, poetry, and politics. La Fontaine, as a lad, was supremely indolent, until an ode of Malherbes fired him with the ambition to become a poet. The perusal of Shakespeare awoke the dramatic instincts of Schiller; Lacépède became a naturalist through reading Buffon's "Natural History;" Thomas Hood records that "a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits" kept him from vulgar pleasures and mean avocations. "The closet associate of Pope and Addison," he wisely remarks, "the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slaves." In one of his public addresses, it was well said by Bulwer Lytton that "while the ordinary inducement to reading is towards general delight and general instruction, it is well in youth to acquire the habit of reading with conscientious toil for a special purpose. Whatever costs us labour braces all the sinews of the mind in the effort; and whatever we study with a definite object fixes a much more tenacious hold on the memory than do the lessons of mere desultory reading." The chief object of a young girl's reading must always be the improvement of her mind and the cultivation of her moral faculties; and it is this object which she should keep before her whether she turn to the writings of the poets and novelists, or the graver productions of historians, biographers, philosophers, and men of science. An eloquent writer, in a book which has recently attracted much attention, inquires, "Is life worth living?" The answer must surely be, Yes, if we live it *well;* if we live it with the thought of the future always upon us, and with the effort and desire to prepare ourselves for that future; if we live it with contentment and cheerfulness, with a due recognition of the soul's higher capacities, with a worthy aim and purpose, and a sense of the infinite goodness of Him to whom we owe it. Reading, wisely directed and carefully regulated, will help us

so to live. The religious ardour and heroic missionary enterprise of Ignatius Loyola originated in his studying, while lying wounded in a soldier's hospital, the "Lives of the Saints." Sir Samuel Romilly's career was shaped after that of Daguesseau, the French Chancellor. It is said of that noble woman, the Princess Mary of Orleans (Louis Philippe's daughter), that "toute jeune encore, elle ne connaissait d'autres distinctions que celles de l'art, d'autres plaisirs que ceux de l'étude." She read much and she read thoughtfully, with what admirable results is known to those who have dwelt upon her life and character. In the beautiful epitaph on Mrs. Katherine Bovey, which adorns her marble monument in Westminster Abbey, we read, that "by judgment as well as inclination she chose such a retirement as gave her great opportunities for reading and reflection, which she made use of to the wisest purposes of improvement in knowledge and religion." Of Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, it is recorded that she gave herself up in early life to reading history, especially that of the Greeks and Romans, from which "she imbibed the enthusiastic attachment to liberty so strongly displayed in her writings." Julia d'Aragon, one of the learned ladies of the Italian Renaissance, was educated in the company of the choicest books then in vogue, read and wrote Latin and Italian, and hence, "when grown up, she acquired the reputation of being the most perfectly accomplished woman of her time." Madame de Staël's childhood was surrounded by literary influences; she devoured every book she could get hold of; if she went to the theatre, she wrote next morning an account of the play that had occupied her attention; she cut out kings and queens in paper, and made them act tragedies of her own invention; she read "Clarissa Harlowe," and she became a great writer. Need we add to these illustrations?

The fancy of many a youth has been worthily kindled by contemplation of the heroic as presented in poem and romance; and there is no reason, we repeat, why our girls, our maidens, should not profit by a similar inspiration. There is much virtue in a good poem or a good novel. Why should not a girl strive to model herself by the fine patterns set before her? All depends upon the choice of the model. Lucretia Marinella, a Venetian lady, wrote a book, "La Nobilità delle Donne," to prove

the superiority of woman in courage, address, virtue, prudence, and other great qualities. Well, any maiden can help by her life to make this superiority a fact! Let her sedulously imitate the loftiest types of womanhood; let her cultivate the heroic, the truly heroic, in her everyday life. Nothing is commonplace if we throw into it our better self. No duty is mean if we elevate it by the spirit in which we undertake and discharge it. But what our maidens have to avoid is the influence of a *false* type of heroism, and such a type is too frequently put forward, with a loud flourish of trumpets, by second-rate novelists and inferior poets. True heroism can be depicted, because understood, only by great and original minds.

There is much, for instance, in Thackeray's conception of Lady Castlewood that the young reader may profit by. "She is one of those women," says Mr. Brimley, "who never grow old, because their lives are in the affections, and the suffering that comes upon such lives only brings out strength and beauty unperceived before. The graces of the girl never pass away, but maturer loveliness is added to them, and spring, summer, autumn, all bloom on their faces and in their hearts at once." There is a fine presentment of the higher graces of the female character in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" where the mother of Amyas Leigh shines upon us from the heaven of her purity, a saintly lady, made serene by early suffering, and transfigured by later experiences to an almost unearthly intensity of faith, love, and resignation. For another charming picture we turn to Lord Beaconsfield's "Henrietta Temple," in which occurs the pleasing description of Lady Armine:—"She was pious and dutiful; her manners were graceful, but she fortunately had not learned to affect insensibility as a system, or to believe that the essence of good-breeding consists in showing your fellow-creatures that you despise them. While she loved a country life, she possessed in a lettered taste, in a beautiful and highly cultivated voice, and in a scientific knowledge of music and of painting, all those resources which prevent retirement degenerating into loneliness." The heroine who gives her name to the novel is portrayed with elaborate fondness, but belongs to the class of brilliant impossibilities:—"Few persons were more accomplished than Henrietta Temple, even at an early age; but her rare accomplishments were not her most remarkable characteristics. Nature, which had accorded

to her extraordinary beauty, had endowed her with great talents and a soul of sublime temper. . . . A mind at once thoughtful and energetic permitted her to form her own judgments, and an artless candour generally impelled her to express them. . . . Nature had so imbued the existence of this being with that indefinable charm which we call grace, that it was not in your power to behold her a moment without being enchanted. A glance, a movement, a sunny smile, a word of thrilling music, and all that was left to you was to adore. There was indeed in Henrietta Temple that rare and extraordinary combination of intellectual strength and physical softness which marks out the woman capable of exercising an irresistible influence over mankind. In the good old days she might have occasioned a siege of Troy or a battle of Actium. She was one of those women who make nations mad, and for whom a man of genius would willingly peril the empire of the world." It is fortunate that such women burst upon us but rarely, or society would be convulsed by continual revolutions! Allowing, however, for that exaggeration which is a fault of Lord Beaconsfield's style, the portrait to which he draws our enraptured gaze is altogether charming. Beauty of person is a gift to be grateful for. The influence which it exercises is as immense as it is strange; so that Emerson does not seem to indulge in hyperbole when he declares that "a beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad." But a still more gracious, because more permanent and less adventitious gift, is beauty of mind; the capacity to think, reason, and feel, to understand and discriminate, to enter into the high thoughts of other minds. Nor is beauty of soul an inferior endowment; tenderness, the faculty of wise and earnest love, generosity, candour, truthfulness, and the simplicity of an innocent nature. From these goodly things result yet another:—"that undefinable charm which we call grace; that ease of movement, and intuitive eloquence of attitude and gesture, and that irresistible fascination of address which are never found except in combination with moral and intellectual refinement."

One of Mr. Anthony Trollope's most popular heroines is Lily Dale. We confess that she is no favourite of ours; she lacks moral fibre, and she shows an alarming weakness of character in the preference she accords to Mr. Crosbie. We would rather commend to the study of maiden readers Grace

Crawley, the daughter of the poor curate of Hogglestock. Mr. Trollope has lavished upon her those qualities which do most adorn a woman; courage blended with sensitiveness, the humility that can grow dignified at need, the resolute will, the unwavering love, the tenderness that is so attractive when it never degenerates into weakness, the deep feeling that makes no idle display of itself, and the capacity of triumphant endurance. And she is beautiful as such a woman ought to be beautiful, and as all cultivated and high-hearted women may be beautiful; with the beauty which shows itself in a fine mind and a lofty spirit. Hers was "a noble face, having nothing in it that was mean, nothing that was shapeless." For our part, we think that Mr. Trollope, in drawing Grace Crawley, has attained an elevation and a completeness to which he too seldom attempts to rise. Lord Lytton, in one of his latest and best fictions, "Kenelm Chillingly," paints, with his usual skill, a "maiden of our own day," who may be held up as "a pattern" to the young of her sex. She had acquired, at an early age, that sense of responsibility, accompanied with the habit of self-reliance, which seldom fails to give a certain nobility to character, though almost as often, in the case of women, it steals away the tender gentleness which constitutes the charm of their sex! Is this true? We think not. A widowed mother's responsibility deprives her of none of her tender gentleness. "It had not done so in the instance of Cecilia Travers, because she was so womanlike that even the exercise of power could not make her manlike. There was in the depth of her nature such an instinct of sweetness, that, wherever her mind toiled and wandered it gathered and hoarded usury. She had one advantage over most girls in the same rank of life—she had not been taught to fritter away such capacities for culture as Providence gave her in the sterile nothingnesses which are called feminine accomplishments. She did not paint figures out of drawing in meagre water-colours; she had not devoted years of her life to the infliction upon polite audiences of the boredom of Italian bravuras, which they could hear better sung by a third-rate professional singer in a metropolitan music-hall. Without being at all blue or pedantic, she was one of those rare young women with whom a well-educated man can converse on equal terms—from whom he gains as much as he can impart to her. . . .

In a word, Cecilia was one of those women whom Heaven forms for man's helpmate—who, if he were born to rank and wealth, would, as his partner, reflect on them a new dignity, and add to their enjoyment by bringing forth their duties; who, not less if the husband she chose were poor and struggling, would encourage, sustain, and soothe him, take her own share of his burdens, and temper the bitterness of life with the all-recompensing sweetness of her smile. Little, indeed, as yet had she ever thought of love or of lovers. She had not even formed to herself any of those ideals which float before the eyes of most girls when they enter their teens. But of two things she felt early convinced—first, that she could never wed where she did not love; and, secondly, that where she did love it would be for life."

We pass on to study a heroine of more emotional character, with larger faculties and aspirations and profounder feelings, George Eliot's "Dorothea."

When we first meet with Dorothea Brooke in the eloquent pages of "Middlemarch," she is introduced as knowing many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" by heart, as well as of Jeremy Taylor; and as, indeed, earnestly religious; as regarding, in view of human destinies illuminated by the light of Christianity, the solicitudes of feminine fashion as an occupation for Bedlam; as capable of kneeling suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick labourer, and praying fervently as if she thought herself living in the time of the Apostles. Hence, though beautiful, and of good birth and fortune, she had few suitors, or rather, perhaps, few suitors who made the slightest advance in her favour. You see she had such child-like ideas about marriage! It was all self-sacrifice, self-denial, humble devotion. "She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from the wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton when his blindness had come on, or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure." While in this mood of ecstatic humility, she met with the Rev. Edward Casaubon, a profound scholar, with iron-grey hair and deep eye-sockets, that made him look quite interesting. Immediately she did as too many women do, she dressed him up in the colours of her own imagination. To some women a lover is a lay-figure which they label with a

high-sounding name and title according to their fancy, and upon which they hang all the ornaments and graces they themselves affect. Casaubon enunciated commonplaces with precision and in a measured style. Dorothea convinced herself that they were high truths expressed in noble language. A narrow-minded man, intent on the dead bones rather than on the flesh and blood of antiquity, she exalted him in her imagination as engaged in the reconstruction of a past world, and yearned to assist and serve him, though only as "lamp-holder." From handsome and generous Sir James Chettam she turned to listen to this "dried bookworm," nearly fifty years old, while he explained to her the object of his great work, which was to show exhaustively and convincingly that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed. Here, then, was "something beyond the shallows of ladies' school literature; here was a living Bossuet, whose work would reconcile complete knowledge with devoted piety; here was a modern Augustine, who united the glories of doctor and saint." When the idea entered her mind that Mr. Casaubon might wish to make her his wife, she was filled with a kind of reverential gratitude. She had long wondered what ought to be or would be her work in life. She wanted an aim, a purpose, an object. To dance attendance upon curates or preside at village prayer-meetings was not her ideal; she was too much in earnest for that, had too much brain and too much heart. Nor was she one of those contented natures which can rest satisfied with the petty courses of ordinary social life. She wanted to marry a man who would deliver her from her subjection to her own ignorance; who would be not only a husband, but a guide, philosopher, and friend. It would be her duty to study that she might help such an one the better in his great works. "There could be nothing trivial," she said to herself, "about our lives. Everyday things with us would mean the greatest things. It would be like marrying Pascal. I should learn to see the truth by the same light that great men have seen it by. And then I should know what to do when I got older. I should see how it was possible to lead a grand life here—even in England." A grand life! Let the reader be warned against so sad a delusion. We are not to think of grand lives, but of useful lives. The most heroic life is that in which the duty lying

close at hand is most patiently discharged. In this fever of exaltation Dorothea accepted Casaubon; not as a young and loving girl seeking happy union with the man to whom she has given her heart, but as a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation. They were married, and slowly but surely the illusions fell away from Dorothea's lay-figure. Her husband's want of intellectual fibre and narrowness of range checked the full current of sympathetic motive in which her soul loved to be swept along. She held the lamp, but it contained no oil. The disappointment heavily weighed upon her, though she did not detect or would not admit the cause. The light had changed; yet she shrank from owning that the magical luminous mists of morning had given way to the glare of noon. She felt rather than observed that "the large vistas and wide fresh air" which she had expected to enjoy in her husband's mind were replaced by winding anterooms and obscure windows, that, like "the passages" in Gray's "ancient pile of building," led to nothing.[1] There was no genuineness, no vitality in him; none of the large-heartedness of genius; and, pining and craving for sympathy, Dorothea was forced back upon herself. Instead of meeting with an original mind, she was bound to one that lived upon the husks of the thought of others.

By degrees she awoke more and more fully to the whole extent of her mistake. The breach between her husband and herself widened daily. Meantime, across her path came a kinsman of her husband's, a certain Will Ladislaw, a young artist, full of life and imagination and sensibility, who learned to look up to Casaubon's beautiful wife with reverent admiration. "You are a poem," he said to her, "you are a poem—and that is to be the best part of a poet—what makes up the poet's consciousness in his best moods." A bond of sentiment was quickly established between natures so closely akin, yet they were separated widely by Mrs. Casaubon's wifehood. She still struggled towards the realisation of her ideal, still asked herself when would the days begin of that active wifely devotion which was to strengthen her husband's life and ennoble her own. As she had imagined and prefigured them, never;

[1] "Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."
—*A Long Story.*

but assuredly, in the solemnly-pledged union of her life, duty would present itself in some new form of inspiration, and invest conjugal love with a new meaning. That is the consolation which, happily, so many wives discover; which comes to fill up the void in their lives created by the wreck of their fond anticipations; a consolation ample and sufficient when the delusion has been one of the heart rather than of the intellect, of the imagination rather than of the judgment. And it is well that Providence enables them thus to repair and disguise the ruin that has been made in their lives, even as Nature conceals with the glory of leaf and flower, soft moss and waving grass, the track of the destroying avalanche.

Duty soon presented itself to Dorothea in painful guise. Her husband one day was seized with a fainting fit, and the physician who attended him, after careful examination, detected disease of the heart. He made the truth known to the wife, warning her of the fatal result that would inevitably follow on any violent mental agitation. A new responsibility was thus imposed upon her; she accepted it with patience, and with a strange feeling of tenderness towards the man whose life had been so utter a failure—the man who had meditated so much and accomplished so little. Will Ladislaw, of whom Casaubon entertained a kind of vague, undefined jealousy, reappeared upon the scene, having been engaged to edit a Middlemarch newspaper. Casaubon endeavoured to rid himself of so irritating a proximity, but in vain; and then he gave way to an ever-increasing dissatisfaction. His wife nursed him devotedly, read to him, anticipated his wants, was solicitous about his feelings; "but there had entered into the husband's mind the certainty that she judged him, and that her wifely devotedness was like a penitential expiation of unbelieving thoughts—was accompanied with a power of compassion by which himself and his doings were seen too luminously as a part of things in general." In this state of mind he applied to his physician to tell him the truth respecting his physical condition, and was informed that his disease usually terminated in sudden death. He also ascertained that this was known to his wife, and the knowledge hardened him towards her, from a bitter suspicion that what pressed on him as a grief might be to her a source of contentment. And so it came to pass that while

the death shadows rapidly gathered round him, the barrier between wife and husband sprang up higher and broader. Still subjecting himself to a cruel torture, he took an opportunity, after an accidental meeting with Will Ladislaw, of asking Dorothea whether, in case of his death, she would carry out his wishes, would avoid doing what he should deprecate, and apply herself to do what he should desire. She requested a little time for reflection before giving such a pledge, and was allowed until the following morning. But it was never given, for next morning Mr. Casaubon was found in his summer-house dead; and then Dorothea became aware that he had added a codicil to his will by which she forfeited the inheritance of his property if she married Will Ladislaw.

We need carry the history no further. We are not attempting an analysis of the plot of "Middlemarch," but a sketch of a woman's character as it is set before us by a great female writer. Of course, Dorothea eventually surrenders her husband's property and marries Ladislaw, awakening to a sense of what is the true and legitimate basis of happy wedlock. But the love which draws her to him might never have been more than a subtle sympathy if Casaubon's codicil had not given it strength. And the sum of it all is this, we must not spend ourselves upon vain dreams, must not hope to become new Theresas or new Antigones. Enough for us to do with all our might the work that is fitly and properly ours. Upon this work we shall not expend in vain our noblest impulses or our highest powers. Dorothea, as wife and mother, fulfilled none of the airy plans which had dazzled her imagination. But her "finely-touched spirit" had still its fine issues, though they were not seen by many, nor were what she had designed. "Her full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in invisible tombs."

As in our next chapter we shall attempt to survey the achievements of women in English literature, we may now take leave of this subject, and proceed to consider what,

whether in real life or in fiction, are the chief and distinctive qualities of ideal or perfect maidenhood.

Upon those features of character which may be summed up in the one word *courtesy*, it is scarcely necessary to dwell. The world is accustomed to regard it as almost the distinctive excellence of woman. Her natural delicacy, her greater power of sympathy, her instinctive refinement, make its cultivation easier to woman than to man. Yet what a grace it is! How wonderful is its social influence! How largely does it operate in the promotion of kindly feelings and friendly intercourse! Who but must marvel when young girls fling aside a charm, which is subtler and more potent even than beauty, to assume the airs of a hoyden or the vulgar assurance of the "fast" school, to indulge in the manners of the camp and the slang of the street? Grace of manner is the index of a cultivated mind; true courtesy is the outward sign of a gentle and generous heart. To spare the feelings of our inferiors, to welcome those above us in rank or age or acquirements with respectful ease, to shun the illiberal epigram, the gossip of slander, and the flippant jest, this is the function of true courtesy. Hence its basis is sympathy—sympathy with the interests of our neighbours. Of that perfect woman drawn by Solomon it is recorded that "in her tongue is the law of kindness." The law of kindness! here, in one tiny phrase, all the conditions of courtesy are summed up. For the law of kindness will teach us a tender regard for the weak and feeble, for old age and poverty, for the timid, sensitive, or awkward. It will teach us to prefer the comfort of others to our own, to do unto others (for this is the golden rule of courtesy) as we would that others should do unto us. Mrs. Hutchinson says of her husband:—"I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disdained the meanest person nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers; but still so ordering his familiarity that it never raised them to a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence and love of him." For it is one of the signal advantages of courtesy that it has, so to speak, a reflex action; that it kindles the spark of courtesy in others. Kindness begets kindness; and good manners call forth good

What an infinite source of sympathy she found in the study of human nature! How dear to her were her friends and friendships! And then her books! These never failed to solace her dreariest hours, to encourage and sustain her under the severest trials. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that her life was surrounded with almost everything that could make old-maidism intolerable. She was compelled to work hard for a livelihood; literature, as we know, is a precarious staff to lean upon, and yet it had to be her support, and that of her parents; she was a martyr to ill-health; she was plain of feature and ungraceful of person; and she had the bitter knowledge that a position of affluence and independent ease had been taken from her by the faults of those she most dearly loved. Yet she never repined; she was never irritable or querulous; the sunshine of a tender heart diffused itself over all her surroundings. Her wide reading and her intense love of nature provided her with ample pleasures; her strong affections and her sense of duty taught her contentment and brought her peace. Her little garden was an Eden to her—a world of light and sweetness—a land of faëry, full of inexhaustible wonders. How she revelled in its modest glories! "You would like it," she writes to Miss Barrett, the poet (afterwards Mrs. Browning), "it is so pretty; one side (it is nearly an acre of show flowers) a high hedge of hawthorn, with giant trees rising above it beyond the hedge, whilst all down within the garden are clumps of matchless hollyhocks and splendid dahlias, the top of the garden being shut in by the old irregular cottage, with its dark brickwork covered with vines and roses, and its picturesque chimneys mingling with the bay tree, again rising into its bright and shining cone, and two old pear trees festooned with honeysuckle; the bottom of the garden and the remaining side consisting of lower hedgerows melting into wooded uplands, dotted with white cottages and patches of common. Nothing can well be imagined more beautiful than this little bit of ground is now. Huge masses of lupines (say fifty or sixty spiral spikes), some white, some lilac; immense clumps of the enamelled Siberian larkspur, glittering like some enormous Chinese jar; the white and azure blossoms of the variegated monkshood; flags of all colours; roses of every shade, some covering the house and stables and overtopping the roofs, others mingling with tall

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manners. The young lady who sows her conversation freely with slang expressions, with whom everything is "awfully jolly" or "awfully slow," must not be surprised if young men address her with vulgar freedom, or if her social inferiors treat her with scarcely veiled impertinence. "A beautiful form," remarks a shrewd critic, "is better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures—it is the finest of the fine arts." And it is a pleasure which all can equally appreciate. Opinions may differ greatly on the constituents of beauty; some prefer the dark eye and raven hair of the South, others the bright fresh countenance and sunny tresses of the North; but everybody feels and knows the charm of a fine behaviour. A beautiful face and form may attract, delight, or surprise, but courtesy appeals to the heart, soothes, consoles, encourages, gratifies. It is the cheapest of all graces; it costs us nothing. And yet it is the most profitable; for it wins the regard and respect of all who come within its influence. Happy the maiden of whom it can be said, in the words of Sir Thomas Overbury, that "she doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, it being in her mind to do well." And when charity reigns in the heart, nothing, as Bishop Horne says, that is uncharitable proceeds out of the mouth. Courtesy is the flower of charity, the blooming forth of all sweet and kindly sympathies and affections. Says Oliver Wendell Holmes:—"The whole essence of true gentle breeding [one does not like to say gentility] lies in the wish and the art to be agreeable. Good breeding is *surface Christianity*. Every look, tone, movement, expression, subject of discourse, that may give pain to another, is habitually excluded from conversational intercourse."

"A high-bred English lady," says Thackeray, "is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be but ladies, and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons amongst his circle of acquaintance—women in whose angelical natures there is something awful, as well as

beautiful, to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or to think wrong." Such an one was that Lady Elizabeth Hastings whom Congreve, under the name of Aspasia, has described in the "Tatler." He particularly praises the grace and elegance of her manners. She was endowed with a fine understanding and a vivacious wit, which, however, she restrained by her unaffected good nature, because fearful of giving pain, and penetrating enough to know when pain was given, even when done without intention. An admirable stroke of courtesy is told of the Princess Marguerite of France. Alan Chartier, an illustrious poet and orator, was one of the ugliest men of his time. Marguerite, passing with some of her ladies through a hall where he lay asleep, stooped and lightly touched his lips; whereupon her attendants reproached her with bestowing that honour upon a man who, in their opinion, so little merited it. "I have not kissed *him*," said she, "but the lips which have spoken so many beautiful things." And who can doubt but that that kiss of sympathy was greater reward to the poet and the man than any wreath of laurel could ever be?

To regard with indulgence the views, wishes, opinions, and even the whims of others; to respect their prejudices while not yielding to them; to volunteer no hasty censures or harsh judgments; these are the marks of a knowledge of the true Christian courtesy. Dekker, the old Elizabethan poet, somewhat boldly, though not irreverently, speaks of our Lord as "the truest gentleman that ever breathed." And he is right; for the spirit of forgiveness and compassion which our Lord exhibited and inculcated is the true gentlemanly spirit. When selfishness is dominant, courtesy cannot flourish. Hence, it is Christian courtesy which makes society tolerable, renders possible the friendly intercourse of man and man, knits together orders and classes in amicable relations. There is always a best way of doing everything, and that way is courtesy. "The power of manners," says Emerson, "is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force, that if a person have them, he or

she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex, where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. . . . When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty." It was wont to be reported that, at the battle of Fontenoy, the colonel of the Scotch Guards, riding forward, chivalrously saluted the French officer, and requested *Messieurs les Français* to "fire first." Mr. Carlyle has relegated the story to the region of myths: unfortunately, for it conveyed a lesson in fine manners. To defend ourselves firmly when wrongfully attacked is essential to the preservation of our self-respect; but the law of kindness teaches us to allow our enemies to "fire first." We must not be ready to give or take offence. In short, it must be our constant effort to make humanity beautiful to others; and by making it beautiful to others, we shall make it beautiful to ourselves.

The habit of sarcasm is one which the spirit of courtesy will always rebuke. To ridicule the oddities of our neighbours is wit of the easiest and cheapest kind; and we can all be satirical if we will but give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest so amusing to ourselves may, however, inflict a deep wound upon some sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon its utterer. The dragons' teeth sown by Cadmus sprung up armed men. It is so with the gibes and jeers we are so proud of; they almost always result in strife and antagonism. From lips that seemed formed to drop only gentle words it is startling and painful to catch the accents of bitterness; however sweet a woman's repartee, we feel in-

stinctively that it strikes a discordant note. Such discordant notes are often struck in a mood of carelessness. The speaker errs from indifference rather than from any malicious intention, or she supposes that what is lightly said will be lightly taken. She forgets, or she does not know, the extent to which the peace and comfort of society depend upon little things. As Coleridge says:—"The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling." Not less is the influence of little jests or jeers, and these, indeed, are only too long remembered. The scratch of a pin may cause more irritation than a bayonet wound.

Mrs. Jameson has translated a Persian apologue to the following effect:—"Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of men. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. 'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose; 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third; 'one could not even cut a shoe out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all draggled and bleeding!' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he hath been hanged for thieving!' And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!' Then the people turned towards Him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;' and being shamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way."

Let us apply this graceful fable as Mrs. Jameson applies it. "I can recall at this hour," she says, "the vivid, yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it

seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful." Courtesy will teach us never to blend our pleasure or our pride with the pain and suffering of even those who may be, or whom we may suppose to be, our inferiors; to seek in everything and every person a soul of goodness; to deal gently with the infirmities of our fellows, keeping ever in vivid remembrance our own; and to eschew pertness and the satirical humour as offences against the law of kindness as well as breaches of good taste. "It requires some talent and some generosity," as "Conversation" Sharp observes, "to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults."

Next to courtesy we are inclined to place *industry*, which implies both patience and perseverance as an essential quality in the ideal maiden. The last words of Archdeacon Hare should be the keynote of her life:—"Upwards! upwards!" It has too long been the quiet assumption of all concerned in the education of young women that industry was a something exclusively belonging to youths of the other sex; that "girl-students" were abnormal and irregular; that the lessons given to them must be fewer and shorter and easier than those given to boys; that their daily hours of study must be less numerous and their curriculum less extended. It is astonishing how many false hypotheses and groundless inferences have been mixed up with every theory or system of the education of women; all springing, however, from one gross delusion, that the intellect of woman was less capable of culture than that of man—a delusion correlated to another, that woman was physically incapable of continuous study. One evil consequence of these delusions was that young girls were confined to artificial, sedentary occupations, such, for instance, as the embroidery frame, which had an undoubtedly ill effect on their physical health, were, indeed, considerably more injurious than any reasonable amount of mental labour. For boys as for girls, brain-work is bad when carried to excess; in moderation it is as decidedly healthful for the one as for the other. The nervous disorders to which young women are reputed to be liable originate, to a great extent, in their want of regular intellectual occupation. Many an attack of hypochondria or "low spirits" would disappear before a daily course of wholesome study.

The fruits of knowledge are not for the idle of either sex; and if our maidens, instead of fluttering through frivolous butterfly existences and wasting time in the follies of fashion, desire to lead useful, honoured, and honourable lives, to become happy wives and noble mothers, or to follow in the bright paths of artists like Mrs. Butler and Rosa Bonheur, or astronomers like Caroline Herschel, they must learn the old lesson of unflinching application. Let them not be deterred by the idle superstition that it is unwomanly; as if idleness were a feminine grace, and a woman's value depended upon her ignorance! The men who protest against industrious women, that is, intellectually-industrious women, have not a word to say in denunciation of the hard physical labour undergone by women of the lower classes in the field or the factory, or by ladies of the higher orders in the salon and the ball-room! Was Paris, then, in the right when he gave the golden apple to the vain, empty-headed, empty-hearted Aphrodite, and refused it to the earnest and high-minded Pallas, with her grandly beautiful conception of life and duty?—

> "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
> Yet not for power (power of herself
> Would come uncalled for), *but to live by law,*
> Acting the law we live by without fear;
> And because right is right, *to follow right*
> *Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.*"

Let them not yield to the mistaken fancy that they cannot pursue the same studies, and are not capable of the same amount of exertion, as their brothers. Is there a mystery in Greek and Latin, or metaphysics and mathematics, which, like the rites of Freemasonry, is exclusively reserved for men? "Are there genders in educational systems," says Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, "as in Latin or French nouns? Is there anything in Latin grammar peculiarly *male?* How did they talk at dinner-time in ancient Rome? Did the men speak only masculine nouns, the ladies feminine ones, and the servants *common* ones? We have no warrant for such a conclusion." Are the convolutions of the female brain different to those of the male? If Sir William Hamilton's wife could assist him in his elaborate philosophical works, are they beyond the comprehension of other women? Cannot women reason? If so,

why should they not study logic? Can they not form a right judgment on the characters of kings, generals, and statesmen, or a correct appreciation of the consequences of remarkable events? If so, why should they not study history? Why, in spite of ladies' colleges and local examinations, is the education of our daughters and sisters still so generally limited to the "accomplishments"? We constantly see young girls, with a faculty of historical research or a quick intelligence for languages, doomed to expend their time and labour on "practising the piano" or watercolour painting, with the result, in the one case, that they stammer with difficulty through expressionless pieces of musical fireworks, and in the other, that they prove their rigid obedience to the second commandment by making not the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. A recent writer, describing a happy home, speaks of it as "an intelligent one," that is, one where each member contributes to the common stock of thought and knowledge, and where the family consists of rational individuals with rational pursuits and cultivated tastes, instead of forming an ill-assorted aggregation of frivolous idlers, dependent for their pleasure on some new "rattle" of fashion, or some chance stranger "tickling them" with society's latest "straw." Surely there is as much genuine entertainment in discussing the bloom of the well-ordered garden, or the movements of a star, or the latest masterpiece of historian or poet, as in skimming the gossip of "society papers," or investigating an album of photographs of fashionable "beauties." But a happy home, such as we have hinted at, can be realised only by the assiduous pursuit of culture; is impossible where the women are not intellectually industrious. In one of the finest works of a great novelist occurs a pleasant picture of what may be called a domestic interior. The mother is represented as reading aloud Erckmann-Chatrian's "*Histoire d'un Conscrit*," while one daughter is drawing illustrations for a publisher, and two others are embroidering satin cushions for the "great world;" and when the mother finishes her reading, the daughters criticise the book that has been read. Is not this more agreeable, not to say more wholesome, than exchanging bits of scandal about one's neighbours, or discoursing upon the last eccentricity of society's latest "lion"? No doubt there are many such homes in England, but, after all, are they not

too few? And that they are so few, in proportion to the vast number that lie in the shadow of ignorance, is it not because our maidens are not adequately cultivated? "I want," says Mab Meyrick in "Daniel Deronda," "I want to do something good, something grand." We wish that every young girl in England cherished this aspiration. Something good, something grand! and to do one's duty is always a good thing; to make a right use of life is truly grand.

Women are often accused of being too easily influenced through their feelings; but this fault is really the natural consequence of their defective mental training, and the remedy for it is that self-discipline and methodical application which we understand by the word industry. The imagination and the passions have hitherto been developed at the expense of the judgment. We have allowed our girls to read poetry and fiction, and subjected them to the sensuous influences of art, while taking no pains to cultivate the reasoning faculties or the practical intellect. Sensitiveness, and feeling, and emotional enthusiasm are very pretty and becoming, no doubt; but the calm judgment, the moderate temper the disciplined mind will command and retain a more profound admiration. All the faculties of the mind are dependent one upon another, like the members of the body; and we cannot restrict our care to a particular class without impairing the energy and health of the whole.

Industry involves method; for without it labour would be misapplied or its results would be wasted. There must be method in our choice of studies and method in our pursuit of them. Impulse or strong feeling may carry on the worker for a little while, but it is method only that will enable him to persevere in a definite course of action. There are certain golden rules which the industrious student must always keep before her: one thing at a time, and everything in its place. Dawdling is frequently described as peculiarly a habit of women. Whether in woman or man it is fatal to success. As Sir Walter Scott says, *Hoc age.* Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, never before it. Earnest, persistent purpose, and steadfast application for regular periods of time; these are the elements of true culture, these are the conditions of prosperous industry. Do not confuse method with punctuality; the former can never

be neglected without serious loss, the latter may sometimes be pushed to a vexatious and needless rigour. The difference between the two has been well explained by a thoughtful writer, namely, that method includes regularity of *design* as well as of time; it requires that each thing be done, not only at the stated hour, but at the right *hour*, that is, in its right place in the general distribution of our employments, and that it should engross only the time proportional to its value with reference to other objects and to the whole scheme of our lives. Punctuality, on the other hand, is entirely a matter of detail, and may be religiously observed without any regard to the objects which alone can make it useful or commendable.

"Method," observe the authors of "Thoughts on Self-Culture,"[1] "supposes a distinct purpose, a definite aim, towards which our efforts tend; our first step, then, must be to ascertain what *is* really our aim and purpose in studying; then to consider whether we have the proper means of following it out; whether our natural bent or powers of mind are such as to hold out a hope of attaining proficiency in the branch of knowledge we wish to pursue; and if so, what sacrifice of time it may be worth; whether it is compatible with such or such other occupations or necessary business that we may have on hand, and what other pursuits may be made conducive to our progress in this principal one. All these are preliminary questions before entering upon any course of study, if we desire to follow it systematically, and not to take it up or lay it down as a mere object of amusement." When these questions have been seriously considered and carefully answered, the maiden student, in every attempt to study, has to aim at three principal points: (1.) A full and accurate comprehension of the subject on which she is engaged; (2.) The formation of her own judgment respecting it; and (3.) Retention of the truths or facts she has learned. As to the first, there are two ways of studying, as of doing everything else; the right way and the wrong way, that is, the thorough and the superficial. Some people read a book as a swallow flies across a stream, by occasionally skimming its surface; the ardour of others carries them through it as an express train carries a traveller through a country, without time or opportunity to grasp its

[1] "Thoughts on Self-Culture, Addressed to Women," by Maria G. Grey and Emily Shirreff, pp. 263–265.

features or analyse its details. The object of all reading must be "understanding;" to understand the author's object and mode of treatment, what he has attempted, and what he has achieved. An undisciplined and careless mind will read a hundred books without acquiring a single new idea. It will be well for the young student to act upon Dr. Arnold's advice when he says:—"We should ask questions of our books and of ourselves: what is its purpose; by what means it proceeds to effect that purpose; whether we fully understand the one; whether we go along with the other? Do the arguments satisfy us; do the descriptions convey lively and distinct images to us; do we understand all the allusions to persons or things? In short, does our mind act over again from the writer's guidance what his acted before; do we reason as he reasoned, conceive as he conceived, think and feel as he thought and felt? or if not, can we discover where and how we do not, and can we tell why we do not?"

As to the second point, remember Lord Bacon's counsel. "Read," he says, "not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and compare." That is, we are to bring our own reason to bear upon the facts accumulated, or the theories put forward, by the authors whom we study. It is most essential that we should acquire the habit of forming deliberate and impartial judgments; that we should learn to weigh evidence and investigate opposing statements; for the more seriously and completely we form our opinions, the less hastily and arbitrarily shall we pronounce them. Shallow criticism is always dictatorial. When we know by experience the difficulty of arriving at a calm and clear view of things or persons, we are prepared to consider dispassionately the views of others. To read and not criticise is mere waste of time; but the criticism must be conscientious and discriminative. "Reading," says Locke, "furnishes the mind only with material of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment." As with our food, so with our books; we shall derive no advantage unless we assimilate them. After all, it is not *what* we read but *how* we read that constitutes the chief problem. It is useless to store

the memory if we do not exercise the judgment. "Some books," says Thomas Fuller, "are only cursorily to be tasted of, namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. . . . Our common education," he remarks, "is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned; it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin, and by these rules has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners." Dr. George Wilson read all biographies with intense interest. And what use did he make of them? "Even a man like Cavendish," he says, "I think about, and read about, and dream about, and picture to myself in all possible ways, till he grows into a living being beside me, and I put my feet into his shoes, and become for the time Cavendish, and think as he thought and do as he did." This is the way in which books become part of ourselves, feeding our thoughts and forming our judgments. It is to this kind of reading that Hazlitt refers when he says that books slide into the current of our blood. "We read them when young," he adds, "we remember them when old." *Multi multa sciunt; pauci multum.* The object of all study should be to acquire the "multum."

And this leads us to our third point, the retention of what we read, or what Lord Bacon calls the custody of knowledge:—

> "Who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior
> (And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?),
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
> Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
> Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
> And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
> As children gathering pebbles on the shore."
>
> —*Milton.*

Much depends on the way in which we read, on the fervour

with which we read, on our power of absorption and assimilation; but something is to be done by what we may call mechanical means. For instance, it is advisable to make a written digest of the book we are reading; to note down its principal facts, its illustrations, and its line of argument; to compile, in fact, a brief summary or synopsis in our own language. A commonplace book, or *index rerum*, is also a useful auxiliary. Evelyn says of his daughter Mary, "that she wrote out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the book she read in a kind of commonplace." And it is an excellent plan, in reading any work of conspicuous importance, to close it occasionally, and endeavour to retrace in our memory the ground we have been travelling, marking, if possible, any characteristic expression or felicitous sentiment. We must be careful, above all things, that there is no "muddling" in our reading; that we pursue a well-considered plan, and suffer no useless or distracting digressions. When engaged in the study of a great historian, the reader should not turn aside to poetry or the drama, but supplement his reading by reference to minor authorities, or by taking up the biographies of men connected with the period which the historian treats of. So, too, in following up a branch of natural philosophy, it has been pointed out that we can more easily read and remember a work on some kindred scientific subject than one of a political or historical character; while, if we are studying the latter, we shall find more advantage in turning our attention to questions of moral philosophy or legislation than to science. "In these cases the train of association is *extended*, not *disturbed;* the newly-acquired knowledge bears relation to that already possessed, and the work of memory is proportionably facilitated." Thus we come back naturally to the importance of method, which is the golden key to the secrets of knowledge. *One* subject, *one* book, must always be made the principal aim of our labours, and around it we may group all such as are properly connected with it.

Industry, then,—methodical, thoughtful, rational industry,—should be one of a young girl's most distinctive characteristics. Hear the words of a graceful female writer. Addressing young persons of her own sex, she says:—"Whether you are destined to be a strictly domestic woman, or a yet more large-hearted and public-spirited woman (and all the really great have been

notable for the fulfilment of the humblest vocations, nor were they, on account of their greatness, less devoted rulers and servants in the kingdom proper of home), there is one rule which you must lay down for yourselves: you must cling to the conviction that industry is moral and mental, yea, even physical life, and that idleness is death. Think of all the great and good workers in history. Think reverently of the Divine Worker. Think, and shut yourselves out from idleness as from a state of paralysis and of growing corruption and decay. There cannot be two opinions on this antagonism; there may be on the tendencies and the sphere of women, but with the honest and good, however wise, however simple, there is no room for division here."

Need we quote any examples of successful industry? Need we refer to Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Oliphant, or, in a different sphere of labour, to Lina Morgenstern, the promoter of children's gardens, Mrs. Fry, the prison reformer, and Miss Mary Carpenter? Need we quote the thousand and one illustrations accumulated in such books as "The Pursuit of Knowledge" or "The Secret of Success"? Need we remind the reader of Michael Angelo, with his famous device of an old man in a go-cart, with an hour-glass inscribed, *Ancora imparo!*—I am learning still? Or of George Stephenson, with his advice to young men, "Do as I have done—persevere"? Or of Buffon, the naturalist, and his motto, "Genius is patience"? After all, diligence is its own best reward; the worker soon learns to take a pleasure in his work; soon feels a pure delight in the accumulation of knowledge and the wise employment of time. There is a consolation in knowing that the hours, be they few or many, which Heaven has allotted to us, will not lapse into the past without leaving any record of good behind them. Therefore, be diligent, be persevering, be patient. Choose your work, and adhere to it. "Whether one is an eagle or an ant in the intellectual world matters little," says Joubert; "what *is* essential is to have one's place marked there, one's station fixed, to belong decidedly to a wholesome and regular order. A small talent, if it keep within its limits and rightly discharge its task, may reach the goal just as well as a greater one." Be content with the powers and capacities you have; be content with your opportunities; but as you would be the light of a happy home, true sister, true daughter,

true wife, true mother, cultivate your mind and heart and soul with a vigorous, methodical, and persistent industry.

We could hardly wish any English maiden to be other or better than the counterpart of Evelyn's daughter, Mary, of whom he has left us so charming a description:—"The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind."

"It is the mind that makes the body rich."

Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a portion of every day in private devotion, reading, and religious exercises, she showed that a devout life is neither an unhappy nor an ungraceful one. She had read and digested many works of history and geography. "The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment. . . . She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough bass on the harpsichord. . . . No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, but some letters of hers have astonished me and others." She would willingly have spent whole days in her father's study. She had read abundance of history, and all the best poets: even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems. These, however, were but trifles compared to the virtues that adorned her soul. She was most dutiful to her parents, kind to her sisters, and rendered her home thrice happy by the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour. "Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. She never played at cards without extreme importunity."

Mrs. Somerville, in her "Personal Recollections," supplies some interesting particulars of her maidenhood, which may be

quoted for the edification of our readers. Her persistent energy and thirst for knowledge overcame obstacles apparently insurmountable at a time when women were well-nigh debarred from education, and all the more intolerable because her parents, not approving of her studies, gave her but little assistance. Her biographer says that there were few subjects in which she did not take an interest; whether in science or literature, philosophy or politics. She was passionately fond of poetry, particularly of Shakespeare and Dante, and the great Greek dramatists, whose tragedies she read easily in the original. She was very fond of music, and painted from Nature with considerable taste. The latter was, perhaps, her favourite recreation, because it afforded her an opportunity of contemplating the wonderful beauty of God's handiwork. In her eleventh year she discovered that her parents had a small collection of books, among which she found Shakespeare, "and I read it," she tells us, "at every moment I could spare from my domestic duties. These occupied a great part of my time; besides, I had to sew my sampler, working the alphabet from A to Z, as well as the ten numbers, on canvas. My mother did not prevent me from reading, but my aunt Janet greatly disapproved of my conduct, and I was sent to the village school to learn needlework. . . . We had two small globes, and my mother allowed me to learn the use of them from the village schoolmaster. . . . My bedroom had a window to the south, and a small closet near had one to the north. At these I spent many hours, studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe. . . . I spent four or five hours daily at the piano; and for the sake of having something to do, I taught myself Latin enough, from such books as we had, to read Cæsar's Commentaries." Afterwards, she obtained Euclid's "Elements" and Bonnycastle's "Algebra" through her brother's tutor, and began and continued the study of these unaided. She also amused herself with painting, in which she acquired an unusual amount of skill. "I rose early," she says, "played on the piano, and painted during the time I could spare in the daylight hours, but I sat up very late reading Euclid. The servants, however, told my mother 'it was no wonder the stock of candles was soon exhausted, for Miss Mary sat up reading till a very late hour;' whereupon an order was given to take away my candle as soon as I was in bed. I had, how-

ever, already gone through the first six books of Euclid, and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning at the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of problems every night, till I could nearly go through the whole. My father came home for a short time, and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, 'Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X. who went raving mad about the longitude.'" Mary, however, did not go raving mad, but persevered in the acquisition of knowledge, and lived to gain distinction by her brilliant scientific labours.

Another maidenly and womanly characteristic is, or should be, *endurance.* The domestic trials to which young women are exposed frequently put no small pressure upon them. Trifles light as air in appearance—the hasty reproof, the harsh word, the misconception, the suspicion—are, nevertheless, very hard to bear; and many a sensitive nature writhes under them with every nerve a-quiver. Sometimes the pain is so keen as to call forth bitter tears; sometimes it provokes to recrimination. The thoughtlessness of brothers, bred up, perhaps, in the rough freedom of public schools; the want of sympathy on the part of indifferent parents, involved in the cares of business or the anxieties of pleasure; the cold-heartedness of professed friends —these are trials which bring with them an almost intolerable affliction. There are martyrs whom the world never hears of, martyrs who daily suffer tortures worse than the rack of the Inquisition—martyrs who as surely die the death of martyrs as if they had perished in an *auto-da-fé:* is there no help for them? Their resource and remedy is endurance: bear to the end, and ye shall conquer; wait to the end, and ye shall receive the crown.

But there are trials which women make for themselves: self-created troubles, which they magnify in the light of a vivid imagination. How many maidens are affected by a shower of rain when they meditate an "outing;" by the misfit of a bonnet or a dress; by not receiving an invitation to some coveted ball or entertainment; by the preference given to others as partners; by their deprivation of an expected pleasure; and how they fret and repine as if an irreparable misfortune had befallen them! Can you not school yourself to

endure such mishaps as these with equanimity? Turn to your work, to your daily duty, and see how quickly they will fade away into nothing. The cultivated mind will rise above them, and be mistress of itself even "if china fall!" No true womanly nature will consent to be chafed and worn by experiences of so mean and insignificant a character. Nor will it give way when the afflictions are real and serious; when it is suddenly exposed to poverty, or to the sorrow that comes from the illness or death of those whom it most tenderly loves. It will accept each chastisement with the resignation of Christian faith and hope. It will endure, because in suffering lies our strength. It will endure, because with the voice of prayer it cries, "Thy will be done!" It will endure, because "the worst turns the best to the brave." Oh, the great virtue of patience! What a charm and magic is in it! what a power it has for righting wrong and asserting truth! The secret of genius rests in the knowing how to wait; the gates of Fortune yield to the "Open sesame" of self-control. "Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined"—that is the kind of endurance which moral education and mental discipline will teach. Mrs. Somerville, writing in her old age, said of herself:—"In my youth I had to contend with prejudice and illiberality, yet I was of a quiet temper and easy to live with, and I never interfered with or pryed into other people's affairs. However, if irritated by what I considered unjust criticism or interference with myself or any one I loved, I could resent it firmly. I was not good at argument; I was apt to lose my temper; but I never bore ill-will to any one, or forgot the manners of a gentlewoman, however angry I may have been at the time. But I must say that no one ever met with such kindness as I have done. I never had an enemy. I have never been of a melancholy disposition; though depressed sometimes by circumstances, I always rallied again; and although I seldom laugh, I can laugh heartily at wit or on fit occasion." It is evident that, on the whole, Mrs. Somerville, in spite of some natural infirmity, had learned the lesson of endurance. And while courtesy makes life graceful, and industry makes it honourable, it is

endurance only that can make it happy. Consider how much is bound up in this one comprehensive word! The foresight which renders patience a joy and a delight, the good temper which prevents friction, the loyalty which sweetens exertion, the hopefulness which relieves the mental strain—all these are implied by and involved in endurance. Ah! what a sublimity of endurance was exhibited by Gertrude von der Wart! Do you know the story? Her husband, Rudolf von der Wart, a Swabian nobleman, was condemned to be broken on the wheel for his share in the conspiracy of Johann of Hapsburg, in 1308, against the Emperor Albrecht I. In his case a new horror was added to one of the most horrible of punishments. After having been bound on a wheel, and his limbs broken by the executioner's heavy blows, it was ordered that he should be fastened to another wheel, which was set upon a pole, there to linger in protracted agony, until came the merciful death. Throughout the trial his young wife had bravely stood by his side. When it was ended, the guards forcibly removed her, and carried her off to the Castle of Vyburg; but at nightfall she effected her escape, and found her way, guided by her great love, to the scene of her husband's sufferings. The soldiers placed to watch him fled at her approach, and she knelt and prayed beneath the scaffold; until, by dint of dragging some logs of wood together, she gained access to it, and was able to embrace her husband's mutilated form, and lift back the heavy hair from his brow, cold with the death-damps! He would fain have had her leave him, fearing that, if discovered, she might incur the Queen's vengeance. But she was prepared to endure all and everything in her loyalty to her beloved husband, and in anticipation of their future union beyond the grave. "I will die with you," she exclaimed; "for that I came, and no power shall force me away." Or, as Mrs. Hemans puts it in her "Records of Women:"—

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this*.
And thou, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on;
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

At daybreak the guards found courage to return; and Gertrude, taking down her rude staircase, continued to kneel at the foot of the pole. A crowd soon gathered around her, admiring, pitying; some offered her wine and confections: these she refused, while entreating them to intercede that her husband's sufferings might be terminated by the *coup de grace*. A company of horsemen came up, including Prince Leopold, son of the murdered Emperor, and his sister Agnes, clothed in armour like a knight, and breathing a spirit more furious than that of any knight, however wild and fierce, in those wild, fierce times. They rated the crowd for their show of compassion, and gave orders that Gertrude should be dragged away; but one of the nobles interfered on her behalf, and after she had been removed some distance, weeping and crying aloud for mercy, she was allowed to return. "Be faithful unto death," said a priest, blessing her, "and God will give you the crown of life." So the day passed, and the second night came; a stormy night, with a great wind raging through all the hours of darkness. Still she maintained her post. A soldier brought her a cloak. Climbing up to the wheel, she spread it over her husband's broken limbs. She fetched some water in her shoe, and wetted his pain-parched lips; and then she comforted him with her prayers, and bade him think of the bliss of heaven. With faithful endurance she watched and waited until morning came, and noon, and the third night drew near. Just before dark, he bowed his head for the last time, shifting it a little so as to receive his wife's kiss; and murmuring, "Gertrude, this *is* faithfulness unto death," he yielded up his spirit.

> "While even as o'er a martyr's grave
> She knelt on that sad spot,
> And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
> Strength to forsake it not."

Happily English maidens are not called upon to give such sad proof of loving endurance as fell to the lot of Gertrude von der Wart, but in the minor trials that befall them they may conquer by exercising the same Christian virtue; and in so doing they will not only raise and exalt themselves, but will raise and exalt their families and the society in which they move by the influence of their bright example. The chronicles of the Indian Mutiny would furnish us with abundant instances of Englishwomen who have nobly responded to sudden demands

made upon them for heroic faith and patience and loyalty; but what is wanted is the practice of these virtues in the occurrences of daily life. The heroism is all the greater and truer when it flourishes in obscurity and in silence, unsupported by the consciousness of a great stage, a noble cause, a crowd of spectators. The self-restraint of a young girl, harassed by small vexations, but enduring them without a murmur, is not less admirable than the devotion of a Gertrude von der Wart; and as a protest against that selfish indulgence which is the bane of so many families, it may not be less useful or less blessed. Said Sir William Napier on his deathbed:—"As I lie here and think of my past life, I try to remember if I have done any good, but the evil far overbalances it. We shall all be weighed in the balance and found wanting. In the eye of the great good God, earthly goodness can have no positive existence, yet He sees and makes allowance for us all, giving more credit for good and less blame for evil than our fellow-creatures' harsh judging would have done. Men should strive after those priceless virtues of patience, wisdom, charity, self-sacrifice. In looking back on my life it would be a comfort to me now if I could remember to have done a perfectly self-sacrificing act—if I could think I had been ready and willing at any moment to lay down my life for another person's good." We do not need to lay down our lives; but we may, all of us, sacrifice our wishes, our prejudices, our little comforts for the sake of others. We may be daughters like Julia Prasavia, who, to obtain her father's liberty, made her way from the snows of Siberia to St. Petersburg and the imperial presence; or sisters like Margaret van Eyck, who toiled at the household drudgery in order that her brothers might be free to devote their time and energies to the service of art. It is an impatience of small duties that renders many high-souled girls so miserable: they yearn after a wide field for the exercise of their fine qualities; they would fain be Jeanne Darcs or Maids of Zaragoza, not perceiving that true greatness consists in doing little things greatly—not understanding the true worth and excellency of endurance. The spirit in which we should work is beautifully described by Archbishop Trench:—

> "Not as although we thought we could do much,
> Or claimed large sphere of action for ourselves;

> Not in this thought—since rather be it ours,
> Both thine and mine, to ask for that calm frame
> Of spirit in which we know and deeply feel
> How little we can do, and yet do that."

We need not enforce the moral, though it is one which, if a young girl take it to heart, will strew her path with unexpected flowers and reveal a silver lining to every cloud. But we will add to it a couple of wise sayings which she may easily bear in her memory, as the seers of old wore phylacteries on their bosom, or the mediæval pilgrim carried amulet and talisman. One is from the poem of "The Baptistery:"—

> "Thy work this hour is patience."

The other from Milton's sonnet:—

> "They also serve who only stand and wait."

With what other qualities shall we seek to adorn sweet maidenhood, so as to render it lovely and lovable? There must be simplicity, that is, an entire absence of affectation, a horror of shams and pretences, a transparent and unfailing truthfulness. *Modesty*, of course; and yet, in the present day, when the tendencies of society are so corrupt,—and these tendencies are fostered by the immoral tone of much of our literature and art, and the growing impatience of wise restraint,—modesty, in its highest and purest aspect, is by no means too common. Modesty of action, perhaps, is general enough, but do we not too often miss the savour of a delicate Christian modesty in thought and feeling and conversation? Is it modest to witness the representation of plays which deal with breaches of the marriage vow, or are permeated by a tone of impurity? Is it modest to read novels and poems which are often as coarse in language as in sentiment; which burn with the fire of unholy passion, and lift with prurient curiosity the veil that nature has thrown over the grosser desires? Is it modest to listen to those offences against decency and good manners which are strangely called "hazardous jokes," or disguised as "*doubles entendres;*" is it modest to season conversation with the slang of the streets or the phraseology of the music-halls? Is it modest to talk about men and women who have violated God's laws and human laws, who make a boast of vice, and flaunt

abroad their indifference to moral censure, as if they were the hero and heroine of some glorious romance?

Grace, dignity, order, daintiness, these are all attributes of noble maidenhood. They are indications of that higher sympathy and purer feeling which invest it with its subtlest charms. To have about her that which is suitable and becoming, to maintain decorum in the household and order in all that appertains to herself, to introduce the elements of grace and refinement into the home-life, to take care that her person is attired with seemliness and good taste: [1]—these are duties which no young girl can prudently or justly neglect. We would desire also to see in her a certain degree of *imaginativeness;* that is, a love of moral excellence and beauty, and a deep enjoyment of the poetical and æsthetic. Without it a woman's nature must necessarily lose half its attractiveness and half its potency for good. Without it, she would fail to infuse into our daily intercourse that spirit of gentleness and gracefulness which is as the savour of the salt. "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;" to admire these, and sympathise with these, and cultivate these, is the property of imaginativeness. The heart of a young girl should thrill at the achievement of a noble deed or the utterance of a fine thought; should respond to beautiful music, should be stirred by the breath and bloom of flowers. She should have a quick vision for the glories of sunrise and sunset, for the loveliness of broad green meadows folded in the clasp of happy streams, for the grandeur of mountain passes, for the majesty and mystery of the immeasurable sea. A good and great work, or a picture by Titian, or a statue by Michael Angelo, or a symphony by Mendelssohn, should appeal to those thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. "Tout ce qui fait battre le cœur," says Madame de Staël, "d'une idée génereuse, double la véritable force de l'homme—sa volonté." It feeds the purer and more generous

[1] Wordsworth may here be quoted:—

"A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, *about thee plays*."

impulses, it arouses the nobler emotions, it kindles the higher aspirations, it nourishes a deeper and truer tone of feeling. Therefore we say, cultivate God's gift of the imagination. Do not encourage a sickly sentimentalism, or that foolish exaggeration of mood which is sometimes called romantic; but hasten to respond to the influences of truth and beauty in the world of nature, the world of art, the world of poetry. We cannot all be painters and musicians, but almost all of us can learn to appreciate a fine picture, and few of us but are sensible of the effect of harmonious proportion and combination. And in this way the humblest life may be dignified and ennobled; while the contemplation of the pure and the sublime, of the tender and the gracious, will invigorate the mind, refine the taste, exalt the soul, and quicken the moral perceptions. The book of Nature is open to every one, and we can never turn to its "lively oracles" without finding something to cheer, to console, and to enlighten. Every one, too, is heir to the glorious legacy of the poets. Every one is owner of "Plato's brain" and "Shakespeare's strain." Homer wrote his "Iliad" for you and me; for you and me the singers of all ages have poured their thoughts and feelings into verse. And believing that the study of poetry is part and parcel of the highest culture, we have put down imaginativeness as a desirable, nay, an indispensable, quality of noble maidenhood. The best poetry is the loftiest expression of the loftiest human genius. Ben Jonson grandly says:—

"View her in her glorious ornaments,
Attirèd in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy; and, which is most,
Crowned with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought;
Oh, then, how proud a presence doth she bear!
Then is she like herself, fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes!"

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?"

—*Wordsworth.*

"The glorious note
Of some singer's throat,
Heard in days remote."

—*Augusta Webster.*

"Ne mulierum quidem laudes celari debent, quas et olim habuimus, et nunc habemus doctissimas. Non invidiosum viris esset, has sibi adjungi Veneres. Habuimus Philosophias, Poetrias."—*D. G. Morhof* (*quoted by W. K. Hodgson*).

"Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fällen;
Wenn du lange dich gequälet
Weiss er gleich wo dir es fehlet;
Auch auf Beifall darfst du hoffen,
Denn er weiss wo du's getroffen."

—*Goethe.*

"And thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round."

—*Shelley.*

"I stood up straight and worked
My veritable work. And as the soul
Which grows within the child makes the child grow—
Or as the fiery sap, the touch from God,
Careering through a tree, dilates the bark,
And roughs with scale and knob, before it strikes
The summer foliage out in a green flame—
So life, in deepening with me, deepened all
The course I took, the work I did. . . .
I felt
My heart's life throbbing in my verse to show
It lived."

—*E. B. Browning.*

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

IT is both interesting and instructive to trace the progress of Woman in the world of letters. The survey throws considerable light on the long-disputed question of her intellectual inferiority to man; for it will be seen that her progress has been in exact correspondence with the increasing educational advantages placed at her disposal. Compare the nineteenth century with the seventeenth in England alone, and you cannot but remark the greater activity of the female intellect. You find it gathering laurels in every field of mental exertion; a George Eliot in fiction, an Elizabeth Barrett Browning in poetry, a Mrs. Green in history, a Mrs. Somerville in scientific inquiry. What has the seventeenth century to put against these illustrious names? A Katherine Philips in poetry, a Mrs. Aphra Behn in fiction, and perhaps a Lady Rachel Russell as a letter-writer. Katherine Philips, the "Orinda" of her contemporaries, was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden; but modern criticism will hardly endorse the eulogium, which seems to have been inspired by a sentiment of chivalrous courtesy.[1] Aphra Behn,

[1] The eulogiums lavished upon "Orinda" by her contemporaries surpass in warmth the most liberal panegyrics which the most prodigal critics now-a-days bestow upon the most popular writers. She was praised by the poet Cowley, by Roscommon, by the Earl of Orrery, though her chief productions are very indifferent translations of the "Pompey" and "Les Horaces" of Corneille. Bishop Jeremy Taylor threw his discourse on "Friendship" into the form of a letter to Mrs. Katherine Philips, and it may be in allusion to her excellent qualities that he says:—"A woman can love as passionately [as a man], and converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret as faithfully, and be useful in her proper ministries." It is worthy of

a woman of most natural wit, is chiefly remembered by the play which Southern founded on her novel of "Oroonoko," and by Pope's satire on the immorality of her own dramas—dramas which are as dull as they are indecorous :—

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread!"

Deep in every English heart is treasured the story of Lady Rachel Russell, the noble wife who acted as her husband's secretary during his trial for high treason; but her letters would hardly have been preserved apart from this historical association. How then account for a difference which is so obvious? No one will assert that in the last two centuries the female intellect has made a sudden leap, has gained mysteriously an enlargement of scope and range, a greater power, and a more intense vitality. The only possible explanation is to be found in the broader and higher culture which has been brought within the reach of women, and the development of her energies by the more responsible position to which she has been raised. Miss Austen, in her novel of "Pride and Prejudice," supplies us with a sketch of the eighteenth century ideal of an "accomplished woman." It is an improvement on that which was accepted a century earlier, when audiences applauded the Lady Froths, the Miss Prues, and Mrs. Sullens of our dramatists, but low and meagre enough when contrasted with that of the present day :—

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, "how many ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are."

"All young ladies accomplished! My dear Charles, what do you mean?"

"Yes; all of them, I think. They all paint tables, cover screens, and net purses. I scarcely know any who cannot do

note that "Orinda" was exceedingly precocious in her display of talent. Aubrey says she was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school; that she devoted herself to religious duties when she was very young, and would read and play by herself an hour together; that she read the Bible through before she was full four years old; could say by heart many chapters and passages of Scripture; was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory, and would take sermons verbatim when she was but ten years old. No wonder that of such a prodigy Rowe should write :—

"Orinda came,
To ages yet to come an ever-glorious name!"

all this, and I am sure I never heard a young lady spoken of for the first time without being informed that she was very accomplished!"

"Your list of the common extent of accomplishments," said Darcy, "has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it in no otherwise than by netting a purse or covering a screen. But I am very far from agreeing with you in your estimation of ladies in general. I cannot boast of knowing more than half-a-dozen in the whole range of my acquaintance that are really accomplished."

"Then," observed Elizabeth, "you must comprehend a great deal in your idea of an accomplished woman!"

"Yes; I do comprehend a great deal in it."

"Oh, certainly," cried his faithful assistant, "no one can be really esteemed accomplished who does not greatly surpass what is usually met with. A woman must have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and all the modern languages, to deserve the word; and, besides all this, she must possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, and the tone of her voice, her address and expressions, or the word will be but half deserved."

"All this she must possess," said Darcy, "and to all this she must add something more substantial in the improvement of her mind and extensive reading."

"I am no longer surprised at your knowing only six accomplished women; I rather wonder at your knowing any!"

If Darcy lived at the present day he might easily know sixty! A woman who can sing well, play well, dance well, draw well, speak French and read German, and discourse on the best works of the best writers, is by no means a *rara avis*. In truth, we are beginning to demand something more of our educated women; such as a trained logical faculty, exactness of thought, and sobriety of judgment. We no longer smile at the poet's vision of "sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair;" but send our daughters to the Oxford or Cambridge local examinations, to Girton, and to Newnham, and Queen's College. In contrast to our quotation from Miss Austen, let us place a *resumé* of the course of study and subjects of examination prescribed at a ladies' college. It comprises: divinity; modern languages (English, French, and German); Latin and Greek; mathematics, pure and mixed; moral science, including his-

tory; natural science; Italian; drawing; harmony and instrumental music. What would Miss Austen's "Bingley" have thought of these "accomplishments"?

The low estimate formerly prevalent of the extent of culture to which the female mind might reasonably attain, is indirectly illustrated by the tumult of wonder and applause which greeted the advent of a so-called "learned woman." I cannot help thinking that the extravagance of the praise lavished by men like Johnson on women like Elizabeth Carter is to be accounted for in this way. There was nothing very surprising in their erudition *per se;* the surprise was that women should have got beyond their music, their embroidery, and their "net purses." We read of Mrs. Elizabeth Bury[1] as having studied "philology, philosophy, history (ancient and modern), heraldry, the globes (!), mathematics, and music (vocal and instrumental)." She learned French chiefly that she might converse with the French refugees who came to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She anticipated some ladies of our own day by studying "anatomy and medicine," and she attained to a considerable proficiency in Hebrew. It is said of her, that, in writing letters, she had a great felicity of expression; and was "thought so close and pertinent, that her correspondence was greatly valued by some of the brightest minds, even in distant countries." She greatly approved of every person's appropriating a certain portion of his estate to pious and charitable uses; "for then," said she, "they will not grudge to give out of a bag that is no longer their own." When she died in 1720, Dr. Watts dedicated an elegy to her memory. To posterity she bequeathed a number of tracts and miscellaneous papers; but posterity has been resolutely blind to the value of the legacy. A critic wrote of Rosalba Carriera,[2] who, in the early part of the eighteenth century, painted indifferently in "crayons and miniature," that "the grace as well as the largeness of her manner equalled that of the greatest masters!" There is scarcely a girl at a first-class boarding-school nowadays who could not surpass her. Take the once-famous Elizabeth Carter (1717–1801), who wrote the dreariest of poems and the

[1] Born, 1664; died, 1720. Author of "Meditations on the Divinity of the Holy Scriptures," &c.

[2] Born at Venice, 1678; died, 1761. See Madame de Genlis, "Les Dames Illustres."

heaviest of "Letters." She translated Epictetus, and all the scholars of her time lifted up their hands in amazement. It was not that the work was particularly well done, though we do not deny Miss Carter's erudition, but that a woman should have ventured upon such work at all. Even her mediocre verses, the badness of which would exclude them from our cheapest monthlies, called forth the panegyric of Dr. Johnson. "I have composed," he says, "a Greek epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Louis le Grand." We have spoken of one "Orinda," Mrs. Katherine Philips, but the seventeenth century rejoiced in another, that Mistress Anne Killigrew of whom Anthony Wood speaks as "a Grace for beauty and a Muse for wit,"—a compliment, it may be admitted, of peculiar elegance. "She gave," he continues, "the earliest discoveries of a great genius, which being improved by a polite education, she became eminent in the arts of poetry and painting." Alas! her eminence is long ago forgotten! No one now reads her poems,[1] or studies her "historical pieces;" and her very name would have passed into cold oblivion but for Dryden's beautiful ode, in which he writes with so fine a poetical extravagance :—

> "Art she had none, yet wanted none;
> For Nature did that want supply;
> So rich in treasures of her own,
> She might our boasted stores defy.
> Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
> That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born.
> Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
> By great examples daily fed,
> What in the best of books, her father's life, she read. . . .
> Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
> One would have thought she should have been content
> To manage well that mighty government;
> But what can young ambitious souls confine?
> To the next realm she stretched her sway,
> For Painture near adjoining lay,
> A plenteous province, and alluring prey."

There was Elizabeth Haywood, who died in 1756. Baker describes her as "perhaps the most voluminous female writer

[1] "Poems by Mrs. Anne Killigrew, London," were published in 1686. A copy is in the British Museum. This lady was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, Master of the Savoy; was born in 1660, and died (of small-pox) in 1686.

this kingdom ever produced;" while Pope, in his notes to the "Dunciad," stigmatises her as a shameless scribbler, "in libellous memoirs and novels revealing the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame or disturbance of private happiness." She wrote "The Court of Caramania," "The New Utopia," "Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy," "Betsy Thoughtless," "The Female Spectator," and the like. We will not criticise them; our only object in mentioning her is to point out that, in the present day, so indifferent a novelist would scarcely be patronised by a "penny dreadful." The celebrity, or rather the notoriety, she obtained among her contemporaries was simply owing to the fact that she was a woman; for female writers were either welcomed ostentatiously as phenomenal geniuses, or regarded with open hate or ill-concealed envy as audacious interlopers. The general opinion regarding the sex was probably expressed by Chesterfield when he wrote:—"Women are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining talk, and sometimes wit, but for solid reasoning and good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consecutively for twenty-four hours together. Some little humour or passion always breaks in upon their best resolutions. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly forward child; but he neither consults them about nor trusts them with serious matters, though he often makes them believe he does both, which is the thing in the world that they are most proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil), and being justly distrustful that men look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who *seems* to consult and trust them; I say who *seems*, for weak men really do, but wise men only seem to do it." There were, of course, men who took a higher and wiser view, but it seems no exaggeration to say that the intellectual and even the moral inferiority of woman was one of the cardinal dogmas accepted in the first half of the eighteenth century. In this there may have been nothing surprising, but it *was* surprising that the majority of women were contented with it, and so seldom hazarded a protest against it.

Almost the first earnest and influential advocate of female

culture was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (born 1690, died 1762), with whom begins the long and brilliant list of really illustrious Englishwomen. In one of those shrewd, witty, and lively letters which stamp her as the equal, in this department of literature, of Madame de Sevigné,[1] she says :—"There's nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince; they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good-breeding, which if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons, which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to man, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity." On another occasion she indignantly exclaims :—"There is no part of the world where our sex is treated with so much contempt as in England. I do not complain of men for having engrossed the government; in excluding us from all degrees of power, they preserve us from many fatigues, many dangers, and perhaps many crimes. . . . But I think it the highest injustice to be debarred the entertainment of my closet, and that the same studies which raise the character of a man should hurt that of a woman. We are educated in the grossest ignorance, and no art omitted to stifle our natural reason; if some few get above their nurses' instructions, our knowledge must rest concealed, and be as useless to the world as gold in the mine. . . . It appears to me the strongest proof of a clear understanding in Longinus (in every light acknowledged one of the greatest men among the ancients), when I find him so far superior to vulgar prejudices as to choose his two examples of fine writing from a Jew (at that time the most despised people upon earth), and a woman."

Lady Mary was in herself no unworthy example of what a

[1] Of the Sevigné letters Hallam says :—"Scarcely any collection of letters which contain so little that can interest a distant age are read with such pleasure; if they have any general fault, it is a little monotony and excess of affection towards her daughter, which is reported to have wearied its object, and, in contrast with this, a little want of sensibility towards all beyond her immediate friends, and a readiness to find something ludicrous in the dangers and sufferings of others."—*Literature of Europe*, iv. 298.

woman's intellect can accomplish when it gets fair play. She had been carefully educated, and had read extensively. Frank and courageous, she had almost too daring a contempt for social conventionalities; but those qualities stood her in good stead in her persistent antagonism to the then fashionable depreciation of the rights and claims of her sex. Her strong intellect, which, had it been more sympathetic, might have kindled into genius, revolted against the social tyranny that restricted women to the narrowest possible circle of occupations, that degraded her into the slave of fashion, and opened to her no field for the exercise of her choicest gifts. In the introduction of inoculation into England, after first trying the experiment upon her own son, she exhibited the true spirit of heroism; for she had not only to subdue the prejudices of the medical profession, but to conquer the obstinate ignorance of the public. For nearly five years her generous enterprise exposed her to the incessant attacks of slander and calumny; while the clergy from their pulpits, too often the strongholds of an unintelligent conservatism, preached against the impiety of seeking to control the designs of Providence, as if small-pox had been a blessing sent direct from Heaven! Her energetic spirit attended her into society, where she made a host of enemies by the fearlessness of her speech. She was conscious of great powers of sarcasm, and she employed them profusely; sparing neither friend nor foe, laughing at anything and everybody, more out of excessive vivacity, we think, and of delight in her own witty utterances, than from actual malice. In one of her letters she says:—"This is a vile world, and I can easily comprehend that, whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues or your downright honest fools; but Father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside—then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet sixpenny-worth of common-sense divided among a whole nation would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws and we follow customs."

This is the temper of a woman disgusted with the shams and follies of fashionable life, but unable to find any fitting

sphere for the exercise of her gifts, any channel into which to divert her abounding energy. In the present day we should probably have seen her at the head of every movement for the emancipation of her own sex or for the amelioration of the condition of the feeble and the oppressed; and useful and elevating work would have cleansed her character from the blurs and blotches that impaired its nobility. On the whole, we take her to have been a woman more sinned against than sinning, a woman whose constitutional vivacity and animal spirits fretted incessantly against the stereotyped forms of an artificial condition of society; one whose consciousness of superior intellectual power made her unwisely scornful of the opinion of those who surrounded her; whose warmth of disposition betrayed her into a frankness of language which her capacity for satire rendered doubly dangerous; a woman capable of strong affections, as her intercourse with her daughter proved; and who would have been a devoted wife to a husband able at once to guide and sympathise with her. In a book which humbly attempts to treat of "Woman's Work and Worth," honourable mention, at all events, must be made of the brave, beautiful, accomplished, sagacious, and witty lady who so happily said of women, that "they were destined by nature as a help to the other sex, and nothing was ever made incapable of the end of its creation;" who so pithily described as the most perfect of Nature's works, "a beautiful mind in a beautiful body."[1]

We have met with an acute remark of Miss Jex Blake to the effect that, if you examine into the average defects supposed to belong to the male and female nature respectively, you will find that, in almost every case, each result corresponds to systematic differences of education, which in some instances create, and in others enormously exaggerate, exist-

[1] It should always be remembered to her honour, that whereas the rate of mortality from small-pox prior to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's introduction of inoculation was 1 in 7, it was afterwards reduced to 1 in 312. Leigh Hunt, in one of his essays, apostrophises Lady Mary in this wise:—"The conventional shows of things could not deceive thee; pity was it that thou didst not see a little further into the sweets of things unconventional—of faith in the heart, as well as in the blood and good sense! Lovable, indeed, thou wert not, whatever thou mightest have been rendered; but admirable thou wert, and still wilt thou be thought so, as long as pen writeth straightforward, and nun or sultana hath a charm."

ing tendencies. "Thus," she adds, "boys are subject to a rigid course of the exact sciences, such as mathematics and logic; while girls are expected to devote a very large proportion of their time to various forms of æsthetic culture; the perhaps inherent deficiencies of each nature are exaggerated, and then the world complains that women are without reasoning powers and men without taste." The great defect, intellectually, of Mrs. Thrale (or Mrs. Piozzi, or Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi,[1] whichever and whatever the world likes to call her) was precisely that which "a rigid course of the exact sciences," or, in other words, a more severe training, would have remedied. But, notwithstanding a certain mental frivolity, which impaired her vigorous powers, she was a woman of mark, and helped to forward the movement for the elevation of her sex to its just position. Lord Macaulay briefly describes her as endowed with "gay spirits, quick wit, showy though superficial acquirements, pleasing though not refined manners, a singularly amiable temper, and a loving heart." The description scarcely does justice to her. Her abilities were very considerable, her literary tastes accurate; she had a keen insight into character, and her appreciation of merit was prompt and generous. It is needless to say how Johnson's life was cheered by her faithful admiration and ungrudging hospitality;[2] but she was always ready to stretch out a liberal hand to the unfortunate and deserving, when there was no such fame to be won by the liberality as rewarded her care of the Great Mogul of literature. Her lively and agreeable style is seen to advantage in her "Anecdotes" of Johnson, as well as in the "Letters" and "Literary Remains" which Mr. Hayward has collected. She was a charming conversationalist, and could hold her own in a circle which comprehended Burke and Dunning, Garrick and Goldsmith, Wedderburn and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To this circle also belonged Madame D'Arblay, *then* "little

[1] Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, born 1740, died 1811, was twice married: first to Mr. Henry Thrale, of Streatham Park, a wealthy brewer, and afterwards to Signor Piozzi, a music-master; this second marriage giving great offence to her friends, who regarded it as a *mesalliance*.

[2] "During his frequent visits to Streatham, extending over sixteen years, he had at Mr. Thrale's," (says Boswell,) "all the comforts, and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits [were] ned by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family."

A Woman of Mark and Literary Taste.
MRS. THRALE-PIOZZI,
WHO CHEERED DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE. p. 186.

Fanny Burney,"[1] whose writings Burke sat up all night to read, while Johnson pronounced them superior to Fielding's, and declared they would have done honour to Richardson. She it was who asserted for women their right to a province in the world of fiction; and by her novels of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" showed that Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett were to find in a woman their true successor. The stories and romances which Aphra Behn, Mrs. Centlivre, and Susan Fielding had poured out upon the public bore a patent stamp of inferiority; but the most cynical critics were compelled to own that "Evelina" was entitled to a place beside "Amelia" and "Clarissa." This outburst of female genius was a revelation! Here was a woman with a sense of the humorous as quick as Smollett's, an eye for the salient points of character almost as vigilant as Fielding's, and a power of depicting manners not inferior to Richardson's. She did for the English novel, moreover, that work of purification which Jeremy Collier did for the English drama, but she did it in a better way. "She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters."

But it might be contended that if Miss Burney reformed she did not originate; that if she were the equal, or almost the equal, of the three great novelists, she did but follow in their footsteps. To assert the originality of woman's genius became the task of Mrs. Radcliffe, whom we regard as the true founder of the English school of romance,[2] and as, moreover, the first to brighten fiction with the features and bloom of Nature. Her predecessors had painted human character and human manners, social life and the life of the streets, with

[1] Born, 1752; died, 1840. Beside the works named in the text, she wrote "Camilla," and "The Wanderer," and "Memoirs of Dr. Charles Burney" (her father). Her "Diary" was published in 1846. It is replete with shrewd observation and lively description.

[2] The works of Horace Walpole ("The Castle of Otranto") and of Mrs. Charlotte Smith ("The Old Manor-House") were simply mediæval

equal force and fidelity; it was reserved for her to dip her pencil in the artist's colours and cover her canvas with beautiful landscapes. Her style, like her sentiments, is instinct with poetry. She had a deep love of Nature, and it lends a peculiar charm to her eloquence. Hence the effect of her books, so vivid, so fresh, and so new—of "The Romance of the Forest" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho"—was electrical. The reader was conscious of sensations entirely novel as he was conducted through the long green avenues of ancient woods, or beneath cliffs crowned with groves, whose rough foliage clothed their steeps in picturesque luxuriance, or by the shore of a melancholy sea which the pale moon traversed in a path of silver light, or into a valley of the Apennines, closed by a long perspective of receding mountains and dark with the shadow of immemorial pines. Indirectly, Mrs. Radcliffe's romances were a protest against the commonplace conventionalism and prosaic realism of her age. They infused a new life into English poetry and English prose, and both Byron and Sir Walter Scott felt the spell of their magic. As Scott said, they could have been written only by one to whom Nature had given the eye of a painter with the spirit of a poet. Take the following description:—"The first tender tints of morning now appeared on the verge of the horizon, stealing upon the darkness, so pure, so fine, so ethereal, it seemed as if heaven was opening to the view. The dark mists were seen to roll off to the west as the tints of light grew stronger, deepening the obscurity of that part of the hemisphere, and encircling the features of the country below; meanwhile, in the east the hues became more vivid, darting a trembling lustre far around, till a ruddy glow, which fired all that part of the heavens, announced the rising sun. At first a small line of inconceivable splendour emerged on the horizon, which quickly expanding, the sun appeared in all his glory, unveiling the whole face of Nature, vivifying every colour of the landscape, and sprinkling the dewy earth with glittering light. The low and gentle responses of the birds, awakened by the morning ray,

fictions, invested with a pseudo-Gothicism, and touched with a supernatural element. Mrs. Charlotte's Smith's other romances, "Emmeline," "Ethelinda," "Celestina," "Desmond," "Montalbert," &c., are of a very ordinary character. She is seen to much greater advantage in her "Elegiac Sonnets." Born, 1749; died, 1806.

now broke the silence of the hour, their soft warbling rising by degrees till they swelled the chorus of universal gladness." Word-painting such as this had been unknown in English literature for nearly two centuries, and its subtle and penetrating charm was universally acknowledged by the public. Poets and critics also confessed to it. Even Hazlitt was ready to acknowledge that to Mrs. Radcliffe he owed his love of ruined tower and minster, of moonlit nights, and the autumnal pomp of the forest. There were tones in her lyre which Wordsworth himself did not disdain to echo.[1]

Reference must now be made to Mary Wollstonecroft (1759–1796), who has been called "the English George Sand," more, we presume, on account of the irregularity of her life, and the laxity of her moral system, than because there was any intellectual affinity between them. She was a woman of considerable ability and much industry, who wrote novels, reviews, and translations, and broached some startling theories in her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." Her "Memoirs," published by her husband, William Godwin, and her "Letters," recently edited by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, contain curious illustrations of the erratic tendencies of an impulsive disposition and undisciplined intellect, and, if interesting, are certainly painful reading. Her daughter, Mary Wollstonecroft Godwin (1798–1851), inherited her mother's unhappy notions of social philosophy with her father's genius. In 1816 she became the wife of the poet Shelley, and two years later published the original and striking romance by which she will be long remembered, "Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus." The conception was undeniably powerful, and it is skilfully wrought out. The same remarkable capacity for mental analysis, and for the invention of novel situations, is seen in her romances of "Valperga" and "The Last Man." As works of fiction and in artistic development, her other stories, "Lodore" and "Perkin Warbeck," seem to us far inferior. Mrs. Shelley also produced some well-written biographies of men of letters and artists, and edited her husband's Poems and Essays. Her own style is graceful, clear, and flowing, with a plaintive melody like that of a minor key characterising it.

[1] Mrs. Radcliffe was born in 1764, died in 1823. She wrote "The Sicilian Romance," "The Italian," "A Journey through Holland," and "Poems."

It was no longer possible to limit the intellect of woman to literary work of an absolutely inferior nature. Its range, its versatility, its originality, had been triumphantly asserted by a Montagu, a Burney, and a Radcliffe. The tone of contemporary criticism grew more respectful; and though small wits levelled their small jokes at "blue stockings" and "learned ladies," society was rapidly advancing towards a more sympathetic appreciation of the subject of female culture. The impression was deepened by the historical compositions of Mrs. Macaulay,[1] the graceful writing in prose and verse of Mrs. Barbauld,[2] and the remarkable narrative power and simple pathos of Mrs. Inchbald.[3] Then came Maria Edgeworth[4] with a

[1] Catherine Sawbridge, born 1733, married, first, Dr. Macaulay, and second, a Mr. Graham. Besides a number of pamphlets, she wrote, from a republican point of view, a "History of England from the Revolution." She died in 1791.

[2] Anna Letitia Barbauld, born 1743, died 1815, composed, in conjunction with her brother, Dr. Aikin, "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose" and "Evenings at Home;" wrote also "Hymns in Prose," "Early Lessons for Children," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Devotional Pieces," "Life of Samuel Richardson," and other works. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting a stanza from her poem on "Life:"—

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"

[3] Elizabeth Inchbald (born 1753, died 1821) was actor, novelist, and dramatist. Her two fictions are "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art;" her best plays, "Such Things Are" and "Every One has his Fault."

[4] Maria Edgeworth, daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was born in 1767, died 1849. Her extraordinary merit, both as a moralist and a woman of genius, says Sir James Mackintosh, consists in her having selected a class of virtues far more difficult to treat as the subject of fiction than others. We should rather say that her merit consists in her skilful and ingenious treatment of these not very interesting themes. Her principal works are:—"Belinda," "Castle Rackrent," "Moral Tales," "The Dun," "Popular Tales," "Patronage," "Harrington," "Leonora," "Helen," "Ormond," and "Essay on Irish Bulls." It has been well said that the chief features of her genius are a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel, when she first wrote, it was new.

long succession of clever tales, in which the character-drawing is always vigorous and the humour genial, though at times the morality is wearisomely obtrusive; and that most delightful of novelists, Jane Austen,[1] who repeated Mrs. Radcliffe's achievement, and struck out an entirely original path. She described what she thoroughly knew, English society in its higher and middle ranks, with all its trivial vanities, its littlenesses, its domestic virtues, and air of soft serenity; and this she did with a pencil as delicate as it was faithful. There is, perhaps, an excess of still life in her calm pages, for even the English middle class has its romance and tragic gloom; and her exquisite humour is almost too subdued. But as a painter of manners she is without a rival, and the "finish" of her workmanship might be advantageously imitated by greater writers. She herself compared her novels to little bits of ivory, two inches wide, on which she worked with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labour. Examine them closely, however, and "the effect" is undeniable; it is like fine painting on enamel, or some of that delicate embroidery wrought by the lissom Hindu fingers. It must be added that Miss Austen was fully conscious of the unfairness of the treatment her sex had received from society, and many admirable hints on female education will be found scattered through her pages. Reference should also be made to Miss Jane Porter (1774–1850), authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs;" her sister, Anna Maria (1780–1832), authoress of "The Hungarian Brothers," "Don Sebastian," "Henri O'Haro," "The Recluse of Norway," &c., &c.; to Harriet Lee and her clever "Canterbury Tales;" and of Mrs. Mary Brunton (1778–1818), authoress of "Self-Control," "Discipline," and "Emmeline." We must also name Elizabeth Hamilton (1758–1816), who wrote "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," also

[1] Miss Jane Austen, born 1775, died 1827, ranks among the very first of English novelists. Scott said of her:—"That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." Her works are "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Northanger Abbey," and "Emma."

"Letters on Education," "Popular Essays on the Human Mind," and "The Modern Philosophers."

In the same department of literature, Mrs. Opie won a reputation which has proved to be painfully unstable. There is much cleverness in her novels, but they are spoiled by inaccuracy and inelegance of expression, as well as by other marks of defective culture. "Father and Daughter," however, deserves to be remembered. Sir Walter Scott professed "to have cried more over it than he generally cried over such things." A female critic says, with much truth:—"That of all the women who have written, Mrs. Opie is the one who succeeded most by qualities distinct from those generally called literary, or, better still, intellectual." She was not much of a thinker, still less of a writer. Her style is careless, and often incorrect; her pictures of life are not such as we can value. Strong character she neither conceived nor painted. Yet she succeeded in an age when men and women far beyond her in power and attainments might have made the public fastidious; and that success—a matter of fact, not of assertion—entitles her to consideration. Great though her deficiencies were, it was merited. "Mrs. Opie had but one gift—a great one, a woman's gift—a gift which won and ruled hearts amenable to no other power; better than any in her generation she knew how to appeal to the heart." The "Edinburgh Review" (July 1879) contains an eulogistic criticism on this writer:—"To portray domestic life, and, in portraying it, to indicate its dangers and temptations, seems to have been the object of her works. The mutual influence and relations of ordinary civilised people were her study; human acquaintanceship, in much variety, her delight; society her sole field of investigation, observation, and action; in this she lived and had her being. This she analysed and pondered; on this she wrote, throwing her ideas and reflections into the words which, although in comparison with the delicate, permanent, lifelike pictures of Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen, the searching dissections and vivid delineations of the darker shadows and fiercer lights of the human heart presented to us by such female novelists as Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, they seem light in structure and deficient in depth and force, yet were popular in their day, reflected faithfully the characteristics of their writer, and, with their mixture of earnestness and cheerfulness, conveyed

instruction and amusement to a large circle of readers, and have given Mrs. Opie undoubted possession of a place among English writers of fiction. Her stories are so pleasantly and skilfully written that they do not so much inculcate morality as kindle a sympathy with it. Sober thought and right feeling insensibly colour the mind of the reader; a sort of involuntary preference arises for virtue and truth." Mrs. Amelia Opie (Miss Alderson of Norwich) was born in 1769; died, 1853. She wrote "Father and Daughter," "White Lies," "Temper," "Tales of Real Life," "Tales of the Heart," &c.

In this connection we may permit ourselves a brief reference to that most dashing of lady novelists, that most genial of women of fashion, Sidney Owenson, Lady Morgan (1783–1859). As the author of "The Wild Irish Girl," "The Missionary," "Florence MacCarthy," and "O'Donnell," she claims a respectable place in the great army of the writers of fiction. She is always vigorous, often eloquent; always shrewd, and often witty; but she wanted depth and breadth, knowledge of character, imagination, thought—in a word, all the higher qualities. Her books, like her life, breathe an aggressive tone; they are always attacking something or somebody; and though the attack is generally well aimed and well deserved, the reader wearies of so continuous a combativeness. This readiness of thrust made her scarcely less dreaded than admired in that feeble and futile society which she denounced as "fatal to the elevation of great minds or the vivacity of lively and energetic ones," and yet loved so dearly. Her satire was always swift and strong, her ridicule a weapon which she knew how to employ with effect. In some respects Lady Morgan was the very prototype of what is called "the strong-minded woman;" conscious of a brave heart and a ready brain, she loved to show her contempt for the decencies of society, to outrage its prejudices and provoke its enmities. She had generous sympathies and warm feelings, though they were not always under prudent control; and having read much and seen much, her conversation was as agreeable as her manners were fascinating. The rights and claims of her sex she maintained with firmness and passionately advocated; and her impetuous, outspoken book, "Woman and her Master," marked a forward stage in the development of a struggle based upon reason and justice.

But as the wider culture of the female mind advanced, as woman approached nearer and still nearer to the position which is rightfully hers, our female writers began to display an increased vigour of style and boldness of treatment. Their books revealed a spirit of inquiry and a range of thought which had hitherto been confined to the literary work of men. They entered upon fields of speculation which men had jealously regarded as their exclusive property. Mrs. Somerville showed that they could master abstruse problems of science, and conduct the most difficult arguments with rigorous exactness. "It is no exaggeration," remarks a recent writer,[1] "to say that she distinctly raised the world's estimate of woman's capacity for the severest and the loftiest scientific pursuits. She possessed the most extraordinary power of concentration, amounting to an entire absorption in the subject which she happened to be studying, to the exclusion of all disturbing sights and sounds. She had in a supreme degree that which Carlyle calls the first quality of genius, an immense capacity for taking trouble. She had also, happily for herself, an immense capacity for finding enjoyment in almost everything, in new places, people, and thoughts, in the old familiar scenes and friends and associations. Hers was a noble, calm, fully rounded life. She worked as steadfastly and as eagerly in her scientific studies as Harriet Martineau did with her economies and her politics; but she had a more cheery, less sensitive, less eager and impatient nature than Harriet Martineau. She was able to pursue her most intricate calculations after she had passed her ninetieth year; and one of her chief regrets in dying was that she should not 'live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus, and the source of the most renowned of rivers, the discovery of which will immortalise the name of Dr. Livingstone.'"

Miss Barrett, in her translations from Æschylus and the Greek Christian poets, proved the capacity of women for minute and thoughtful scholarship; and from the labours of Miss Anna Swanwick in her versions of Æschylus and Schiller, Miss Aikin,[2] and Miss Freer, it was apparent that

[1] Justin M'Carthy, "History of Our Own Time," ii. 376, 377.'

[2] Miss Lucy Aikin (1781–1864) wrote "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth," "Memoirs of the Court of James I.," and "Life of Joseph Addison."

historical research lies within the scope of their powers. In the departments of literature which had come, by a sort of prescription, to be acknowledged as peculiarly adapted to the exercise of the female intellect, it exhibited a fresher audacity, a greater originality than before. Mrs. Gore[1] introduced the fashionable novel, which she treated with considerable skill, and with indications of careful cultivation. Miss Ferrier[2] painted character with a realistic force like that of the Dutch painters. Mrs. Trollope[3] revealed a talent for caricature and a breadth of humour which her critics characterised as "masculine." Then came Mrs. Gaskell,[4] with her faithful and touching pictures of the life of the lower orders in the manufacturing districts, and her tenderly pathetic illustrations of the weaknesses and excellences, the sorrows and sufferings, of her sex; Charlotte Brontë, with a force and power of portraiture that excited surprise and compelled admiration; Mrs. Oliphant,[5] with an apparently inexhaustible facility of invention,

[1] A long list of fictions must be appended to the name of Mrs. Catherine Grace Frances Gore (1799–1861), including "Women as they are," "Mothers and Daughters," "Mrs. Armytage," "The Diary of a Disennuyée," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Heir of Selwood," "Preferment," "The Dowager," "Cecil," "The Banker's Wife." These, we think, are her best. She also wrote "The Book of Roses; a Rose-Fancier's Manual."

[2] Miss Susan Edmonston Ferrier, born 1782, died 1854, was the author of those admirable novels, "Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny."

[3] Mrs. Frances Trollope, born 1778, died 1863, wrote "The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitelaw," "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "Tremordyn Cliff," "Widow Barnaby," "The Widow Married," "Charles Chesterfield," "Jessie Phillips," "Father Eustace," and "Domestic Manners of the Americans." Her genius in fiction has been inherited by her son, the author of "Barchester Towers," "Framley Parsonage," and other popular novels.

[4] To Mrs. Gaskell, born 1811, died 1865, we owe "Mary Barton," "Lizzie Leigh," "Sylvia's Lovers," "Cousin Phyllis," "Ruth," "Cranford," "North and South," and "Wives and Daughters," besides numerous shorter tales, and a "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

[5] Mrs Margaret Oliphant (born about 1818) is famous for her prolific industry as well as her ability. We cannot enumerate all her works; the most admirable seem to be "Margaret Maitland," "The Quiet Heart," the five "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownlows," "Agnes," "The Minister's Wife," "At His Gates," "Mrs. Arthur," "Young Musgrave," and "Within the Precincts." She is also the author of "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," "Dante," "The Makers of Florence," and Lives of Edward Irving, Montalembert, and St. Francis d'Assisi.

and a graceful felicity in sketching the external aspects of life and character; and, greatest of all, "George Eliot,"[1] with her consummate knowledge of the human heart, her rich and strenuous style, her wide learning and profound speculation. This last great writer's novels rank high among those masterpieces of English literature which the world will not willingly let die. "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "The Mill on the Floss," are destined in the library of the future to occupy a place on the same shelf as "Tom Jones" and "Clarissa," or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" and "Vanity Fair," while to all time they will remain an eloquent vindication and irresistible support of the intellectual claims of woman. They are the natural product of that higher culture to which, during the last two centuries, woman has slowly made her way. And, in return, they teach to women one powerful lesson, "that it is well in life to care greatly for something worthy of our care; choose worthy work, believe in it with our souls, and labour to live, through inevitable checks and hindrances, true to our best sense of the highest life we can attain." Dorothea Brooke, in her novel of "Middlemarch," was (as we have striven to show) surely conceived and worked out for the special behoof of maidenhood; maidenhood struggling to discover its aim and purpose in this world, and restless with vague aspiration and undefined emotion. And then Romola: is she not the very type of noble, lofty, loving, self-denying, heroic womanhood?

Harriet Martineau (1802–76) must also be taken as a product of the higher culture of the nineteenth century. We feel, in reading her works, that she would have been impossible a century earlier; nay, half a century earlier. What an immense gulf separates her from the Astræas and Orindas, the Miss Carters and Miss Sewards, even the Burneys and Inchbalds, whom successive generations flattered, criticised, and imitated! To pass from "Evelina" and "Nature and Art" to Miss Martineau's stories "in illustration of the principles of political economy," is like passing into a new world. We feel instinctively that woman has assumed new duties, that she cherishes

[1] This lady's maiden name was Marian Evans. She was born about 1820. Besides her well-known novels, she has written "The Spanish Gipsy" and "Legend of Jubal" (poems), and "Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

new ideas, seeks new objects; that she regards life with greater seriousness, and views her own responsibilities towards it from a higher standpoint. The versatility of Miss Martineau is a point to be noticed. She wrote not only fiction, not only "Deerbrook," and "The Hour and the Man," "The Playfellow" (including the very striking story of "Feats on the Fiord"), but a really admirable "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace;" "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development;" a picturesque book of travel, "Eastern Life, Past and Present;" sensible, practical, and forcible pamphlets on all kinds of subjects; and thoughtful essays touched with sober reflection.

In poetry we note an equal advance. From the sentimentality and plaintiveness of Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L. E. L., afterwards Mrs. Maclean), born 1802, died 1838, author of "Poetical Sketches," "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," "Romance and Reality," "Francesca Carrara," and "Ethel Churchill," with whose laurels the dark leaves of the cypress were so prematurely and pathetically intermingled, and the sweet domestic melodies of Mrs. Hemans (born 1793, died 1835), with her poems of "The Forest Sanctuary," "Records of Women," "Vespers of Palermo," and "Songs of the Affections," we rise at once to the power and passion, the intense feeling and vivid imagination, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest of English poetesses, was born in 1805, married in 1846 Robert Browning, the poet, and died at the Casa Guidi, Florence, 29th June 1861. She translated the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, and the "Greek Christian Poets." Her principal original works, all of which throb with the life-blood of genius, are:—"The Romance of the Page," "A Drama of Exile," "A Vision of Poets," "Bertha in the Cave," "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Aurora Leigh," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "Powers before Congress." It is not the difference of genius only, but the difference of culture, that separates Mrs. Hemans's "Records of Women" from Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." The latter is a reflex of the thought and feeling of the time. Its author herself described it as the "most mature" of her productions, and as embodying "her highest convictions upon life and art;" but it embodies also

the views which the loftiest intellects among her contemporaries entertained upon some of the questions most intimately affecting the happiness of women, their duties, their responsibilities, their "mission." A woman's book, it glows with the light and warmth of a noble heart and a generous brain.

We shall find it not unprofitable to study the influences under which woman's genius sometimes acquires its full development. We shall find that it struggles as boldly and successfully as man's against those which are adverse, and flourishes as bravely under those which are favourable. In fact, all the commonplaces with which we encourage our sons "to scorn delight and live laborious days," all the famous old copybook axioms—"Be diligent and thou shalt excel," "Learn to suffer and be strong," "Make use of thy opportunities," "Patience and perseverance conquer every difficulty"—may, with equal propriety and advantage, be addressed to our daughters. For them the great lesson of self-help has as much meaning as for their brothers. In the case of Charlotte Brontë it does not seem that her early years were passed under very fortunate or felicitous conditions. She lost her mother when she was only five years old; her father, a man of singular character and reserved habits, left her and her sisters to grow up as fortune willed, with scarce an effort to train or direct them. Her school education was of the scantiest; but she read incessantly, and from all she read contrived to extract some mental nutriment. While yet a child, she began to clothe her thoughts and fancies in simple language, composing poems and plays, and romances and essays, and engaging with her sisters in long conversations on eminent men and historical events. The straitened means of the family compelled her to obtain a situation as a governess, but the experience was too painful for long endurance. She returned home; but, after an interval, ventured upon a repetition of the experiment, and happily with better fortune. The illness of a sister recalled her to Haworth, and the idea then occurred to the Brontës of establishing a school. An advantageous opening presented itself; but, owing to a conviction that they were deficient in certain qualifications essential for success in such an enterprise, it was decided that Charlotte and Emily should go to Brussels to improve themselves in French and music. They went, and falling in with an able teacher, who rightly gauged their capa-

bilities, they made a rapid advance, technically and intellectually. At the beginning of 1844 Charlotte was again at Haworth, and again the *res angusta domi* stared her in the face. The brave maiden, fertile in schemes, proposed that they should take a limited number of boarders; cards and circulars were issued and distributed, but nothing came of them. There was no resource but to hope on, wait on, struggle on. Coming across some poems written by her sister Emily, she conceived the resolution of publishing them. Verses of her own were added, and contributions from her sister Anne; a volume was made up, printed, and given to the world in 1846. But the world would have none of it, though the music of the threefold lyre was not wanting in deep original tones, and the venture of the three sisters brought them neither fame nor profit. Charlotte's courage, however, was not exhausted. No man could have fought the battle of life with more gallant persistency. Each sister had written a prose tale, and Charlotte's next ambition was to publish the three in one volume, as she had issued their poems. Accordingly the MSS. were despatched to publisher after publisher, only to come back with a more or less civil letter of declinature. Undismayed by her failures, she began "Jane Eyre," as if resolved that the world *should* hear her. There was surely something heroic in the defiance by an unbefriended girl, whom the most unfortunate domestic circumstances surrounded, of malignant fortune. "Think," says her biographer, "think of her home, and the black shadow of remorse lying over her brother, till his very brain was mazed, and his gifts and his life were lost;[1] think of her father's sight hanging on a thread; of her sister's delicate health and dependence on her care; and then admire, as it deserves to be admired, the steady courage which could work away at 'Jane Eyre' all the time that the one-volume tale was plodding its weary round in London." Was it not courage of the same kind as that which has earned for Pascal, and Arkwright, and Brindley, and John Hunter, a place among the great exemplars whom young men are commanded to imitate? We shall be told that Charlotte Brontë was an exceptional woman. But were not these excep-

[1] According to Mr. F. H. Grundy's evidence, there would seem to be some exaggeration in this statement; but, when this has been admitted, Patrick Branwell Brontë's conduct remains beyond defence or extenuation.

tional men? And is not the moral sufficiently obvious, that women of ability, given the opportunity, will display the same qualities as men of ability? In other words, God has set no stamp of inferiority upon the sex.

With the true independence of an original mind, Charlotte Brontë determined that her heroine, Jane Eyre, should differ from the type of heroines that had for centuries won the popular admiration; should be no peerless Belinda or transcendent Clarissa, endowed with all the charms of Venus and all the intellectual gifts of Minerva. She held that novelists were morally wrong in endowing their heroines with beauty as if it were a necessity. And when her sisters agreed that in no other way could they be rendered interesting, she answered:—"I will prove to you that you are wrong; I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." Hence "Jane Eyre," who, however, must not be regarded as identical with her creator in other respects. When completed, the new fiction was submitted to Messrs. Smith & Elder. They accepted and published it. At first it met with no very cordial welcome; but it rose into a flattering popularity as its extraordinary merits obtained gradual recognition. Who could be the author? Here was a writer with remarkable powers; a writer with a great insight into character, a strong sympathy with nature, a vivid imagination, and a strong eloquent style. Who was *he?* "People in London, smooth and polished as the Athenians of old, and, like them, 'spending their time in nothing else but either to tell or to learn some new thing,' were astonished and delighted to find that a fresh sensation, a new pleasure, was in reserve for them, in the uprising of an author capable of depicting with accurate and Titanic power the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters which were not, after all, extinct species, but lingered still in existence in the North." When it was understood that the author was a woman, some critics hastened to censure certain passages as touched with coarseness, though it is unquestionable that their writer was wholly unconscious of such a taint, and that only a very fastidious taste could detect it. By this time, however, the world had accepted "Jane Eyre" as a powerful and precious addition to the treasures of English fiction, as something which would impress the next age as it impressed the present,

and the fame of Charlotte Brontë was assured. She had acted on Sir Philip Sidney's maxim, "Look into thine own heart, and write;" and the heart-blood infused into her works endows them with the gift of immortal life. Charlotte Brontë was born 1816, married to Mr. Nichol 1853, died 1854. Her works are:—"Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," "The Professor."

"Under no circumstances," says F. W. Robertson, "whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered." This is the truth which has been the pole-star of such women as Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau. The latter versatile and accomplished writer exhibited a serene intrepidity in encountering danger and conquering it which no man has ever surpassed. She undertook her work, and executed it, in the loftiest spirit and from the noblest motive. There is a fine and well-known passage of Ruskin's to the following effect:—When you, man or woman, are at work, when you have found your task and entered upon it, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? "If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precept and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth, it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live." With all her faults, and they were many, Harriet Martineau's work was influenced by the highest and purest of inspirations: the yearning to redress the wrong, to defend the weak, to denounce the false, and advocate the true. Hence both her writings and her life are illuminated with the brightness of moral heroism. There was true courage in her refusal of the pension offered her by the Government in 1840, lest it should shackle her independence. There was true courage in the calmness with which she persevered in her

literary work while suffering from a dangerous illness, from a disease which had been pronounced incurable by the most eminent medical men. There was true courage, though exhibited in an unworthy cause, in her publication of "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." She knew they would offend public opinion and cost her many friends, but she believed them to contain much that the world ought to know and consider. There was true courage in the frank unsparing criticism of herself and her writings in the autobiography which she sent to the "Daily News" in 1855, under the impression that her death was imminent, but not published until 1876, when she died in her seventy-fifth year. In fact, beside any instance of a courageous life put forth among the records of famous men we have no hesitation in setting as a worthy parallel that of Harriet Martineau.

Mr. R. H. Horne has briefly sketched a portion of her career:—"Her father was a proprietor of one of the manufactories in Norwich, in which place his family, originally of French origin, had resided since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was indebted to an uncle, a surgeon in Norwich, for her education. She has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the extreme delicacy of her health in childhood, to the infirmity (deafness) with which she has been afflicted ever since, which, without being so complete as to deprive her absolutely of all intercourse with the world, yet obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and to the affection which subsisted between her and the brother nearest her own age, the Rev. James Martineau, whose fine mind and talents are well known. The occupation of writing, first begun to gratify her own taste and inclination, became afterwards to her a source of honourable independence, when, by one of the disasters so common in trade, her family became involved in misfortune. She was then enabled to reverse the common lot of unmarried daughters in such circumstances, and cease to be in any respect a burden. She realised an income sufficient for her small wants." After visiting America and the East, she took up her residence at Ambleside, among the great forms of the mountains and the shining waters of the lakes. She felt, she said, that she could not be happy, or in the best way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-

rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind, and she chose her plan of life accordingly.

> "Hail to the steadfast soul
> Which, unflinching and keen,
> Wrought to erase from its depth
> Mist and illusion and fear!
> Hail to the spirit which dared
> Trust its own thoughts before yet
> Echoed her back by the crowd!
> Hail to the courage which gave
> Voice to its creed ere the creed
> Won consecration from time!"
>
> —*Matthew Arnold.*

On the whole, though its graciousness was marred by an aggressive egotism, her character presents much that may fairly be commended to our daughters as "worthy of imitation;" while of her life it is impossible to say otherwise than that it was brightened by the finest patience, the most heroic perseverance, and a generous devotion to the noblest objects. It has been said of her that she had an essentially masculine mind; yet there was assuredly a "feminine" element in it—an element of sensitiveness and of eagerness that led her at times to the formation of hasty judgments, and a premature expression of them. And there was also a fine and true element of benevolence. She might dislike individuals, but for mankind as a whole she had a warm sympathy, and all her writings—as, too, all her actions—are animated by an "altruism," in which there is no suspicion of affectation.

We get a glimpse of the kind of education deemed sufficient in the early part of the eighteenth century for young ladies of good family from Mrs. Delany's "Autobiography." She was a great-grand-daughter of Sir Bevil Granville,—the celebrated cavalier, who was killed at Lansdown under Charles I.'s banner,—and a niece of Lord Lansdowne; therefore born into the "best society." At the age of six she was placed under the care of a Mademoiselle Puelle, a French refugee of respectable character, and well qualified for her business. She undertook, we are told, not more than twenty scholars at a time. Mary Granville learned French and music. In connection with the latter study, she tells us that at the age of ten she first saw Mr. Handel. "We

had no better instrument in the house," she says, "than a little spinnet of mine, on which that great musician performed wonders. I was much struck with his playing, but struck as a child, not as a judge; for, the moment he was gone, I seated myself to my instrument, and played the best lesson I had then learnt. My uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument!' Such was the innocent presumption of childish ignorance." When she was about fifteen, circumstances compelled her father to retire into the country; no small disappointment to a young lady who had been brought up with the expectation of becoming a maid of honour, who had been at one play and one opera, and thought the poet's description of the Elysian Fields nothing as compared with the delights of those entertainments. She was kept to her prescribed hours for practising music, reading, writing, and French; after which she was expected to sit down "to work." Her father generally read aloud to his wife and daughters while they plied their dexterous needles. In the evening she was called upon to make up a party at whist with her parents and the minister of the parish. Her pleasures at this time were of the mildest possible character. "I took great delight," she says, "in a closet I had, which was furnished with little drawings and cut paper of my own doing. I had a desk and shelves for my books." The monotony of her life was relieved, however, by a friendship which she formed with a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, a girl of her own age. "She had an uncommon genius and intrepid spirit," says Mrs. Delany, "which, though really innocent, alarmed my father, and made him uneasy at my great attachment to her. He loved gentleness and reserve in the behaviour of women, and could not bear anything that had the appearance of being too free and masculine; but as I was convinced of her innocence, I saw no fault in her. She entertained me with her wit, and she flattered me with her approbation, but by the improvement she has since made, I see she was not, at my first acquaintance, the perfect creature I thought her then,"—a judgment which perhaps most of us eventually form respecting the friends of our youth! "We wrote to one another every day, and met in the fields between our fathers' houses as often as we had an opportunity, thought

that day tedious that we did not meet, and had many stolen interviews. Her extraordinary understanding, lively imagination, and humane disposition, which soon became conspicuous, at last reconciled my father to her, and he never after debarred me the pleasure of seeing her when it was convenient we should meet." A prudent friendship is no unimportant educational agency, and Mary Granville's friend seems to have done much in the way of quickening her intellect and forming her character.

It must be owned that her education, if not very profound or extensive, was, on the whole, well calculated to bring into play her best qualities. The cultivation of the mind was not neglected; her father's habit of reading aloud brought her acquainted with the most eminent English writers, and she had the inestimable advantage of lively and sensible companionship. Moreover, owing to her father's residence in the country, she acquired a love of nature and a feeling for the sights and sounds of rural life. "The front of the house," she writes, "faces the finest vale in England, the Vale of Evesham, of which there is a very advantageous view from every window; the back part of the house is shaded by a very high hill, which rises gradually; between lies the garden, a small spot of ground, but well stocked with fruit and flowers. Nothing could be more fragrant and rural: the sheep and cows come bleating and lowing to the pales of the garden. At some distance on the left hand was a rookery; on the right a little clear brook ran winding through a copse of young elms (the resort of many warbling birds), and fell with a cascade into the garden, completing the concert. In the midst of that copse was an arbour with a bench which I often visited, and I think it was impossible not to be pleased with so many natural beauties and delights as I there beheld and enjoyed around me."

Another lady of the eighteenth century, Miss Cornelia Knight, afterwards "lady companion" (or *gouvernante*) to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has left her "Autobiography" for the edification of posterity, and we may avail ourselves of it for an illustration of the subject we are discussing. Like Mrs. Delany's, her education was superficial enough, though we will not call it wholly defective. It began early—at least as far as "accomplishments" went; for on her fifth birthday she was taken to "the school of Mesdames Thompets, four sisters from Switzerland,"

as a parlour-boarder, attending three days a week for the purpose of learning to dance and to speak French. On the alternate days she had masters at home. One of these was a M. Petitpierre, who had been a pastor of the Swiss Church of Neufchatel, but had been dismissed by the Synod for holding heterodox opinions. He is described as an excellent master, and a man of great simplicity of manners. He taught French, Latin, the elements of Greek and of the mathematics, with geography and history. Instruction in dancing Miss Knight received from a dancing-master named Norrie, brother of the celebrated dancing-master of that name; and in drawing from Frances Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua, one of the greatest masters of the English school of painting. Afterwards she appears to have gained some knowledge of Italian and even of Greek, much to the surprise and admiration of her friends. These "extras," however, were not in the original scheme of her education, and their presence must be attributed solely to Miss Knight's natural love of letters and mental vigour. After all, she profited more by intercourse with illustrious men than by books, and this was probably the case with most young ladies of good family "in the days when George was king." Her father's list of acquaintances included such men as Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Bennet Langton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Topham Beauclerk, Hooke, the translator of Metastasio, and Gainsborough. With her quick observant mind and tenacious memory, she could not fail to profit by the shrewd sense, wit, and learning which characterised their conversation.

A great deal is said about the "learned ladies" of the two preceding centuries. We read, for instance, of Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Benedictine nunnery of Sopewell, whom Hale and Holinshed celebrate for her erudition, as well as for her vivacity, her personal charms, and her delight in masculine exercises. To her is ascribed "Ye Bokye of Hawking and Hunting, and also of Cootarmuris at St. Albans," or, as it is more briefly called, "Ye Boke of St. Albans," which was published in 1486. It is written partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, take four lines as a specimen:—

> "Who that buildest his house all of salowes,
> And pricketh a blind horse over the fallowes,
> And suffrith his wife to seek many halowys,
> God send him the bliss of everlasting galowis."

But, apart from the fact that only a portion of this book was really Dame Juliana's composition, we have no proof of the extent of her acquirements; we have nothing but the vague assertion of writers not accustomed to "condescend," as the Scotch say, "to particulars." We meet, however, with a galaxy of women-scholars in sixteenth-century England. Anne, the mother of Lord Bacon, was eminent both as a linguist and theologian. She translated Bishop Jewel's "Apologia" from the original Latin, and twenty-five sermons on Predestination and Election from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino. So great was the renown of her learning, that Theodore Beza dedicated his "Meditations" to her. Dr. Birch says that she frequently introduces Greek as well as Latin into her letters, and she seems to have written both languages with fluency. Her sister, Mildred, wife of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, as became the daughter of a king's tutor,[1] was a miracle of scholarship. She was extremely well skilled in Latin,[2] but delighted more particularly in Greek, reading with ease the works of St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyril, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and others. Roger Ascham describes her as the best female Greek scholar of her age next to Lady Jane Grey.[3] It is satisfactory to know that all her gifts of learning and ability did not prevent her from discharging most admirably her duties as wife and mother. In a "Meditation on the Death of his Lady," her husband bears warm testimony to her womanly virtues. Nicholas Udall, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says:—"What a number is there of noble women, especially here in this realm of England, yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, not only as well seen and as familiarly learned in the Latin and Greek tongues as in their own mother language, but also both in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, and exercised; and in the Holy Scriptures and theo-

[1] Sir Anthony Cooke, the father of Lady Anne Bacon (1528–1605) and Mildred, Lady Burleigh (1526–1539), was one of Edward VI.'s tutors.

[2] Her sister Katherine (Lady Killigrew) was scarcely inferior as a scholar, and wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters, which have obtained the praise of modern critics.

[3] The sixteenth century was illuminated in Europe by a bright constellation of learned women. Erasmus said:—"The scene of human affairs is changed: the monks, famed in times past for learning, are become ignorant; and women love books. It is pretty enough that this sex should now betake itself to the ancient examples."

logy so ripe, that they are able, aptly, amusingly, and with much grace, either to indite or translate into the vulgar tongue, for the public instruction and edifying of the unlearned multitude! Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communications about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin or Greek with their husbands of godly matters."

Lady Jane Grey, even down to our own time, has enjoyed the fame of prodigious scholarship, and appears to have deserved it. Her natural capacity was very great, and she had an inborn craving after knowledge. Fortunate in possessing good masters, she acquired, while yet a child, a mastery of the Latin and Greek languages, and she also arrived at a considerable degree of proficiency in Arabic, Chaldee, French, Italian, and Hebrew. Her handwriting was a model of facile elegance. On several musical instruments she performed with taste and skill, and her singing—she had a melodious voice—was remarkable for its pathos. In needlework and embroidery her performances excited the admiration of her contemporaries. She was not ignorant of the medical properties of herbs. Not one of the least interesting and touching scenes in our English history is that which Roger Ascham describes, when, visiting Bradgate, her father's seat, he found it silent and deserted; its lord and lady, with their retainers, were afar in the forest, following the shrill music of hound and horn; but in a lonely and retired apartment the fair daughter of the house sat calmly meditating on Plato's immortal "Phædon" in the original Greek. The scholar, surprised, inquired why she had not accompanied the blithe cavalcade in the park to enjoy the mirth and excitement of the chase. "I wis," she replied, smiling, "that all their sport in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure which I derive from Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure means." "And how came you, madam," said Ascham, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you into it, since not only few women, but even very few men, have attained thereunto?" In reply she spoke of the severe discipline imposed by her parents,[1] and the consolation which, while suffering from it,

[1] Lady Jane Grey's words, as reported by Ascham, were as follow:—"*One of the* greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that He sent me *so sharp and severe* parents and so gentle a schoolmaster; for when I am

Woman in the World of Letters.
LADY JANE GREY AND ROGER ASCHAM.

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she found in the pursuit of letters; how she loved, in the retirement of her chamber, to converse with Plato and Demosthenes as with old and trusted friends. On the whole, she merits the eulogium pronounced upon her by Mr. Froude:—"She had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. Her character had developed with her talents. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyrics of admiring courtiers. . . . Lady Jane Grey lived to show . . . that the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley. The Catholic saint had no excellence of which Jane Grey was without the promise; the distinction was in the freedom of the Protestant from the hysterical ambition for an unearthly nature, and in the presence, through a more intelligent creed, of a vigorous and practical understanding."[1]

in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, at it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), without measure misordered, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him."—ROGER ASCHAM, *The Schoolmaster.*

[1] Tennyson, in his drama of "Queen Mary," puts into the mouth of Sir Ralph Bagenhall the following description of the "Twelve-days' Queen," who perished on the scaffold, a victim to her father's ambition:—

> "Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music
> Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning
> Beyond the Churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
> So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
> Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard
> She would not take a last farewell of him;
> She feared it might unman him for his end.
> She could not be unmanned—no, nor outwoman'd—
> Seventeen—a rose of grace!
> Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
> Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

The daughters of Sir Thomas More, as might be expected, were emphatically "learned ladies." Elizabeth, a proficient linguist and an erudite in the science of the age, corresponded with Erasmus, who bestows discriminating praise on her pure Latinity. Margaret Roper was a perfect mistress of the Greek and Latin tongues, and conversant with music, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, astronomy, physic, and arithmetic. She, too, was a correspondent of Erasmus, who styles her "Britanniæ Decus," and dedicated to her his version of "Prudentius." The great Dutch scholar of the Renaissance supplies us with a pleasant picture of Sir Thomas More's accomplished and virtuous household. "He has taken care," he says, "that all his children should be trained from their tender years, first religiously, next in polite literature. . . . In his house you will see no one idle, no one occupied about the trifles to which some females are devoted. They are reading the works of Livy, and have made so much progress that they can read authors of this description without explanation, unless they chance to meet with a word which would give me, or persons like me, some difficulty. His wife,[1] who has more natural ability and experience than learning, with wonderful tact manages the whole party, prescribing to each of them her task, and requiring her to show how she has performed it, not suffering any one to be idle or occupied with trifles. . . . You would say he had in his house Plato's Academy; but that were to do it an injury, for in Plato's Academy were only disputations concerning numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes concerning virtue and morality. You might more properly call it the school and gymnasium of the Christian religion. Though all the members of the family make piety the principal object of their converse, yet they find time for liberal studies and profitable reading. In that house the voice of contention is never heard, no one is ever seen idle. Every one does his duty with alacrity, and not without

[1] More was twice married, and both wives might have fitly found niches in our second chapter. His first wife, a maiden of good family, he educated according to his own taste, instructing her in letters and vocal and instrumental music, in the hope she would be his helpmeet, the "*animæ dimidium suæ*," for life. She died, however, at a comparatively early age. The second wife was neither young nor beautiful; but she had much natural talent, and, to gratify her husband, learned to sing and play on the harp.

a temperate cheerfulness. That distinguished man secures the good order of his household not by harsh and overbearing treatment, but by gentleness and kindness. All are assiduous in the discharge of their duties, and exhibit, while engaged in them, a sober mirth and contentment."

It is impossible to mention More's daughter Margaret without digressing to consider her excellences of character. She was her father's best-loved child, and she repaid his affection by the most absolute devotion. He fully appreciated her great and rare mental qualities, and the unusual elevation of her spirit; nor was she less eager in her admiration of her father's learning, lofty statesmanship, integrity, wit, and wisdom. Contrary to general expectation, she was restored to health after a dangerous illness. Sir Thomas then acknowledged that, if the result had been different, he would have wholly withdrawn from all worldly affairs. When she was married, she insisted on residing in a house next to his; and when he was sent to the Tower, she rested not until she had obtained permission to visit him. He was tried, as the reader knows, on a charge of high treason, and sentenced to death. On arriving at the Tower stairs, after receiving sentence, he was met by his faithful Margaret, yearning to receive his last blessing. "As soon as she espied him," says his biographer,[1] "she ran hastily unto him, and without consideration or care for herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him, not able to say any word but 'O my father! O my father!' He, liking well her most natural and dear affection towards him, gave her his fatherly blessing; telling her that whatsoever he should suffer, though he were innocent, yet it was not without the will of God; and that He knew well enough all the secrets of her heart, counselling her to accommodate her will to God's blessed pleasure, and to be patient for his loss.

"She was no sooner parted from him, and had gone scarce ten steps, when she, not satisfied with the former farewell, like one who had forgot herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor to the

[1] Cresacre More (his grandson), "Life and Death of Sir Thomas More," pp. 276, 277.

press of people about him, suddenly turned back, and ran hastily to him, and took him about the neck and divers times together kissed him; whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell also from his eyes; yea, there were very few in all the troop who could refrain hereat from weeping, no, not the guard themselves. But at last with a full heart she was severed from him, at which time another of our women embraced him; and my aunt's maid, Dorothy Collis, did the like, of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done. All those and also my grandfather witnessed that they smelt a most odoriferous smell to come from him; according to that of Isaac, 'The scent of my son is as the scent of a field which the Lord hath blessed.'"

More never saw that dearly loved daughter again. Four days after this sad scene he sent her his hair-shirt and the whip he used in his private penances, as having no more need for them, with a tender farewell and benediction. At nine the next morning (July 5, 1535), he suffered on the scaffold, with the calmness and unaffected composure of a Christian hero. Margaret made provision for the decent interment of his body in the chapel of the Tower, and eventually obtained its removal to Chelsea churchyard, where she knew her father had wished to be buried. His head, after being exposed for about thirteen or fourteen days on London Bridge, was about to be cast into the Thames; but she bought it,[1] lest, as she said to the Council when summoned before them for her contumacy, it should become food for fishes. She was imprisoned, but soon afterwards released; and being allowed to retain her father's head, she caused it to be enclosed in a leaden case, which she preserved with the most vigilant care. On her death, at the age of thirty-six, in 1544, it was placed, by her desire, in her coffin, and interred at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, in the Roper vault. For some unknown reason, it was subsequently removed from this receptacle, and deposited in a small niche in the

[1] Aubrey tells the following story:—"One day, as she was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, 'That head has lain many a time in my lap: would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap." The truth appears to be, that she had bribed one of the bridge-keepers to throw it over the bridge just when he should see her boat on the point of shooting it.

wall of the vault, where, protected by an iron grating, it still remains.

Cresacre More says of this devoted daughter and learned lady that she was most like her father both in fervour and wit, and proved indeed a most rare woman for learning, sanctity, and secrecy, and, therefore, her father trusted her with all his secrets. She corrected by her own sagacity, without the help of any manuscript, a controverted place in St. Cyprian, as Pamelian and John Coster testify, instead of *nisi vos severitatis* restoring *nervos severitatis*. Besides a large number of Latin epistles, orations, and poems, she left behind her an oration in reply to Quintilian, two "declarations" in Latin, and a treatise of the "Four Last Things." She translated Eusebius into Latin; and her Latin version was afterwards, we may add, rendered into English by her daughter Mary, who inherited her pregnant understanding and love of knowledge.

Proceeding with our rapid survey of the learned ladies of the past, we feel inclined to find a place among them for Anne, Countess of Pembroke (1589–1675), though we have no record of any translations from her pen of Greek or Latin authors. Her preceptor, Daniel, the historian and poet, a competent witness beyond doubt, bears witness to the progress she made in many parts of literature; and Bishop Rainbow affirms that she could converse on all commendable arts and sciences, as well as on those things "which belong to persons of her birth and sex to know." He adds that "she could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives in any kind; insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, well seen in all human learning, and afterwards devoted to the study of divinity, is reported to have said of this lady in her younger years to this effect: that she knew well how to discourse of all things *from predestination to slea silk.* Meaning, that although she was skilled in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant [observe the good Bishop's tone of easy patronage!], yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries, looking at the highest example of female wisdom. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff; yet she could open her mouth with wisdom, knowledge of the best and highest things; and if this had not been most affected by her, solid wisdom, know-

ledge of the best things, such as make wise unto salvation; if she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have been ranked among those wise and learned of her sex, of whom Pythagoras or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made such honourable mention."

Mrs. Constantia Grierson, an Irish lady (1706–1733), is remembered by her editions (the "Dublin") of Tacitus and Terence. Not only in Latin and Greek was she profoundly versed, according to the scholarship of her time, but also in history, philosophy, divinity, and mathematics. She is said to have dipped even into Hebrew; and "what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising was, that her parents were poor, illiterate, country people." She may be cited indeed as a brilliant example of the success that attends self-help; for she would seem to have had no other assistance than a little instruction from her parish minister. Dying at the early age of twenty-seven, she was unable to bequeath to posterity any enduring legacy of her genius; but her name deserves always to be remembered with respect. A longer and more famous career was granted to Madame Dacier (1651–1720). She lived to the age of sixty-nine, and made the utmost possible use of her span of life. It is reported that she did not go out "visiting" more than six times in a year; that she devoted the whole of the day to study, receiving her friends in the evening. Her father, a professor of Greek, named Tanneguy le Fevre, had no intention of converting his daughter into a prodigy; but he had a son whom he educated with the greatest care, and while he received his lessons, she sat by at her needle. One day the lad hesitated in an answer, and his sister, then a girl of ten or eleven, prompted him what to say, while apparently intent only on her work. Her father, however, overheard her, and immediately resolved to take her under his tuition. The labour he bestowed upon her culture was well repaid. She learned Latin, Greek, Italian; and of the language of Plato and Demosthenes obtained so thorough a command that, at the age of twenty-two, she brought out an admirable edition of Callimachus. This success led to her being associated with the company of scholars whom the Duc de Montausier had charged with the task of editing the classics for the use of the Dauphin (*in usum Delphini*); and Florus, Dictys of Crete, Aurelius Victor, and

Eutropius were intrusted to her supervision. A few years later she issued a French version of Anacreon and Sappho, which was followed by translations of Plautus and Aristophanes.

All this learning did not prevent a certain Protestant gentleman of Languedoc, one M. Dacier, from offering her his hand. It was accepted, and a marriage begun in love, continued in love, and ended in love. Wedded life, however, with all its happiness and occupations, did not interfere with Madame Dacier's eager pursuit of letters. She translated the comedies of Terence, some of the "Lives" of Plutarch, and concluded her many and arduous labours by translating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The work involved her in controversy with Terrasson and La Motte, who disparaged the genius of Homer. The latter she answered in a volume entitled, "Des Causes de la Corruption du Gout." This was followed by "A Defence of Homer against Hardouin, his Apologist," whose apology she rightly conceived to be more injurious to the fame of the Father of Poetry than the attacks of avowed enemies. It was her last production. Death soon afterwards put a term to her labours.

Prussia also can boast of a female scholar. Anna Louisa Darbach was born in 1722 and died about 1780. Her father, a man of low degree, died when she was seven years old, and she was then taken charge of by her grandmother's brother, who taught her to read and write. After residing with him for three years she returned to her mother, who had married again, and thus she entered upon a life of sorrow and suffering which brightened only towards its close. Her first occupation was to attend to her mother's sons by this second marriage; but she presently relinquished it in order to look after the three cows which constituted the family's entire wealth. In this capacity she gave the earliest evidence of her possession of more than ordinary intelligence. She committed to memory upwards of a hundred hymns, which she sung while at work or while "calling the cattle home." Some little assistance in the development of her dawning faculties was afforded by a neighbouring shepherd, who lent to her "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and the "Asiatic Banise," a German romance. These were her only intellectual food. In her seventeenth year she was married to a woolcomber named Darbach, who

obliged her to prepare the wool for his use; and as she had, in addition, all the household drudgery to discharge, she had no time for recreation but a few hours on Sunday, when she committed to paper the verses she had composed during the week. After having been married for nine years, she was released from this servitude by her husband's death; but her mother compelled her to take a second, and, as it proved, a harsher taskmaster, in a man named Karsch. Gradually, however, her poetical talent became known beyond her own very limited sphere; and she was encouraged to cultivate it by several persons of influence, among whom was Professor Meyer of Halle. At the age of thirty-three she removed, with her husband and children, to Great Glogau, where she obtained free access to a bookseller's shop, and began to read omnivorously, and so assiduously, that she rapidly acquired a very considerable store of miscellaneous information. Some of her poems were now published, and as they dealt chiefly with the military achievements of Frederick the Great, they immediately attracted attention. Through the patronage of Baron Cottwitz she was transferred to Berlin, where she was honoured with the friendship of many men of genius and favoured by the Prussian court. But after all, the principal merit of her works lies in the fact that they were composed under the pressure of singularly adverse circumstances. The wonder was not in the poetry she wrote, but that she wrote at all; and it is certain that only a strong mind, fired by a noble ambition to lift itself into a higher and purer atmosphere, could have successfully struggled against the unhappy conditions that oppressed her for so many years.

"It is a sin to be contented with a little knowledge." We owe this admirable axiom to Miss Anne Baynard, who assiduously acted upon it in her brief life of five-and-twenty summers (1672–1697). She made herself mistress of the Greek language in order that she might enjoy the pleasure of reading St. Chrysostom without an interpreter. She also understood Latin thoroughly, and wrote it with accuracy and elegance. As for learning, says her eulogist, whether it be to know and understand natural causes and events, the courses of the sun, moon, and stars, the qualities of herbs and plants; to be acquainted with "the demonstrable varieties of the mathematics;" the study of philosophy, the writings of the ancients; "these, and

the like, are the most noble accomplishments of the human mind, and accordingly do bring great delight and satisfaction along with them; these things she was not only conversant in, but mistress of, and that to such a degree that very few of her sex did ever arrive at." Another biographer speaks of her as "not only well skilled in the learned languages, but in all manner of learning and philosophy, without vanity or affectation." That she was a woman of excellent good sense may be inferred from two of her sayings which have escaped the erasing finger of Oblivion:—"All young people should be exhorted to the practice of virtue, to increase their knowledge by the practice of philosophy, and more especially to read the great book of Nature, wherein they may see the wisdom and power of the great Creator in the order of the universe, and in the production and preservation of all things. It would fix in their minds a love for so much perfection, frame a divine idea and an awful regard of God, which heightens devotion, lowers the spirit of pride, and gives a habit and disposition to His service. It makes us tremble at folly and profaneness, and commands reverence and prostration to His great and holy name."

Again:—"That women are capable of such improvements which will better their judgments and understandings is past all doubt. Would they but set to it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking which they do in visits, vanity, and folly, it would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a sound basis and groundwork for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve God and help their neighbours."

I am not confident that, among learned ladies, Mrs Pilkington (1712–1750) deserves a place, but she was undoubtedly an accomplished woman of letters, with some knowledge of other languages than her own, and a capacity for writing her own with facility and refinement. She displayed at a very early age that desire to learn which seems the necessary complement of an active intellect. Owing to an affection of the eyes she was forbidden to read, but the prohibition acted as an incentive. "Twenty times in the day," she writes, "have I been corrected for asking what such and such letters spelled; my mother used to tell me the word, accompanied with a good box on the ear, which, I suppose, imprinted it on my mind." By her unassisted

efforts, however, she acquired the art. "I was at this time about five years of age, when, my mother being absent, I had happily laid hold on 'Alexander's Feast' [Dryden's ode], and found something so charming in it that I read it aloud; but how like a condemned criminal did I look when my father, opening his study door, took me in the very fact. I dropped my book, and burst into tears, begging pardon, and promising never to do so again. But my sorrow was soon dispelled when he bade me not be frightened but read to him, which, to his great surprise, I did distinctly, and without hurting the beauty of the numbers. Instead of the whipping of which I stood in dread, he took me up in his arms and kissed me, giving me a whole shilling as a reward, and told me he would give me another as soon as I had got a piece by heart which he put into my hand, and proved to be Mr. Pope's sacred eclogue, which task I performed before my mother returned home. They were both astonished at my memory, and from that day forward I was permitted to read as much as I pleased, only my father furnished me with the best and politest authors, and took delight in explaining to me whatever, by reason of my tender years, was above my capacity of understanding."

The young reader soon developed into a writer, and her compositions were pronounced extraordinary for her age. Being of agreeable manners and a pleasing person, with a reputation for literary ability, she attracted many admirers as she grew towards womanhood, and at length became the wife of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, of whom the present writer knows nothing more than that he published a volume of poetical miscellanies, which Dean Swift revised. He must have been a man of mean mind, since he fell into a jealousy of his wife's superior understanding; and the verses which, as a lover, he had admired with enthusiasm, he, as a husband, regarded with envy. The lady was very desirous of forming Dean Swift's acquaintance. Resorting to a not uncommon expedient, she addressed to him, through Dr. Delany, a birthday ode,[1] and in

[1] Mrs. Pilkington's verses may interest the reader :—

"While I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold,
Revered antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er,

return was invited to meet him at dinner. The great cynic was so pleased with her conversation that from that time she had "free access to the Deanery," and profited by the opportunity thus offered of putting on record, for the benefit of posterity, a graphic portraiture of his character, with all its manifold excellences and defects, humours and oddities. Their acquaintance led to her husband's appointment, through the Dean's influence, to be chaplain to Mr. Alderman Barker, Lord Mayor of London. Eventually an open rupture took place between the Rev. Matthew and his accomplished wife, and it is to be feared that the latter gave her husband some excuse by the indiscretion of her conduct. Settling in London, she lived for a time on the liberality of rich patrons, and when this resource failed, she was thrown into the Marshalsea prison. After languishing in that abode of vice and misery for nine weeks, she was relieved by the generosity of Colley Cibber, and enabled to open a small shop in St. James Street for the sale of prints and pamphlets. Friends gathered round her, and she was beginning to enjoy the delights of competence when an illness carried her off at the early age of thirty-nine. Her "Memoirs" are her most attractive work; she has also left behind her a comedy entitled "The Turkish Court," and a tragedy, "The Roman Father."

Let us not forget Anna Maria van Schurman (1607–1678), of whom it is proudly recorded that she might have married Cats, the Pensionary of Holland, and a poet of no mean repute, who wrote verses in her honour when she was only fourteen

> Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus shine,
> In every excellence divine,
> I grieve that our degenerate days
> Produce no mighty soul like these:
> Patriot, philosopher, and bard
> Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
> 'Spare your reflection,' Phœbus cries,
> 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
> Can you complain, this sacred day,
> That virtues or that arts decay?
> Behold, in Swift, revived appears
> The virtues of unnumbered years;
> Behold in him, with new delight,
> The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
> And know Ierne in that name
> Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

years of age. She was called the "Torch of Wisdom," and by some critics was exalted far above the poetess Tesselschade, though Hooft refused to join in such extravagant homage, exclaiming:—"She smells of the schoolroom; she cannot hold a rose to our Tesselschade." Her original powers were not remarkable, but she was exceptionally diligent, had a clear understanding, and a tenacious memory. There is no doubt that she was a very learned woman: Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were so familiar to her that she wrote as well as spoke them fluently, "to the surprise of the most erudite men," who could not understand how one small head (and a woman's head!) could carry all she knew! She acquired a proficiency in the Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and Ethiopic tongues; while she conversed readily in French, English, and Italian. Of course, she was well versed in geography, astronomy, philosophy, and the sciences, and a naturally devout bias led her to study profoundly theology and Holy Writ.

It is said that from her infancy she displayed a remarkable dexterity of hand. At six years old she cut with her scissors all manner of figures and devices out of paper, without the assistance of patterns. At eight she learned ("in a few days") to design flowers very agreeably; and at ten she conquered the mysteries of embroidery in three hours! From these minor pursuits she was led upwards to the practice of music, painting, sculpture, and engraving; in all which arts, we are told, she succeeded to admiration. Her caligraphy was exquisite, whether her dexterous pen traced Hebrew characters, Greek, Syriac, Arabic, or our commonplace "Roman hand;" she engraved portraits upon glass with a diamond-point; she painted her own portrait, and "made artificial pearls so nearly resembling natural ones, that they could not be distinguished except by pricking them with a needle."

Modesty and merit, says Lord Lytton, is a pretty enough alliteration, but where merit is great, "the veil of that modesty you admire never disguises its extent from its possessor." Anna Maria van Schurman's modesty was so far genuine that she would have remained in obscurity but for the urgency of Rivetus, Spanheim, and Vossius. Huyghens, the Dutch poet, and Salmasius, the opponent of Milton, also did their best to spread abroad the fame of her scholarship. She attained to so distinguished a position that she was visited by the most

illustrious personages of the age, and Cardinal Richelieu showed her some public marks of esteem. In her later life she embraced the principles and practice of Quietism; falling under the influence of Jean Labadie, who seems to have been a not unusual compound of gross profligacy and extravagant fanaticism, and attending him in his erratic journeys until he died at Altona in 1674. She then retired to Wiewart, in Friesland, where she was visited by William Penn, and where, in 1678, she died, at the ripe age of seventy-one. Her letters have been published: also a defence of Labadism, entitled, "Eukleria, Melioris Partis Electio;" and two dissertations, "De Vitæ Humanæ Termino," and "Dissertatio de Ingenii Muliebris ad Doctrinam et Meliores Literas aptitudine," the latter a woman's defence of women's aptitude for the higher culture.

Brief must be our reference to Mrs. Elizabeth Lucar, whose accomplishments are rehearsed in her epitaph, inscribed on a brass in St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, London. She died in 1537, in her twenty-seventh year:—

> "She wrought all needleworks that women exercise,
> With pen, frame, or steel,—all pictures artificial,
> Curious knots or trails, what Fancy could devise,
> Beasts, birds, or flowers were as things natural:
> Three manner hands could she write them fair all,
> To speak of Algorism, or accounts in every fashion,
> Of women few like (I think) in all this nation.
>
> "Dame Cunning her gave a gift right excellent,
> The goodly practice of her science musical,
> In divers tongues to sing and play with instrument,
> Both viol and lute, and also virginal;
> Not only upon one, but excellent in all.
> For all other virtues belonging to nature,
> God her appointed a very perfect creature.
>
> "Latin, and Spanish, and also Italian,
> She spake, writ, and read with perfect utterance;
> And for the English, she the garland won
> In Dame Prudence's school, by grace's purveyance,
> Which clothed her with virtues from naked ignorance
> Reading the Scriptures, to judge light from dark,
> Directing her faith to Christ, the only mark."

Beyond the particulars set forth in this strange medley of

"taffeta phrases, silken terms precise," nothing more is known of Mrs. Elizabeth Lucar.

The elder Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," supplies an interesting account of Dame Grace Gethin (1676–1697), who, in her many accomplishments, and the pitiful brevity of her career, may be instanced as a parallel to Mrs. Elizabeth. She was a woman of carefully cultivated mind and of considerable natural ability, as the reader will perceive upon turning to the "choice discourses, pleasant apothegms, and witty sentences," which, after her death, were collected and published with the title of "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ." In these short essays she treats of such subjects as love, friendship, gratitude, speech, idleness, flattery, riches, and the like, frequently interspersing her own sensible reflections with quotations from favourite writers. Here is a specimen:[1]—"Reading," she says, "serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability; it perfects nature, and is perfected by experience; the crafty condemn it, simple admire it, and wise men use it. Some books are to be tasted or swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not. History makes men wise, poetry witty, mathematics subtle, philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend; nay, there is no impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit study, where every defect of the mind hath its proper receipt."

Mrs. Elizabeth Bland (born about 1660) was a famous Hebraist in her time; so was Mrs. Dudleya North (born in 1675), who also acquired a competent knowledge of several Oriental languages, besides a familiar acquaintance with Latin and Greek. It is amusing to remember certain long discussions respecting the fitness of women for receiving "the higher education," or undertaking the studies generally supposed to be essentially masculine, when we enumerate this splendid bead-roll of female scholars. Shall we not add to it the name of Lady Mary Chudleigh (born 1656), who translated Lucian, composed operas and tragedies, and delivered herself of essays

[1] This should be compared with Bacon's "Essay on Studies," from which it is largely borrowed.

on the recognised subjects of morality, which were dedicated to the Electress Sophia? The daughter of Cudworth, author of "The Intellectual System of the Universe"—whom Principal Tulloch styles "the most celebrated of the Cambridge school, and at the same time its most systematic and formal writer"—and the friend of Locke, Damaris Lady Masham, born 1658, must not be omitted. In her "Occasional Thoughts in Reference to a Virtuous or Christian Life," she examines with much ability the question of the education of women, and especially dwells on the importance of making religion its groundwork. As Ballard puts it, she very justly reprehends and reproaches "persons of quality" for so "scandalously" permitting their daughters to pass that part of their youth in which their mind is most ductile and susceptible of good impressions, in a ridiculous circle of diversions, which so engrosses them as to leave them no spare hours for the improvement of the understanding. She is not less severe upon the sham that passed current as education in our boys' schools and colleges, and pertinently says:—"Thus wretchedly destitute of all that knowledge they ought to have, are, generally speaking, our English gentlemen; and, being so, what wonder can it be if they like not that women should have knowledge? For this is a quality that will give some sort of superiority even to those who care not to have it." To a man with the ignorance and tastes of a groom, or a *fainéant* of the "crutch and toothpick" school, a wife of culture and refinement would be a constant reproach. A Clodius is necessarily out of place in the society of a Cornelia.

At Lady Masham's seat of Oates, in Essex, Locke spent his later years, which were brightened by her affectionate attention. In this she did but repay a debt of gratitude, for she owed to him her skill in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, philosophy, and divinity. She watched by his bedside the night before he died, and listened while with dying lips he exhorted her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better. The next day, as she was reading the psalms to him in a low voice, he desired her to read louder; she did so, and for a time he was very attentive. Suddenly he motioned to her to desist, and a few minutes afterwards passed away without a sigh. She survived him only five years, dying in 1708, at the age of fifty.

The principal work of this able and accomplished woman is "A Discourse Concerning the Love of God," published in 1696, in which she refutes, with cogent logic, the hypothesis of Norris of Bemerton, that "mankind are obliged strictly, as their duty, to love with desire nothing but God only, every degree of desire of any creature whatsoever being sinful." Because (so he contends) God, not the creature, is the immediate cause of our efficient sensations; for whatsoever gives us pleasure has a right to our love; God alone gives us pleasure, therefore He alone has a right to our love. The evil consequences that might flow from such a theory are strikingly illustrated by Lady Masham,[1] who, as Principal Tulloch says, was obviously "a genuine disciple of her father's rational theology, distinguished, like him, by breadth of insight, candour, and love of truth, as well as by unusual learning, sagacity, and penetration." It is interesting, as he observes, to link together, through her, the names of Cudworth, Locke, and Newton. "The history of philosophy is lightened, and even its higher significance brought into relief, by any episode which, like this, unveils its diffusive influence and the pleasant friendships which underlie and unite its great movements."

Fuller, in his "Worthies," speaks of Elizabeth Jane Weston as a scion of the ancient family of the Westons of Sutton, in Surrey. She was celebrated for her great natural parts, which were much improved "by a polite education." Many languages did she understand, but more particularly was she skilled in Latin, writing both in Latin prose and verse with great success. Hence she became known to and corresponded with the most eminent foreign scholars of her time, who loaded her with panegyrics. Scaliger characteristically said:—"Penè priùs mihi contigit admirari ingenium tuum, quàm nosse." And James Dousa broke forth into bad and antique puns:—

> "Angla vel Angelica es, vel prorsus es Angelus animo,
> Si sexus vetat hoc, Angelus est animus."

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[1] Damaris Cudworth was born at Cambridge on the 18th of January 1658. She became the second wife of Sir Francis Masham, of Oates, in Essex, and died on the 20th of April 1708. Her son, Francis Cudworth Masham, attained some distinction as a Master in Chancery.

That is (in evident imitation of Gregory the Great's well-known quibble) :—

> "An Angle, or angelic maid,
> Or angel, thee we find;
> Or, if thy sex forbid that name,
> An angel is thy mind."

Nicholas May dedicated to her a Latin epigram. In a later age, Farnaby placed her high among the Latin poets of the sixteenth century. Philips, in his "Theatrum Poetarum," ranks her among his female poets; and Evelyn gives her a niche in his catalogue of learned women.[1] Whether she deserved all this praise may well be doubted. It is true that she wrote a Latin poem in praise of typography, and translated several of Æsop's fables into Latin verse; but then our girl-graduates of Girton could do as much! What we have read of her Latin verse is neat and accurate; it lacks, however, the charm of well-chosen epithets, and too frequently echoes the Ovidian phraseology.

We must find room here for a notice of Mrs. Catherine Bovey, whom Sir Richard Steele thought worthy of one of his elegant dedications.[2] He informs the world, in his own inimitable style, that instead of the pastimes of fashionable society, books and solitude were her choice, and that "she had gone on in the study of what she should be, rather than attend to the celebration of what she was. Thus," he continues, "with the charms of the fairest of your own sex, and knowledge not inferior to the most learned of ours, a closet, a bower, or some beauteous scene of rural nature, has constantly robbed the world of a lady's appearance, who never was beheld but with gladness to her visitants, nor ever admired but with pain to herself." Is not the turn of this last sentence charming? He adds:—"But a constant distribution of large charities, a search for objects of new bounty, and a skilful choice of modest merit or suffering virtue, touch the souls of those who penetrate your gardens too deeply to be borne without inquiring for and celebrating their benefactress. I should be loath to offend your tenderness in this particular, but I know when I say this, the fatherless and the widow, the

[1] See his "Numismata, or Discourse on Medals."
[2] In the second volume of his "Ladies' Library."

neglected man of merit, the wretch on the sick-bed, in a word, the distressed under all forms, will from this hint learn to trace the kind hand which has so often, as from Heaven, conveyed to them what they have asked in anguish of soul, when none could hear but He who has blessed you with so ample a fortune and given you a soul to employ it in His service."

Mrs. Bovey was married at the age of fifteen, left a widow without children at the age of twenty-two, and died, after bearing a terrible operation with heroic fortitude, at the age of fifty-six (in 1726). *Voilà tout:* such was her life, a life of high thoughts and good deeds, rather than of events. She wrote, or at least published, nothing; but by the common consent of her most distinguished contemporaries, she was endowed with a fine intellect, which she cultivated with the greatest care. In her later life the encouragement and advancement of the learning she so loved and valued became her principal object, and to this she devoted a considerable part of her fortune. Her conversation was elegant, witty, and instructive; her critical judgment sound; her taste delicacy itself. She is one of the few women whom Mrs. Manley draws with a favourable pencil in her "New Atalantis,"[1] and it must be admitted that the portrait is exceedingly attractive.

"Her person has as many charms as can be desired. She is one of those lofty, black, and lasting beauties that strike with reverence and yet delight; there is no feature in her face nor anything in her person, her air, and manner that could be exchanged for any other and she not prove a loser. Then, as to her mind and conduct, her judgment, her sense, her steadfastness, her reading, her wit and conversation, they are admirable; so much above what is most lovely in the sex, that shut but your eyes (and allow her the music of her voice), your mind would be charmed, as thinking yourself conversing with the most knowing, most refined of yours. Free from all levity and superficialness, her sense is solid and perspicuous. She is so real, so perfect an economist, that, in taking in all the greater beauties of life, she does not disdain to stoop to the

[1] Mrs. de la Rivière Manley (born 1672, died 1724) is the author of a once celebrated book of scandal, "Secret Memoirs and Manners of Persons of Quality of both Sexes, from the New Atalantis, an island in the Mediterranean." See vol. iii. pp. 209, 210.

most inferior; in short, she knows all that a man can know, without despising what, as a woman, she should not be ignorant of. Inimitable has been her conduct, and it is owing to her prodigious modesty alone that the whole Eastern empire [*i.e.*, Great Britain] does not sound her glory. She has desired to live unknown, and has confined herself to a narrow part of it, else her fame had been as diffusive as her merit. Wisely declining all public assemblies, she is contented to possess her soul in tranquillity and freedom at home, among the happy few she has honoured with the name of friends."

We pass on to Mary Astell. She specially merits notice in these pages as having been one of the first female writers who advocated the higher education of women. In 1697 she published two little treatises, replete with sound sense and elevated thought, entitled, "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of their True and Greatest Interest," and, "A Serious Proposal—Part Second—Wherein a Method is Offered for the Improvement of their Minds." In these she proposed the foundation of a kind of college for the education and improvement of young women, which might also serve as a retreat for ladies who wearied of the whirl of fashion and the gay, frivolous pleasures of society. The scheme was well received, and it is said "a certain great lady" had resolved to give £10,000 for carrying it out; but pragmatical and prejudiced Bishop Burnet, on hearing of her intended generosity, remonstrated with her strongly, declared the proposed institution would be reputed a nunnery, and succeeded in frustrating the design.

Miss Astell was also the author of "An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex," which is described as bright and witty; but her daily life was the most effective vindication. She loved knowledge for its own sake, and was unceasing in her efforts to add to the stores she had accumulated. She became an excellent scholar in French, Greek, and Latin, and made a considerable progress in logic, philosophy, mathematics, and theology. Among the writers of antiquity, those who pleased her most were Epictetus, Xenophon, Marcus Antoninus, Cicero, Plato, and Seneca. She was so eager in her studies, that when she saw the approach of needless visitors, whom she knew to be incapable of discoursing upon any useful subject, but bent only upon idle gossip, "she would look out at the window,

and jestingly tell them (as Cato did Nasica), 'Mrs. Astell is not at home,' and in good earnest keep them out, not suffering such triflers to make inroads upon her more serious hours."

Still persevering in her noble exertions to improve and elevate the position of women, she published in 1700, "Reflections upon Marriage," of which a second edition, with a reply to the animadversions of her critics, appeared in 1705. An admirable work of hers, which might advantageously be reprinted, is entitled, "The Christian Religion as Professed by a Daughter of the Church of England." It is alluded to in terms of praise by no less an authority than Dr. Waterland. From her industrious pen also proceeded, "Moderation Truly Stated: or a Review of a late Pamphlet, entitled, 'Moderation a Virtue [by Dr. D'Avenant]; or, The Occasional Conformist justified from the Imputation of Hypocrisy,' wherein this Justification is further considered," &c. The review is a defence of the doctrines and position of the Church of England; but, belonging to a bygone controversy, is no longer of any interest. Her other works of importance were her "Letters Concerning the Love of God," addressed to Norris of Bemerton, and her "Impartial Inquiry into the Causes of Rebellion and Civil War in this Kingdom."

"As much of the former part of her life," says her biographer, "had been spent in writing for the propagating and improvement of learning, religion, and virtue, so the remaining part of it was chiefly employed in the practice of those religious duties which she had so earnestly and pathetically recommended to others, and in which perhaps no one was ever more sincere and devout. I have been told that, for several years before her death, she constantly walked from Chelsea to St. Martin's Church every Sunday, never regarding the inclemency or unseasonableness of the weather, purely to hear a celebrated preacher, whom she much admired for his excellent practical divinity." When the rapid decline of her health and strength warned her that her end was near, she ordered her shroud and coffin to be made and brought to her bedside, that there it might remain as "a constant memento of her approaching fate." She died on the 11th of May 1731.

"It is remarkable," says Wordsworth, "that excepting 'The Nocturnal Reverie,' and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest' of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between

the publication of 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature." "The Nocturnal Reverie," as well as two "Pindaric Odes" on "Spleen" and "Vanity," a tragedy entitled "Aristomenes," and some other poetical pieces, came from the pen of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, who must not be forgotten among Englishwomen of letters. Her style is graceful and refined when she does not attempt too much; and her description of rural objects has the merit of accuracy as well as of a certain feminine elegance. Here are a few lines from "The Nocturnal Reverie:"—

> "When on some river overhung with green,
> The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
> When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
> And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite;
> Whence springs the woodbine and the bramble rose,
> And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
> Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
> Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes; . . .
> When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
> And falling waters we distinctly hear;
> When through the gloom more venerable shows
> Some ancient fabric, awful in repose; . . .
> When a sedate content the spirit feels,
> And no fierce light disturbs while it reveals,
> But silent musings urge the mind to seek
> Something too high for syllables to speak. . . .
> In such a night let me abroad remain,
> Till morning breaks and all's composed again;
> Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
> Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued."

This lady was the daughter of Sir William Kingswell, was maid of honour to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, and afterwards married to a gentleman of the Duke of York's bedchamber, Heneage Finch, who eventually succeeded to the title of Earl of Winchelsea. She died in 1720.

I have never read—I say it with shame—the poems of the Honourable Mrs. Monk, which, after her death (in 1715), made their appearance under the title of "Marinda: Poems and Translations upon Several Occasions;" but as they included versions from Tasso, Guarini, and Petrarch, as well as from the Spanish, I am content to accept them as evidences of her elegant scholarship. Her father, Lord Molesworth, in dedicating

them to Caroline, Princess of Wales, observes that most of them were "the product of the leisure hours"—would that leisure hours were always so usefully employed!—"of a young gentlewoman, lately dead, who in a remote country retirement, without any assistance but that of a good library, and without omitting the daily care due to a large family, not only perfectly acquired the several languages here made use of, but the good morals and principles contained in those books, so as to put them in practice as well during her life and languishing sickness as at the time of her death; in short, she died not only like a Christian, but a Roman lady, and so became the object of the grief and comfort of her relatives."

Who wrote "The Whole Duty of Man," a devotional work which was once held in high repute, and suggested to Henry Venn his "Complete Duty of Man"? It has been claimed for several distinguished prelates and clergymen; for a Mr. Abraham Woodhead, a Mr. William Fulman, for Dr. Sterne, Archbishop of York, and others; but there seems good reason to believe that it was composed by a "learned lady," Dame Dorothy Pakington, who died in 1679. It is attributed to her on her monument in the church of Hampton Lovett, and this authority is confirmed by the direct statements of Dr. George Hickes in his "Thesaurus," and by the author of "The Baronetage," as well as by other evidence which the industrious Ballard has collected. This lady also produced "The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety," "The Gentleman's Calling," "The Lady's Calling," "The Government of the Tongue," "The Art of Contentment," and "The Lively Oracles given to us; or, The Christian's Birthright and Duty in the Custody and Use of the Holy Scriptures."

Before glancing at some names of note in foreign literature, we shall put together in one brief paragraph those of a few learned Englishwomen upon whom we have no space to comment at any length. In 1628, Elizabeth, Countess of Lincoln, published "The Countess of Lincoln's Nurserie," a practical and sensible little treatise on maternal duty. Ascham and Davies, and other authorities, bear witness to the extraordinary skill as a caligraphist of Mistress Esther Inglis, two of whose exquisitely beautiful manuscripts are preserved in the Bodleian Library, while the British Museum contains her "Fifty Emblems." She was of Scotch birth and descent; was mar-

ried to a Mr. Bartholomew Kells, and was living in 1624.[1] Katherine Chudleigh was a member of the Independent party, and wrote a tolerably strong "Justification of the Independent Churches of Christ," in reply to Thomas Edwards,—Milton's "Shallow Edwards,"[2] and the Presbyterian author of the "Gangræna." Anne Wharton, who wrote "Paraphrases on the Third Chapter of Isaiah, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Lord's Prayer," besides translating into English Ovid's "Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses," was the daughter of the old cavalier, Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley (celebrated in Scott's "Woodstock"). She died in 1685, and her name is embalmed in some of Waller's graceful poetry. She was the sister of the Countess of Abingdon, to whose memory Dryden dedicated his "panegyrical poem" of "Eleanora." According to Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, in that "True Relation of her Life" which she wrote with such amusing egotism, God was pleased to command His servant Nature to endow her with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth. She was undoubtedly a woman of many accomplishments and many virtues, though few sparks of the poet's

[1] In the year 1620 was presented to the Bodleian Library, by Thomas Nevile, K.B., eldest son of Sir H. Nevile, Knt., a MS. which is thus described in the Register of donations: — "Elegantissimum libellum diversa Scripturæ genera continentem, manu Esteris Anglice, caracteribus exquisitis conscriptum." This is doubtless the MS. of the Book of Proverbs, dated 1599, in which every chapter, as well as the dedication to the Earl of Essex, is written in a different style of caligraphy, which is now exhibited in the glass case nearest the entrance to the Library. It is an extremely beautiful specimen of the handiwork of Mrs. Esther Inglis, of whose skill the Library possesses another and smaller specimen, consisting of some French verses by Guy de Faur, Sieur de Pybrac, written for Dr. Joseph Hall (afterwards Bishop of Norwich), in 1617. [These are described in the account of Mrs. Inglis in Ballard's "Memoirs of British Ladies."] A third specimen of her work is in the Library of Christchurch; it is a Psalter in French, presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1599, bound in embroidered crimson velvet set with pearls. See "Annals of the Bodleian Library," by Rev. W. D. Macray. Rivingtons, 1868.

[An account of Mrs. Esther Inglis, and of all her known existing MSS., was preparing for publication by the late David Laing, Esq., LL.D., of Edinburgh.]

[2] "Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics,
By Shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call."
—*On the New Forms of Conscience.*

divine fire kindle in her plays or poems. As "a most virtuous, loving, and careful wife," she claims our respect; and she reared a curious monument of conjugal devotion in her well-known memoirs of her husband, "The Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant Prince William Cavendish, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle,"—the Royalist leader whom Manchester and Cromwell defeated at Marston Moor. The Duchess did not want fancy or invention, though it was irregular and sometimes extravagant; and many "pretty conceits" might be gleaned from her poetical compositions. She and her husband filled nearly twelve folio volumes with their productions; among which we may particularise "The World's Olio," "Poems and Fancies," "Sociable Letters," "Philosophical and Physical Opinions," "Orations of Divers Sorts," and "Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life." She died in 1673.

It is not our intention to commit ourselves to a survey of the vast regions of foreign literature, and of the provinces therein which women have made their own. But we are anxious to glance at some of the work done by foreign women of letters, in order to show the extent to which it supports our theses: first, that women are capable of successfully attempting the highest forms of literary expression; second, that as the education of women has assumed a broader development, so have women proved themselves to be possessed of greater powers. Macaulay, referring to Lady Burleigh, Lady Bacon, and other learned ladies, remarks that we must not be deluded into a belief that they were more accomplished than many now living. The wonder and admiration of their contemporaries is, as we have already argued, simply a proof of the low educational standard which then prevailed. In the sixteenth, and to some degree in the seventeenth century, a woman, if not classically educated, was uneducated. She was obliged to learn Latin and Greek, because to those languages usually all human knowledge was then confined. "A person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. In looking round a well-furnished library, how many English or French books can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth received their education? . . . This is no longer the case. . . . We believe that the books which have been written in the languages of Western Europe during the last two hundred and fifty years, and transla-

tions from the ancient languages, of course, included—are of greater value than all the books which, at the beginning of that period, were extant in the world. With the modern languages of Europe Englishwomen are at least as well acquainted as Englishmen. When, therefore, we compare the acquirements of Lady Jane Grey with those of an accomplished young woman of our own time, we have no hesitation in awarding the superiority to the latter."

At the risk of repetition, we must contend that the writings of those learned ladies, however ingenious and creditable, will not bear comparison with the writings of their descendants. The inferiority we do not suppose to be due to any so-called inferiority of the sex; it is easily explained by the inferiority of the training which women then received. For centuries woman had been depressed, enslaved, kept in the background, or brought forward only to flatter the pride and minister to the taste of man, and it was impossible that she could have burst all at once into full flower. But we know now what she can do if the opportunity be afforded; what she can do when she is permitted (so to speak) the free exercise of her powers. It is noticeable that men have not advanced in the last century beyond the intellectual high-water mark previously reached, except in science. No one will presume to argue, for instance, that Tennyson is a greater poet than Milton or Spenser; Mill, a greater philosopher than Bacon; Thackeray, a greater novelist than Fielding. But the very reverse is the case with women. We have demonstrated that their intellectual progress has experienced no check; and on turning to any literary catalogue, extending over a period of forty or fifty years, the reader will perceive that we might have supported our argument by a crowd of illustrations.

Continuing our survey of foreign literature, we are first attracted by the name of Olympia Morata, an Italian lady, who, in the sixteenth century, won a brilliant reputation. Her story has a special value from the way in which it confirms the argument put forward in these pages. She was unquestionably a learned woman, but she was also a womanly woman; a scholar, yet gentle and refined as a maiden, loving and devoted as a wife. Her biographer, Mr. T. A. Trollope, remarks that she supplies a very remarkable contradiction to the theories of those who object to learnedly—or, as the habits of our time unfortunately

make it correct to say, masculinely—educated women. "Did her learning," he asks, "make her a less loving, or even a less housewifely wife? Did her competency to correspond with the scholars of Europe render her less capable of gaining the affection of friends of her own sex? Her Homeric studies did not keep her from visiting the poor in the plague-stricken poorhouse of Schweinfurth, or detain her from her solitary watch by her sick husband's bedside. No Ciceronian paradoxes were running in her head when all her energies had to be devoted to the reconstructing her own and her husband's home in a strange city; nor did love of study make her forget that 'a household was sure to go wrong when the mistress' back was turned.' . . . Olympia was the wife of a poor man, and one struggling with difficulties of no ordinary kind. Yet it would be difficult to imagine for him a fitter, more helpful, or more wifely helpmate than Andreas Grünthler found in his reclaimed 'Grecian virgin.'"

Early in the sixteenth century one Peregrino or Pellegrino Morata established himself as a teacher at Ferrara, where he married and made friends and prospered exceedingly. To him was born, in the year 1526, a daughter named Olympia, whose precocious talents it became the pleasure and chief object of his life to cultivate. At the age of thirteen she is presented to us as a lovely, bright-eyed, and bright-minded creature, enthusiastic in her love of the ancient literature, animated with the very spirit of Greek and Roman poetry, and imbued, moreover, with the fresh free thought of the new theology. The father's learned friends gathered around her in an admiring circle, comparing her to Diotima and Aspasia, to the Muses and the Graces, and pouring their flattery at her feet. Her budding reputation led to her being invited to the court of Ferrara by the Duchess Renée, to be her daughter's companion and the partner of her studies. The invitation was joyfully accepted, as it released Olympia from household duties, and left her at liberty to devote all her time to the prosecution of her beloved studies. In these her rapid advance was remarkable. Good judges pronounce her compositions in Latin and Greek, the compositions of a young lady of sixteen, not unworthy of many of the scholars of her time. She frequently lectured or declaimed in the classic languages before a brilliant and learned audience, composed of courtiers and

professors, the beaux and the sages of Ferrara, astonishing them by the fervour of her thoughts and the fluency of her style. "We used to hear her," writes Celio Curione, "declaiming in Latin, improvising in Greek, explaining the paradoxes of the greatest orators, and readily replying to all the questions addressed to her." Here is a specimen of one of her lectures, or rather of the introduction to it:—

"I well know the rarely equalled benevolence of my audience, yet the timidity natural to my age, joined to the feebleness of my talents, fills me with reasonable alarm. I tremble and remain voiceless, like the rhetorician who steps up to the altar at Lyons—

'Ceu Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.'[1]

However, you command, and I will obey; for no sacrifice is more agreeable to God than that of a willing obedience. I submit myself, therefore, to this trial for the third time, like an artist unskilled in his art, who can make nothing of a cross grained marble. But if you offer a block of Parian to his chisel, he will no longer deem his work valueless. The beauty of the material will give value to his production. Perhaps it will be so with mine. There are strains so rich in melody and harmony, that even when reproduced by the most miserable instrument, they yet retain all their charm. Such are the words of my favourite author. Listen to them. They will lose nothing of their grace and majesty even in passing from *my* lips."

As those lips were red as coral and sweet as half-blown roses, probably, in the opinion of many, Cicero's sonorous periods gained in beauty when uttered by them! "The young girls of thy age," writes one of her admirers, "pluck spring flowers from the meadows to weave them into many-coloured chaplets. But *thou* gatherest no blossoms doomed ere long to fade and die, but immortal amaranths from the prodigal gardens of the Muses, the divine privilege of which it is never to wither, but to gain beauty from Time, and flourish ever more vigorously as it passes by."

Olympia possessed a charming faculty of making friends. Her pupil, Anna d'Este, was warmly attached to her; as was

[1] Juvenal. The allusion is to the rhetorical tournaments instituted by Caligula at Lyons.

also the Princess Lavinia della Rovere and Francesca Bucyronia, one of the ladies of the court. Hers was one of those sunny natures in which the hearts of others seem to bask delighted, unfolding like flowers to the genial radiance of summer; so that, up to her twenty-first year, her life was a happy life, with scarcely a cloud upon its horizon. The first great grief that taught her that lesson of endurance which all must learn, was the death of her father in 1548. It was followed closely by another—her dismissal from her place at court, apparently because she was suspected of holding heretical opinions. The next two years were years of suffering and sorrow, but they were bravely borne; and who can doubt but that their rough experience proved no unimportant part of Olympia's education? It is adversity rather than prosperity which brings forth our dormant powers, and awakens us to a consciousness of the strength that is to be found in patience. It is with many minds as it is with some soils; they yield nothing until they have been charred by the breath of fire. And Olympia's process of life-discipline not only educed her finer virtues and the rarer qualities of her intellect, but, rescuing her from the evil influence of the paganism of the Renaissance, taught her to believe in the soul's eternal destinies and the providence of God.

In her twenty-third year she met with and married Andreas Grünthler, a young German who had taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Ferrara. It was a marriage of love, husband and wife rightly estimating each other's worth; and Olympia willingly surrendered her whole heart to her husband's keeping. In the summer of 1551 she set out with him for Augsburg, where he hoped to establish himself with the assistance of George Hermann, the councillor of the King of the Romans. Hermann sheltered them for several months; after which, as the desired opening had not presented itself, Olympia and her husband repaired to Wurzburg, on a visit to John Sinapi, who had married Olympia's friend, Francesca Bucyronia. Thence they removed to Schweinfurth, Grünthler's native town, where Olympia was able to rejoice in a home of her own, and the prospects of the "wedded lovers" brightened not a little. While her husband attended to the demands of a constantly increasing practice, Olympia superintended the modest household, and

undertook the education of a couple of pupils, her brother, Emilio, and John Sinapi's daughter, Theodora. Her biographer enables us to sketch a home-picture at this time which we may make use of to bring the learned lady nearer to our sympathies. In a low wainscoted room, the window of which projects over the narrow street, we see her and her two pupils sitting close together, and bending over an octavo volume of erudite Luke Anthony Giunta's 1537 edition of the "Iliad." At the other window stands the maid-of-all-work, Barbara, mending hose or stewing sauer-kraut, casting, we fear, many an idle glance at the dark-visaged Spanish soldiers, who, with clink of sabres, stalk along the street. In the background observe two heavy closed wooden bedsteads, not unlike great chests of drawers, in which Olympia and her husband repose; for this room, the best, and indeed only good room in the high-roofed, many-gabled house, is at once boudoir, study, and bed-chamber. One of the little rooms below serves as a kitchen, the other as the refectory. Above, in the huge roof, a couple of narrow-windowed attics contain the pallet beds of Theodora and Emilio, and higher still is the little cell to which Barbara retires when her day's work is done.

Here Olympia lived, and loved, and worked, happy in her comparative isolation and obscurity, happy in her husband's society and the companionship of the great minds of antiquity, until Schweinfurth was startled out of its propriety by the war-trumpets of that dashing soldier of fortune, the founder of the Prussian state, Albert of Brandenburg. The siege lasted for fourteen months, during which Olympia and her husband suffered the greatest hardships, and were in constant danger from the missiles of the besiegers and the ravages of the pestilence. Grünthler, assiduously labouring among the sick and wounded, was struck down by illness, and Olympia watched and prayed by his bedside. But he recovered. "We are besieged in this town," his wife wrote to her friend, Lavinia della Rovere, "and shut in without escape between two great armies. God, however, has so kept us hitherto, that we have escaped from what seemed certain death. He has fed us, and continues to feed us, in a time of extreme scarcity. My husband, prostrated by disease, was on the brink of the grave. But the Almighty Father hath deigned to recall him to life, in mercy to me, who could not have sustained so heavy a blow."

At length the town was taken by assault, and all those horrors followed which are usual when the passions of an infuriated soldiery are let loose. Amid the crash of burning houses, Olympia and her husband were swiftly making their way to the church as the safest asylum, when a soldier, altogether unknown to them, addressed them, and warned them to fly from the city if they did not wish to be buried beneath its ruins. "Had we remained in the church," writes Olympia to her sister, "we should have been suffocated by the smoke, as many were. We followed the man's advice, and hurried towards the gate." But before they could reach it, they were seized by a band of soldiers, who robbed them of everything and took Grünthler prisoner. He escaped from their hands, but was seized a second time before the gate was gained. "Then, I assure you, I knew what agony of mind is, if ever I knew it; then I prayed with ardour, if ever I did. In my sore distress I cried aloud, 'Help me, help me, O Lord, for Christ His sake!' nor did I cease my cry until He helped me and set my husband free. I would that you could have seen my condition, covered as I was with fluttering rags, for my clothes had been torn from my back. In my fright I lost both shoes and stockings, and had to run barefoot over rough stones and rocks, so that in truth I know not how I endured it all. Again and again I said, 'Here I must fall and die, for I can bear no more.' Then I prayed unto God, 'Lord, if Thou wilt that I live, command Thy angels that they carry me, for carry myself I cannot.'"

They reached the gate, and through the darkness of the night travelled ten miles, until they arrived at the village of Hammelburg. Ill with tertian fever, exhausted, and foot-sore, Olympia, with her husband, remained there three days. After undergoing further trials, they made their way to Erbach, in the Odenwald, where the Counts, who were zealous Protestants, received them with the most generous hospitality. It was many days before Olympia regained her strength, and, indeed, the trial was so severe that her constitution never wholly recovered. Soon after her convalescence, Grünthler, through the good offices of the Count of Erbach, obtained the professorship of medicine at Heidelberg, and thither he and his wife departed, crossing the Odenwald pilgrim-wise, with hearts elate, and faces set, as it were, towards the sunshine.

A picturesque incident of their journey has been recorded. At Hirschhein, in the leafy Neckar valley, they stayed a night. In the one inn's common room chanced to be assembled the schoolmaster, one Dominus Georgius Treuthuger, and his scholars, who were practising part-singing in the pleasant German fashion. As they fell into a strait, Olympia stepped forward to their assistance, singing the notes with them and encouraging them. Well pleased was Dominus Treuthuger. Airing his scholastic Latin, he entered into conversation with the strangers, and discoursed upon things human and divine long before he discovered who the travellers were. On making this discovery, he hastened to his own house, to return quickly with several musical compositions by Andreas Grünthler, which, he said, had always been his favourites. The husband and wife were both delighted and surprised to find that Grünthler's music had found its way to this far-off quiet little town on the flowing Neckar.

At Heidelberg Olympia and her husband resumed their life of tranquil happiness, and began to form a new collection of books to replace the library destroyed at Schweinfurth. Scholars and publishers came forward to assist them with donations. The fame of Olympia's erudition had spread over almost all Europe, and the Elector of Saxony was induced to offer her the Professorship of Greek in the university; which, probably on account of her shattered health, she refused. Across her path the shadow of the wings of the Dread Angel was rapidly advancing. Day by day she grew weaker; her husband's love and science were powerless to save; but it was with heroic composure and Christian hope that she accepted this solemn truth—a truth hard to bear even when life has run out to its threescore and ten years, harder still at Olympia's age, when life's summer had scarcely begun. She was only in her twenty-ninth year when she died (October 26, 1555). To her husband, who, with her two pupils, hung over her lamenting, she said, as the mists fast gathered before her failing eyes :—"I am happy, perfectly happy." And again :—"I can scarcely see you, my beloved ones; but all around me are shining beautiful flowers." These were her last words. An instant afterwards she seemed to fall asleep, and breathed her last.

Her works were collected and published by her friend

Curione. They testify to her accurate scholarship, though presenting few indications of a powerful or original mind.[1]

Let us not forget the Italian poetess, Gaspara Stampa. She was a lady of Padua, and lived near the small river Anaso, from which she adopted the poetical name of Anasilla. Her strong and deep affection was given to a soldier-poet, the Count of Collatto, whose only fault seems to have been his inconstancy. We may trace the story of her love in her remarkable sonnets, which begin with the delirium of passion, to end in the sadness and suffering of a broken heart. We find her now sanguine, hopeful, and assured of her lover's fidelity; now reluctantly convinced of his falsehood, and pining with neglected tenderness. We have said a "broken heart;" but her life was happier than her song. Collatto married another lady, and Gaspara revenged herself by falling in love with another cavalier. In one of her latest sonnets she protests that her new love is much stronger than her first, and dismisses the faithless Collatto with what seems to have been an unmerited compliment, that it was her fortune always to set her heart upon a noble object. Of her style it is enough to say that it was pure, simple, lucid, and graceful. Corniani

[1] Olympia's grave at Heidelberg has drawn from Sir Henry Taylor the following graceful lines:—

"A tombstone in a foreign land cries out,
O Italy! against thee: She whose death
This stone commemorates with no common praise
By birth was thine: but being vowed to truth,
The blood-stained hand that lurks beneath thine alb
Was raised to strike; and lest one crime the more
Should stand to thine account in heaven, she fled.
Then hither came she, young but erudite,
With ardour flushed, but with old wisdom stored
(Which spake no tongue she knew not), apt to learn
And eloquent to teach,—and welcomed here,
Gave the brief beauty of her innocent life
An alien race to illustrate, and here
Dying in youth (the beauty of her death
Sealing her life's repute), her ashes gave
An honour to the land that honoured her.

. . . Jerusalem! Jerusalem! which killest
The prophets! if thy house be desolate,
Those temples too are desolate, and that land
Where truth's pure votaries may not leave their dust."

emphasises her merits by applying to her the lines which Horace addresses to Sappho :—

> " Spirat adhuc amor
> Vivunt que commissi calores
> Æoliæ fidibus puellæ."

"Not less in elevation of genius," says Hallam, "than in dignity of character, she is very far inferior to Vittoria Colonna, or even to Veronica Gambara, a poetess who, without equalling Vittoria, had much of her nobleness and purity. We pity the Gasparas; we should worship, if we could find them, the Vittorias."

Tesselschade[1] was the third and youngest daughter of the Dutch poet and rhetorician, Roemer Visscher. Of her and her sisters a contemporary admiringly remarks :—" All were practised in very sweet accomplishments, could play music, paint, write and engrave on glass, make poems, cut emblems, embroider all kinds of fabrics, and swim well, which last art they had learned in their father's garden, where there was a canal with water, outside the city." Tesselschade, as she ripened into womanhood, became an acknowledged beauty, and soon gathered around her a circle of friends, prepared to welcome the earliest emanations of her genius; a circle including Vondel, Hooft, and Brederoô, all of whom have left their mark upon the dramatic literature of Holland. The last-named of the triad, Brederoô, fell passionately in love with Tesselschade, and dedicated to her one of his tragedies, entreating her to enlighten his poor play " with beams from those flashing stars that stand and sparkle in the heaven of your forehead." He was a man, however, of irregular life and character, and his suit was unfavourably regarded by Tesselschade's father. It was not fated to meet with a welcome from the lady herself, and in 1618 the unfortunate lover died, worn out by exhaustion and disappointment. Two years later her father died; and Tesselschade, with her sisters, removed to Muiden Castle, the residence of their friend, and their father's friend, the poet Hooft. There her lyrical genius blossomed

[1] This strange name signifies "Texel-wreck," and the young lady received it because her father, returning from a voyage, was wrecked off the Texel, at the mouth of the Zuyder-Zee, on the day of her birth.—*E. W. Gosse*, "Literature of Northern Europe" (from which the particulars of the following sketch are derived).

rapidly, owing not a little to the inspiration of the example and teaching of the author of "Granida," and something to the sweet influences of the pleasant landscape around Muiden.

On the 1st of November 1623, the poetess was married. There was no romance in her choice, but much practical good sense. Her husband was a widower, middle-aged, and a seaman, one Albert Krombalgh of Alkmaar, who would seem to have been endowed with many excellent qualities, as their married life was exceptionally happy. They lived in "good style" at Alkmaar, maintaining a liberal hospitality, and drawing around them all the *literati* of their time and country. Tesselschade was active in the production and revision of her poems, took a lively interest in art and letters, and amused her leisure by engraving upon glass, embroidering cloth with gold, playing upon various musical instruments, and charming her hearers with the melody of her voice. It is said that she adorned her house with her own paintings, and we read of her making a present of a goblet which had been delicately engraved by her dexterous hand. But in 1634 the shadow of a heavy grief fell upon her; she lost her elder daughter and her husband by smallpox. "She bore this sorrow," says Mr. Gosse, "with an exquisite patience. Hooft, who supported her through the terrible trial with the most friendly fidelity, wrote that the heroes might go to school to this much more enduring heroine. He very wisely recommended her to silence her memories of the past by renewed devotion to literary work, and she took his advice." But it is noticeable that thenceforth her poetry assumed a more serious, even a devotional character, and she wrote many spiritual poems. Her sorrow had darkened her views of life, and given to her thoughts a graver colour. She continued, however, the centre of a brilliant circle, and Barlæus laid siege in vain to her heart and hand, wooing her in lyrics which have been collected under the general title of "Tessalica." He sung of her in all her gifts and graces, and in all her occupations and amusements; in a boat at sea, riding on horseback, playing the organ in Alkmaar church, and singing with her friend Francesa Duarte; he sung about her to her friends, to Huyghens sleeping under her roof, to Hooft when she was going to visit him, and always his songs panegyrised her surpassing worth and beauty, and insinuated that it was for him to shield and guard it. At

first Tesselschade bore the lyric bombardment with charming patience, but eventually, wearying of his persistency, she forwarded him a gentle hint—in a couple of stanzas—which he had the good sense to accept. Mr. E. W. Gosse translates the stanzas thus:—

"When a valvèd shell of ocean
Breaks one side or loses one,
Though you seek with all devotion,
You can ne'er the loss atone;

"Never make again the edges
Bite together, tooth for tooth:
And just so, old Love alleges,
Nought is like the heart's first truth."

In 1642 Tesselschade removed with her only daughter, in whom she had garnered up all her love, all her hope, and all her devotion, to Amsterdam, where, a few days after her arrival, she lost her left eye from a spark that flew out of a smithy as she passed. With gentle submission she bore the affliction, and, as the years went by, and she lost friend after friend, she still maintained her cheerfulness, for her daughter was left to her. But this beloved one, "the apple of her eye," was also taken, and the heroic spirit then broke down. In the summer of 1649 she died, literally of grief, leaving behind her the memory of an accomplished and gifted woman, who was not less true as a wife, not less tender as a mother, not less attractive in every feminine position, because she was an artist and a poetess.

In pursuance of the plan previously adopted in this chapter, we now come down to a later time. Few women have made a deeper mark on the history of their age than Madame de Staël, though posterity wonders, perhaps, at the extent of the influence she exercised over her contemporaries. Nowadays we talk of her, we quote some of her sayings, we repeat the anecdotes which illustrate her personality, but it can hardly be said that we read her works. Her *magnum opus*, "De l'Allemagne," has been outstripped, we admit, by events; but this cannot be said of her "Corinne" or her "Delphine," and yet who reads them? They throb, so to speak, with the life-blood of genius; they are eloquent, impassioned, bright with fine descriptions, warm with the breath of poetry, but their fame

is a shade. They are not living books. The scholar takes them down from the shelf to enjoy their felicities of style or analyses of character, but to the great world of readers they no longer appeal. And why? Because, like Madame de Staël herself, they are not true; their passion is a sham, their feeling an affectation. They are the *tours de force* of a woman of genius, who, for the nonce, wishes to be thought a poet.

Here is a characteristic passage:—

"Among all our presentiments of immortality, those to which music gives birth are not the least worthy of reverence. Even the mirth excited by buffo-singing is not vulgar, but fantastic; beneath it lie poetic reveries such as spoken wit never yet created. Music is so fugitive a delight, we are so sensible that it escapes from us even as we enjoy it, that it always leaves a tender impression on the mind; yet, when expressive of grief, it infuses a gentleness even into our despair. The heart to its regular rhythm beats more quickly, and, reminding us of life's brevity, bids us make the most of it; the void is filled; we feel within ourselves the active energies that fear no external obstacle. Music ennobles our computation of all our faculties and inspires us with a capacity for the noblest efforts; it teaches us to march towards death with enthusiasm, and is only powerless when required to explain or express any base or treacherous sentiment. Music lifts from the breast the burden it so often feels of the graver affections,—a burden which we take for the heaviness of life, so constant in its pressure. We dwell on its pure sweet tones until we seem to discover the secrets of the Eternal and penetrate the mysteries of Nature. This is inexplicable by words, for words do but copy primitive sensations, as translators turn poetry into prose."

One more quotation. It is the cry of a woman's heart:—

"How happy men! in honour's strife
They burst the chains of hated life.
We hope no solace from the throng;
Our torture is to bear,
Stirless and mute, a lone life long,
The pressure of Despair.
Sometimes, when list'ning music's tone,
It tells of powers so late my own,
Song, dance, and poesy—I start
As I could fly from this sad heart,

To joy again; a sudden chill
Reminds me that the world would say
Back, lingering ghost! it fits thee ill
To brave the living and the day!'"

Madame de Staël's power of description is shown in the following account of the Vatican :—

"That palace of sculpture, where the human form shines deified by Paganism, as the virtues are deified by Christianity. Gods and heroes are assembled in those silent halls, while beauty, in eternal sleep, looks as if dreaming of herself were the sole pleasure she required. As we contemplate those admirable forms and features, the design of the Divinity in creating man seems revealed in the noble personality He has deigned to bestow on him. The soul is elevated by hopes full of pure enthusiasm; for beauty is a portion of the universe, and, beneath whatever guise presented, never fails to stir the religious emotion in man's heart. What poetry irradiates a countenance where the most sublime expression is fixed for ever, where the noblest thoughts are enshrined in forms so worthy of them! Sometimes an ancient sculptor completed but one statue in his lifetime; that constituted his history. He daily added to its perfection. If he loved or were beloved, if he derived fresh ideas from art or nature, they were made use of to embellish and enrich the graces of his idol. He translated into looks all the feelings of his soul. Sorrow, which, in the present condition of society, is so cold and oppressive, then actually ennobled its victim: indeed, to this day, he who has not suffered can never have thought or felt.[1] But the ancients dignified it by heroic composure, a sense of their own strength, developed by their public freedom. The most beautiful Greek statues were those expressive of repose. The Laocoon and the Niobe are among the few stamped by sorrow; but it is the vengeance of Heaven, and not human passion, that they both recall. Of old, so admirable was the moral organisation, so freely circulated the air in those manly chests, so aptly was political order harmonised with such faculties, that, unlike our own age, those times seldom gave birth to discontented men. Subtle as were the ideas then discovered, the arts were furnished with none but those primary affections which alone can be typified by the eternal

[1] "We learn in suffering what we teach in song."—*Shelley.*

marble. Scarcely can a trace of melancholy be discerned in the sculpture of the older world. A head of Apollo, in the Giustiniani Palace, and one of Alexander dying, reveal, it is true, both thoughtfulness and pain; but they belong to the period of Greek slavery, which banished the calm, restful pride that had hitherto pervaded both the poetry and sculpture of Hellas. Thought, when not fed from without, preys on itself, exhuming and analysing its own treasures; but it wants that creative power which only happiness can give. Even the antique sarcophagi of the Vatican teem with none but martial or joyous images; the commemoration of a life of action seemed the most fitting homage to the dead; nothing enfeebled, nothing discouraged the living. In art, as in politics, the ruling principle was elevation; there was room for all the virtues as for all the talents. The vulgar herd were proud of their capacity to admire, and genius was worshipped even by those who could not hope to bear its palm. The Greek religion was not, like Christianity, the solace of the suffering, the wealth of the poor, the future life of the dying: it stood in need both of glory and victory; it proved the apotheosis of man. In this fugitive creed beauty itself was a dogma; and the artist, when required to represent base or ferocious passions, guarded the human form from degradation by blending it with the animal, as in the mythic centaurs and satyrs. On the contrary, when endeavouring to achieve an unusual sublimity, they united the graces of both sexes, as in the warlike Minerva and the Apollo Musagetes—felicitous combination of vigour and tenderness, without which neither quality can attain to perfection."

The restlessness and impulsiveness which were the leading characteristics of Madame de Staël's genius—characteristics through which she was so well fitted to become the exponent of the feelings of her age—distinguished also her career. In her revolt against the tyrannical conventionalism of society she forgot the moral laws, and her motives were frequently more admirable than her actions. The great principles of ethics she never grasped, and her religious creed was little more than a vague belief in the supremacy of an Eternal Power. Her heart was alive with generous emotions, her intellect was vigorous and bold, her imagination was vivid and picturesque; what she wanted was calmness, discretion, and

a firm will. Cuvier justly said of her, that the force of her imagination misled her judgment, and made her see things in a light different from all the world. As advancing years taught her the bitter lesson of experience, she grew conscious of her many failures, and exclaimed, with much pathos:—"I never was wrong but some sorrow came of it." In her life, as in her works, she thought too little of duty and too much of impulse. While pleased with an emotional religion, she failed to recognise with sufficient clearness the boundary between right and wrong. It has been so with many women of genius, who, in their eagerness to protest against the oppression they resist and the hypocrisy they despise, are hurried into imprudent theories, and sometimes into a course of action which the inevitable Nemesis awaits. This at least may be said of Madame de Staël, that she was wholly unlike the ideal of woman which society was so long content to accept. She was never troubled by timidity, never conscious of weakness; there was nothing of the commonplace in her life or writings; she had all the generous courage, the hatred of tyranny, the prompt decision, the magnanimity, which were formerly supposed to be peculiarly masculine attributes. And yet, in her greatness as in her littleness, she was a true woman. There was nothing of the virago or the Amazonian about her. She loved her father with a daughter's devotion; she clung to her children with a mother's faithfulness. Her enemies were many and powerful; she met them with a woman's vivacity of spirit and a man's intrepidity. Let it be said of her that she never forgot or betrayed a friend; never revenged herself on an enemy; and, though she committed errors, was never guilty of a meanness. The greatest fault that can be laid to her charge, and it is one we do not defend, is, that she did not make the use she might have made of her genius.

Yet in her day she was a power, and even Napoleon feared her, persecuting her relentlessly, and with a meanness that his most unscrupulous apologists cannot excuse. He not only feared her, but was jealous of her, chafing under her refusal to pay him the homage he so much loved. At St. Helena, however, he seems to have done her some scanty justice. "In spite of all the bitter things she has said of me," he remarked, "and without reckoning those she will yet say, I am very far from holding her to be a wicked woman. We simply played

at war, that is all." An unequal game, in which the woman's weapon was only her pen, while her adversary was the master of a hundred legions! "No one can deny," he said, "that she was a woman of genius and infinite *esprit;* she will last." "It is certain," he confessed, on one occasion, "that if she had taken my side, instead of assailing me as she did, I should have profited; for her position and her abilities enabled her to rule the coteries, and everybody knows how great is their influence in Paris." It would have been more true to have said that she animated and controlled public opinion, and that what he feared more than her genius was her love of freedom. Her dying words afford a significant commentary on her life:—"J'ai aimé Dieu, mon père, la liberté." We cannot doubt the sincerity of her love, though, too often, it was neither prudently directed nor wisely expressed.

There is always a certain kinship in the genius of great writers of the same race;—a blood relationship, as it were, which it is by no means difficult to distinguish. Who could not tell that Milton, Spenser, and Wordsworth were of the same stock as Shakespeare? And so it is easy to see, not in language or style, but in the tone of sentiment and form of thought, that Madame Dudevant—or Georges Sand, as she preferred to call herself—was the countrywoman of Madame de Staël. We do not, of course, insist upon any minute resemblance. Each writer has her distinct individuality, but there is not the less a something in each which indicates their national affinity. As far as pure genius goes, we hold that Madame Dudevant far and away surpasses her predecessor, to whom, however, she is inferior in ethical sentiment and religious feeling. She resembles her in her revolt against conventionalism, in her burning aspirations for liberty, in her tendency to confuse impulses with motives, and her failure to acknowledge the imperativeness of the great law of duty. The life of both was marked by many crosses; the character of both, with all its strength, disfigured by startling weaknesses; and it is significant that each, with all her courage and all her intellectual power, was constantly employed in the unpleasant task of self-defence, in inventing apologies and pleading justifications. "It was a mere accident," said a critic, "that Georges Sand was a woman," and something very similar was said of Madame de Staël. The truth is, that in man there is always a good

deal of the feminine, and in woman a good deal of the masculine, which in each is generally repressed by the force of circumstances, tradition, and culture; but in Madame de Staël, and more particularly in Georges Sand, the masculine element got free play.

"Georges Sand"[1] was the daughter of a brilliant soldier, M. Dupin, who had married a young Parisienne, an "*enfant du vieux pavé de Paris.*" She was brought up in the château of Nohant in Berri; learned to read and write, also to dance and ride, and to handle sword and gun; roamed freely about the country, and imbibed that love of nature which is one of the pleasantest features of her writings. Quick, impulsive, emotional, she showed a singular readiness to receive impressions, and a wise training might have made her a noble as well as a gifted woman. Her later education she received at the Convent des Anglaises; and there she rose to such a height of devotional feeling that it might have been supposed she would have developed into a religious enthusiast. But she was suddenly called back to the world and worldly things by the anxiety of her relatives to marry the Baron Dudevant, a young man of good family and tolerable estate, but otherwise not peculiarly desirable. It must be owned that in her domestic relations Amantine Aurore Dupin was very unfortunate. Her mother was light and frivolous, with no fixed principles and an irregular character; her father, a gallant soldier and a brilliant conversationalist, gay, clever, artistic, but absolutely wanting in steadiness of purpose and moral weight; while her husband lacked both appreciation and sympathy, was coarse in his tastes, and brutal in his manners. After three or four years of wedlock, husband and wife separated. The wife betook herself to Paris, assuming male attire; strove at first to support herself by painting, and eventually discovering the true bent of her genius, burst upon a startled public with her romance of "Indiana." This was followed by a series of splendid pictures, in which the style was as beautifully clear and luminous as the scene-painting, and unfortunately the morality, were questionable. Naturally of a bold and ardent temperament, Madame Dudevant, from attacking conventional rules and the authority of custom and tradition, advanced to the attack of social institutions, chiefly

[1] Amantine Aurore Dupin (Baroness Dudevant), born 18c4, died June 8, 1876.

because they pressed hardly upon herself. She fell into the delusion that genius may claim an exemption from the moral laws by which the mass of humankind is bound. Her later works, however, especially those which she wrote after her retirement into the country, are free from this stain, and many of them constitute idylls of extraordinary purity and tenderness.

Madame Dudevant, like Madame de Staël, was on the side of the Revolution; and in 1848 she threw herself ardently into the cause of the Red Republicans. Like Madame de Staël, though to a much greater degree, she represented the spirit of her age and country. As Renan said of her, she was "the Æolian harp of her time," repeating in exquisite tones and cadence the currents of thought and feeling that swept over her. Her socialistic sympathies, her attacks on the Church and the clergy, her wild theories of love and marriage, her exaggerated views of fraternity and humanity, were all reflected from the tendencies and aspirations of the age. Hers was a receptive rather than a creative intellect; but what she received she passed through the alembic of a rich imagination, and issued in a new form with the stamp of genius upon it. Her books are worth reading—we mean, of course, those that can be read without a blush; but the reader will hardly turn to them a second time. He will recognise the grace of expression, the play of fancy, the glow of feeling; but he will be offended by their falsetto tone, their high colouring, their palpable artistic deficiencies. Their principal interest is psychological, and arises from the light they throw upon the character of the writer;—a woman with a man's brain and a woman's heart, with a man's courage and more than a woman's weakness. Her rural tales, "La Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," "La Mare au Diable," and "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," with, perhaps, her great novels of "Consuelo" and "Mauprat," are those which, in virtue of their own merits, most fitly demand and will best repay perusal.

Mr. Henry James says of her, with much truth, that she was contemplative, but not, in the deepest sense, observant. She was a sentimentalist of a very high order, but not a moralist; just as she was imaginative, but not a poet. "She perceived a thousand things, but she rarely in strictness judged; so that although her books have a good deal of wisdom, they have not what is called weight. With the physical world she was

as familiar as with the human, and she knew it perhaps better. She would probably at any time have said that she cared much more for botany, mineralogy, and astronomy than for sociology. 'Nature,' as we call it, landscape, trees and flowers, rocks and streams and clouds, play a larger part in her novels than in any others, and in none are they described with such a grand general felicity. If Turner had written his landscapes rather than painted them, he might have written as Georges Sand has done. If she was less truthful in dealing with men and women, says M. Taine, it is because she had too high an ideal for them; she could not bear not to represent them as better than they are. She delights in the representation of virtue, and if we sometimes feel that she has not really measured the heights on which she places her characters, that so to place them has cost little to her understanding, we are, nevertheless, struck with the nobleness of her imagination. M. Taine calls her an idealist; we should say, somewhat more narrowly, that she was an optimist. An optimist 'lined,' as the French say, with a romancer, is not the making of a moralist. Georges Sand's optimism, her idealism, are very beautiful, and the source of that impression of largeness, luminosity, and liberality which she makes upon us. But we suspect that something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose-colour seem an act of violence."

To Sweden belongs the poetess Anna Maria Lumgren,[1] born at Upsala in 1754, died at Stockholm in 1814. Her best poems are said to be her humorous sketches of character and her lively scenes in common life, wherein she displays considerable powers of observation and a vivid fancy. To Sweden also belongs that charming novelist, Fredrika Bremer, who more nearly resembles Miss Mitford than any foreign writer we know of. She was born in 1801, and died on the 31st of December 1865. "I was born," she says, "on the banks of the Ama, a river which flows through Abo, and several of the learned men of that university were my godfathers." Whilst very young, she was removed with her family from her native Finland to Sweden, where she spent the winter in Stockholm and the summer in the country. During the winter she went

[1] The earliest Swedish authoress is said to have been Sophia Elizabeth Brenner, born 1659, died 1730.

through a proper educational course, played on the piano, sung, read, and drew, while indulging in dreams of that future when youth hopes to see and do such wonderful things! In the summer she made acquaintance with the sights and sounds of nature, and studied German and the German poets. At an early age she strove to give expression to her thoughts and feelings, or to reproduce what struck her most in her favourite authors. All writers seem to pass through this double stage of probation and imitation. Becoming a governess, and undergoing domestic trial, she learned that highest of all wisdom which is taught by sorrow and experience. Her youthful dreams vanished; a dark cloud swept over the young pilgrim's path. "The air was dimmed," she writes, "as by a heavy fall of snow; darkness increased, and it became night." And in the depth of that sullen winter's night she heard lamenting voices from the east and from the west, from plant and animal, from dying nature and from despairing humanity; she saw life with all its beauty, its love, its throbbing heart, buried alive beneath a chill covering of ice. Through this valley of the shadow all quick minds and passionate hearts must pass before they can emerge into the open sunlight of faith in the love of God.

Miss Bremer's residence at Arsta commanded a noble view of the Baltic, and overlooked the historic mead where Gustavus Adolphus reviewed his army before leading it into Germany as the sword and shield of Protestantism. Here she wrote most of her works, the earliest of which, under the title of "Teckningar ur Hvardagslifort," was published at Stockholm in 1828. It was followed by a succession of fictions, in which the interest is almost exclusively domestic, the sentiment invariably healthy and tender, and the character-painting remarkable for accuracy of outline and liveliness of colour. Under the titles of "The H. Family," "The President's Daughter," "The Neighbours," "The Home," and "Strife and Peace," some of them have attained a large and permanent popularity in England. As we have hinted, they are more akin to the writings of Miss Mitford than those of any other English writer; they are pervaded by the same *home feeling*, the same delight in rural life and rural scenes. She specially excels in sketching the domestic relations; and is scarcely less successful than Miss Yonge in making known to us the inner economy of a family, from the parents down to the ser-

vants, and even to the animal pets, with all the lights and shadows, little joys and little sorrows, that make up the household history. Her knowledge of human nature is not inferior to her descriptive power, while to her other high literary qualities she adds that of a subdued but genuine humour.

Miss Bremer's later works include "The Homes of the New World," in which are garnered up the fruits of two years' travel in the United States; and "Hertha," a story with a purpose, in which the injustice of the Swedish laws affecting the property of women is trenchantly exposed. If we mistake not, it brought about that reform which the authoress desired. Her benevolence was not confined, however, to the sphere of thought. Like her accomplished countrywoman, Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, she devoted a considerable portion of her income to charitable purposes. When Stockholm was visited by cholera and Copenhagen suffered from the Prusso-Danish War, she laboured indefatigably in the establishment of schools and homes for destitute orphans. Every winter the poor found in her a generous and sympathising friend. If inferior to a Georges Sand and a De Staël in genius, she surpassed them in the worth and beauty of a well-spent life.

Many distinguished female names shine star-like in the broad and glowing firmament of German literature. Here we shall refer only to Fanny Lewalt and Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn; the latter the authoress of numerous poems and still more numerous novels, which, in spite of many defects, teem with evidences of no ordinary powers. Her conversation-pieces are brilliant, and her sketches of aristocratic life show a keen perception of character and an analytical faculty of a rare order. We trace in her writings, however, something of that unrest, though originating in very different causes, which is at once the attraction and the artistic defect of many of Georges Sand's fictions. In 1850 the Countess was suddenly converted to Romanism, and thenceforth the pen which had dealt in the caustic and critical was employed solely for devotional purposes. Fanny Lewalt was born in 1811, and in 1856 married Herr Stahr, the eminent German scholar. She is a Liberal in politics, with opinions almost as advanced as those of the boldest of her contemporaries, and a faculty of expressing truths epigrammatically which Madame de Staël might have envied. Her novels are brilliantly written; full of wit, intel-

lect, feeling, and sparkling with satirical touches which flash and cut like polished steel.

We have dwelt on a few of the more illustrious and remarkable of our female writers; but, in addition to these, what a list it would be easy to draw up! Beginning at 1830, we find in poetry Sara Coleridge, the author of "Phantasmion;" Mrs. Southey, the graceful and tender author of "Solitary Hours;" the Hon. Mrs. Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell, 1808–1877), to whose cultivated mind we owe "The Lady of La Garaye," "The Undying One," and "The Child of the Islands," besides one or two clever novels; Frances Browne (1816–1879), a gentle singer, with a song of small compass but great sweetness; Mrs. Sigourney (1791–1865); Christina G. Rossetti, whose "Prince's Progress" and "Goblin Market" are marked by a most original fancy, and whose lyrics are fervid with feeling and charged with thought; Eliza Cook, with her vigorous, earnest, homely ballads; Mrs. Parkes-Belloe, a writer of no inconsiderable merit; Miss Hume; Adelaide Anne Procter (1835–1864), one of the most pathetic and spontaneous of lyrists; Frances Ridley Havergal, whose devotional compositions are very sweet and tender; Isa Craig-Knox; Jean Ingelow (born 1830), author of "A Story of Doom," and a poetess of no mean order; Miss Smedley; and Mrs. Augusta Webster, whose writings astonish by their dramatic power no less than by their artistic workmanship. Among novelists, we may point to the Countess of Blessington, a lively if not reflective writer; Mrs. Crowe, a novelist of considerable power; facile Miss Pardoe; Miss Marsh; Lady Georgiana Fullarton; Miss Julia Kavanagh (1824–1877); Miss Catherine Sinclair; Miss Toulmin (Mrs. Newton Crossland); Miss Sewell (born 1815), the accomplished author of "Amy Herbert," "Ursula," and their excellent companion fictions; Miss Jewsbury; Mrs. Beecher Stowe, whose reputation will depend upon her "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Mrs. Henry Wood, who, in spite of very serious defects of style, is a successful *raconteur*, and in her "East Lynne" struck out an original path; Miss Manning, whose old-world stories are pleasantly conceived and agreeably executed; Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Edwardes, and Miss de la Ramée ("Ouida"), three very popular workers in the field that Miss Braddon may claim to have opened and most successfully cultivated; Mrs. Riddell, author of "George

Geith;" Miss Harriet Parr ("Holme Lee"), who has given us many charming pictures of quiet life and quiet places; Miss Mather, the authoress of "The Queen of Connaught;" Mrs. Carolina Clive (1801–1873), whose renown was made by her "IX. Poems by V.," and her powerful novel of "Paul Ferroll;" and Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Redmond Ritchie), a thorough artist, with a keen eye for certain aspects of character, and an exquisite pictorial power. There are also graceful writers such as Miss M. B. and Miss A. B. Edwards, Mrs. Macquoid, and Hesba Stretton, who a century ago would have ranked among the *deæ majores*.

In history and biography, the most prominent female names are Mrs. Green, the editor of some volumes of the Rolls series, and author of "Lives of the Princesses of England;" Mrs. Grote, authoress of the "Life of Ary Scheffer;" Miss Strickland, to whom we owe a series of interesting memoirs of "The Queens of England;" Mrs. Oliphant, who has written the "Life of Edward Irving" and "Historical Characters of the Reign of George II.;" Miss Eliza Meteyard, the biographer of Wedgwood, also celebrated as a novelist and miscellaneous writer; Miss Clayton, and Lady Sale. In theology the name of Miss Cobbe occurs to us; and among miscellaneous writers we may mention Mrs. Jameson, an essayist of excellent taste and sound judgment; Miss Louisa Stuart Costello; Miss Roberts; Miss Postans; Mrs. Brassey, author of a pleasant journal of a yachting circumnavigation of the world; Miss Bird, Miss Gordon Cumming, Grace Aguilar, Lady Theresa Lewis, Mrs. R. F. Burton, Mrs. Baptie, Miss Sarah Tytler (Mrs. Keddie), Miss Catherine Sinclair, Mrs. Gatty (whose "Parables from Nature" are rich in quiet beauty), and Mrs. J. H. Ewing.

Among living Englishwomen of letters, allusion must be made to Mrs. Horace Stebbing Roscoe St. John, who, as the grand-daughter of William Roscoe of Liverpool, the historian of Lorenzo di Medici and Leo XII., may be said to have inherited literary traditions. At a very early age she became a contributor to periodical literature, to the "Eclectic Review" among others, and later to the public journals, the "Leader," "Daily News," "Atlas," "Daily Telegraph," and "Morning Chronicle." She married a well-known litterateur and journalist, Mr. Horace Stebbing Roscoe St. John, fifth son of James

Augustus St. John. In 1856 Mrs. St. John published a short biography of "Audubon, the Naturalist, in the New World," which afterwards reappeared in a larger form in America. This was followed by a vigorously written pamphlet entitled "Englishwomen and the Age," issued from the office of "The Englishwoman's Journal," then under the editorship of Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, and in which Mrs. St. John developed the views with reference to the social condition of women since amplified by her in the pages of Miss Emily Faithfull's "Victoria Magazine." Two other works have also proceeded from her accomplished pen, "Masaniello of Naples," and "The Court of Anna Carafa."

Mrs. Bray, a lady of Cornish extraction, has given abundant evidence of literary versatility. Besides historical novels, such as "De Foix" and "The White Hoods," and novels founded on the local traditions and customs of Devonshire and Cornwall, such as "Fitz of Fitzford," "Warleigh," and "Trelawny of Trelawne," she has given to the world an admirable "Life of Thomas Stothard," the artist; a pleasant topographical volume, "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tave;" and some historical works of research, "The Good St. Louis and his Times," "Joan of Arc," and "The Revolt of the Protestants of the Cevennes." Mrs. Bray has been twice married—first, in 1818, to Charles Stothard, the son of the painter, who died in 1821; and again, in 1825, to the Rev. E. A. Bray, vicar of Tavistock, who died in 1857. Her accomplishments as an artist are very considerable.

Nor must we pass over Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton, generally reputed to be the author of certain incisive papers on questions connected with the social position of women which have appeared in the "Saturday Review," and in a volume of essays, entitled "Ourselves," has proved herself a very candid critic. Her works of fiction have obtained a strong hold of the public favour through their brilliant sketches of character and the interest of their story, though their tone is sometimes censured as "disagreeable." Perhaps the most popular are "Patricia Kemball" and "The Atonement of Leam Dundas;" the most original is "The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist," but with all its power it fails to reconcile the reader to the choice of so hazardous a subject.

Miss Catharine Marsh, who has devoted her energies to the

furtherance of schemes for the benefit of the working classes, is the author of two very popular works, "English Hearts and English Hands," and "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars," a Christian soldier who died in the Crimean War. In Mrs. Craik (Diana Maria Mulock, born 1826) we meet with a writer who has laboured unweariedly in the cause of morality, and several of whose pure and pleasant novels deal with different social aspects of the "woman question." Most novel readers are familiar with "John Halifax, Gentleman," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "A Life for a Life," and "Two Marriages." But they should not forget Mrs. Craik's more serious efforts, such as "A Woman's Thoughts about Women" (a curious contrast to Mrs. Linton's "Ourselves") and "Sermons out of Church," in which good sense is embodied in lucid and easy English. Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge (born in 1823), in right of her industry and variety, to say nothing of ability, ranks almost at the head of the female authors of the day. She has written so much that she has necessarily written unequally; yet how good and careful is most of her work, and how excellent its prevailing purpose! In fiction her "speciality" is sometimes said to be the illustration of the religious doctrines of the High Church school, but we should rather say that it is her photographically-faithful description of family life among the English upper middle class. The accuracy and vivid minuteness of the domestic scenes in "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "Dynevor Terrace," "The Clever Woman of the Family," and the like, are unequalled. Miss Yonge has also produced "Cameos from English History," "Pioneers and Founders," and "History of Christian Names and their Derivation," besides numerous books for the young. The profits of her "Daisy Chain" (£2000) she devoted to the erection of a missionary college at Auckland, N.Z.; and a large portion of those arising from "The Heir of Redclyffe" to the equipment of the late Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner, "The Southern Cross." In the missionary and charitable organisations connected with the Church of England Miss Yonge has always taken an eager and a generous interest. Miss Elizabeth Sewell (born in 1815) in her fictions adopts what is known as "a High Church tone." She excels in bright and delicate pictures of womanly life and feeling; and for the sake of their moral, as well as their merits, young girls

should read "Amy Herbert," "Ursula," "Margaret Perceval," "Katherine Ashton," and their companions. Miss Sewell has also been an active contributor to miscellaneous literature. Miss H. L. Lear, by her admirable biographies of Bossuet, Fénélon, St. Francis de Sales, "A Dominican Artist," and Madame Louise de France, has won for herself no undistinguished place among English women of letters.

With Mrs. Somerville's name in scientific literature may fitly be connected the name of Miss A. Burton Buckley, who edited the ninth edition of Mrs. Somerville's works, has written "A Short History of Natural Science," and for some years was secretary to Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished geologist.

Miss Maria Mitchell may also be mentioned here. At the early age of twelve she gave lessons in mathematics and astronomy; and evincing a strong preference for the latter science, her father, an eminent astronomer, began to employ her as his assistant. Before long she undertook observations of her own, and in October 1807 discovered a telescopic comet, for which the King of Denmark rewarded her with a gold medal. The American Government afterwards employed her in the compilation of the "American Nautical Almanack," and in 1865 she was appointed Professor of Astronomy in the Vassar College for Women, New York.

To Mrs. Pitt Byrne we owe a graphically written book of "Flemish Interiors," and several other volumes of genuine merit, such as "Gheel, or The City of the Simple," "The Beggynhof, or The City of the Single," and "Cosas de España." Miss Maria Charlesworth, in her "Ministering Children," has produced one of the most popular juvenile books of the day. All her works (such as a "A Book for the Cottage," "The Light of Life," and "England's Treasure") are informed by a high moral purpose.

Much agreeable writing has flowed from the facile pen of "Grace Greenwood," as Mrs. Lippincott elects to call herself. Her style is fresh and clear, and she possesses considerable descriptive power. Among her best known books are "Recollections of my Childhood," "Stories of Many Lands," "Merrie England," and "Stories and Legends of Travel." Mrs. Eleanora Louisa Hervey is a poetess of merit, and a graceful writer of minor literature. There is real poetical feeling in her story of "The Pathway of the Fawn." To Mrs. Haweis, Mrs. Loftie,

Mrs. Leith Adams, Mrs. Adolphe Smith (a daughter of Douglas Jerrold), we can but spare this brief allusion; they help to illustrate the fecundity and versatility of woman's genius. Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander (the wife of the Bishop of Derry, himself a poet of no ordinary calibre, and a man of great and varied acquirements), as a refined and elegant poetess; Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, as the laborious and intelligent exponent of Shakespeare; "Gail Hamilton" (Mary Abigail Dodge), as a miscellaneous essayist, novelist, and political journalist; Miss M. Betham Edwards, as an able and industrious novelist and litterateur, author of "Kitty," "A Winter with the Swallows," and "Mrs. Punch's Letters to her Daughter;" Lady Eastlake, as the author of "Livonian Tales," a "Life of John Gibson, R.A.," and essays on "Dress" and "Music;"—we must bracket together, different as are their claims and talents, in one short sentence.

The industry and bright capacity of Mrs. A. M. Hall have embellished a long literary career, and a past as well as the present generation have been delighted by her Irish stories and sketches, her novels ("The Outlaw," "Uncle Horace," "Marian"), and her graceful miscellaneous writings. In 1874 she celebrated her "golden wedding" with Mr. S. C. Hall, a well-known litterateur and art-critic; and it is fifty years since she published her first work.

Among the learned women of last century we ought to have named Maria Gaetana Agnesi (1718–1799), who, at nine years old, wrote a Latin discourse; at eleven, read Greek and studied Hebrew; at thirteen, wrote in Italian and French and German. Afterwards she took up mathematics; and in 1738, when twenty years old, published one hundred and ninety-one theses. In 1748 she produced her "Analytical Institutions," which popularised algebra in Italy, and was declared by Fontenelle the best work that had been written on the subject. She was rewarded by Pope Benedict XIV. with the mathematical chair in the University of Bologna. After her father's death (in 1752) she gave up science and devoted herself to theology; yet not to theology alone, for she found ample time for good works, and in 1771 undertook the duties of matron or superintendent of the female department in the Milan hospital for the aged and infirm. She was eighty years old when she closed her laborious and honourable life.

impulses, it arouses the noble
aspirations, it nourishes a de
Therefore we say, cultivate Goo
not encourage a sickly sentime
tion of mood which is sometim
to respond to the influences of
nature, the world of art, the wo
be painters and musicians, but
appreciate a fine picture, and fe
effect of harmonious proportion
way the humblest life may be
the contemplation of the pure
and the gracious, will invigorate
the soul, and quicken the mor
Nature is open to every one,
"lively oracles" without finding
and to enlighten. Every one,
legacy of the poets. Every one
and "Shakespeare's strain." H
you and me; for you and me
poured their thoughts and feelin
that the study of poetry is pa
culture, we have put down im
nay, an indispensable, quality of
poetry is the loftiest expression
Ben Jonson grandly says:—

"View her in her glorious
Attired in the majesty
Set high in spirit with
Of sweet philosophy;
Crowned with the rich
That hates to have her
With any relish of au
Oh, then, how proud
Then is she like herself,
Of none but grave and

"There she stands as all souls bow before her. . . . Oh! long and sweet recompense of toil! Where is on earth the rapture like that which is known to genius when at last it bursts from its hidden cavern into light and fame!"—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."
—*Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Maid's Tragedy."*

"We thought her half-possessed,
She struck such warbling fury through the words."
—*Tennyson.*

"When o'er the chords thy fingers steal,
A soulless statue now I feel,
And now a soul set free!
Sweet sovereign! ruling over death and life—
Seizes the heart, in a voluptuous strife,
As with a thousand strings—the Sorcery!
—*Schiller.*

CHAPTER V.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD OF ART.

HAVE women attained to the same height of excellence in the arts as in literature? We fancy the question must be answered in the negative. There are no female names in sculpture, painting, or music invested with such a lustre of renown as in fiction and poetry. Yet no reason can be adduced why, in the world of art, women should not conquer for themselves a foremost position. Those very qualities which the bitterest misogynist allows to them,—the tendency to idealise, the fervid fancy, the intuitive sense of beauty, the fine aptitude for form and colour,—are the qualities which properly belong to the artist, and, in the fulness of their presence, characterise his best work. If, then, their inferiority in this province of intellectual labour must be conceded, may we not attribute it to the unfavourable conditions under which they have hitherto entered upon it? That there were female painters in the mediæval period we admit. They were not numerous, however, and did not attain to the first or even the second rank; for, in truth, an obstinate prejudice prevailed against the development of the artistic capabilities of women. In the first place, their existence was denied; in the second, their cultivation was prohibited, directly or indirectly. Women were refused the freedom of movement and independence of action which are as necessary to a great artist as light or air. They were debarred from an intimate and continual communion with nature, from studying the achievements of the famous masters, from gaining a knowledge of the human organisation. The unreality and the narrowness of

their moral and intellectual culture effectually prevented their progress. Their love of art flickered and died out like a lamp for which no oil is provided. Think of the education of women in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and consider whether it was adapted to produce a great artist! Mr. Ruskin, in enumerating the qualities by which great artists are distinguished from the small, places first their sensibility and tenderness; second, their imagination; third, their industry. No one will refuse to women the gifts of sensibility, tenderness, imagination; but who will affirm that, until recently, they were taught to make an artistic use of them? And as for industry, what could it avail, when they had access neither to models nor to nature? "During such investigation," says Ruskin, "as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and the law that they are all great workers." But how loud would have been the outcry if a woman had proposed to dedicate herself to the service of art! She would have been warned that her purpose was indecorous; next, that she was physically unfitted to carry it out; and, lastly, that she could not hope to compete with men. As soon as her fetters were wholly or partly removed, as soon as a large measure of liberty was granted to women, we find that a Rosa Bonheur can paint animals like a Cuyp or a Landseer, and a Mrs. Butler war-pictures like a Mantegna or a Wouvermans.

One of the earliest of modern female painters seems to have been Dame Angela Airola, a Genoese nun, who was taught drawing and colouring by Sarezava, and executed scriptural objects and pictures of saints for her own monastery, as well as for several churches. Her work was not of the kind which teaches noble truths or appeals to noble emotions; nor was it of the kind which is inspired by a keen sympathy with the beautiful or with the glory of the human form. But it was the best she could do with the faculties she possessed and the means at her disposal; and she gave her life to it, praising God. Another nun, belonging to the convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, in Florence, one Badissa Plautilla, also devoted herself to art. She taught herself to design, beginning with the feeblest efforts, and proceeding to loving and faithful

imitations of the canvas of the great masters, until she acquired facility as a miniature painter. Thence she passed on to bolder enterprises, executing altar-pieces and other religious pictures, many of which are still preserved in the churches and mansions of Florence. Of greater ability was Properzia de Rossi, born at Bologna towards the close of the fifteenth century. She was not only a painter but a sculptor, while as a musician she rose far above the commonplace level. According to Dallaway, her earliest attempts were carvings in wood and on peach-stones, eleven of which (formerly in the museum of the Marquis Grassi at Bologna) represented each on one side an apostle, and on the other a group of saints. By this minute and delicate workmanship having asserted her taste and skill, she ventured on a bolder flight of genius, and executed a couple of angels in marble for the façade of the Church of San Petronio. It would appear that she understood the rules of perspective and architecture, but we have been unable to meet with any detailed account of her drawings. Vasari mentions only her sculptures. A romantic love story of which she was the heroine has been introduced by Mrs. Hemans into her "Records of Women." She died in 1530 of a broken heart, bequeathing a bas-relief which she had undertaken to the one who had rejected her affections; and Mrs. Hemans represents her as exclaiming—

> . . . . . "Tell me no more, no more,
> Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
> To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?"

Among the Italian artists of the later age, one of the worthiest and most conspicuous was Elisabetta Sirani (1638–1665), and doubtless she would have risen almost to a level with the masters of her art but for her early death:—

> "The fair guerdon when we think to find,
> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life."

Lanzi speaks of it as, indeed, a wonderful thing that a young girl, who lived only six-and-twenty years, should have painted the vast number of pictures recorded by Malvasia. Still greater the wonder that she should have perfected them with a care and finish of the highest order; and, greatest

wonder of all, that she should have reached such perfection in historical pieces of large size, and in a style free from that timidity which La Fontana, and other painters of her sex, never entirely conquered. Elisabetta, in her brief career, exhibited that firmness of purpose, that persistency, that courageous spirit of diligence, which, somehow or other, the world has chosen to regard as almost the exclusive possession of man. She was the daughter of Giovanni Sirani, an artist of Bologna, who was himself at the head of a considerable school, and a painter of some merit. At an early age she gave promise of an artist's genius, and her father instructed her along with her sisters in the technicalities of his profession. But she soon outstripped him and them, revealing a vigorous individuality and a faculty of original conception which was denied to the other members of her family. Loving her art, she worked with unremitting industry. In 1655, when she was only seventeen, she painted two pictures; in 1656, five; in 1657, seven; in 1658, twelve; in 1659, ten; in 1660, fourteen; in 1661, fourteen; in 1662 and 1663, forty-nine; in 1664, twenty-eight; and in the first half of 1665, the year of her death, nine. Thus, in nine years and a half she completed a hundred and fifty pictures, not mere "arrangements," "sketches," or "studies," but carefully elaborated and conscientiously executed pieces, many of them of large size. Such was her rapidity of execution and boldness of design, that to see Elisabetta paint was one of the sights of Bologna. "On the 13th of May 1664," she enters in her journal, "his Serene Highness, Cosmo, Crown Prince of Tuscany, came to our house to watch me while at work, and in his presence I painted a picture of his uncle, the Prince Leopold. Alluding to the three special virtues of that great family, the Medici, justice, charity, and prudence, I introduced figures of them into the picture, sketching in the infant whom Charity is nursing very quickly, while the Prince stood by. On leaving me, he ordered a Holy Virgin for himself, which I executed in time for him to take with him when he returned to Florence." And in 1665 she writes:—"All the Princes and Princesses who have passed through Bologna this spring have come to look at my pictures and to see me work."

The money earned by Elisabetta's unfailing diligence was

handed over to her father for the general support of the family, but the presents which she received in jewellery were recognised as her private property, kept in a cupboard specially reserved for them, and exhibited on high days and holidays, by her mother Margherita, to her friends and gossips, with true maternal pride. In the spring of 1665, Elisabetta's health was failing; but her father being at that time disabled with gout, and one sister ill with fever, she was compelled to increase rather than relax her exertions. In reply to her mother's anxious inquiries about a pain from which she had been suffering, she bravely said that "the best way not to feel it was not to think about it," and returned to her easel and her canvas. But, in the middle of August, the pain became so severe that she was obliged to recur to medical advice; and on the 27th, while working on a picture for the Empress Eleanora, she was forced to suspend her labour. The medical treatment to which she was subjected aggravated her complaint. Her mother, we are told, gave her a dose of the famous Venetian medicine, "Theriaca," an oily substance compounded of some fifty ingredients. Dr. Mattaselani prescribed purgatives, and an ointment for external use. Dr. Gallerati ordered more purgatives, more ointment, and the application of the diaphragm of a sheep to the stomach. And when these remedies failed, he administered the celebrated antidotes for poison, "Bezoar" and the "Olio del Granduca;" for in Italy, in those days, when a patient was sick of a malady that the physicians could not understand, they immediately found in "poison" the explanation of their ignorance.

Thus perished Elisabetta Sirani. Her disease appears to have been inflamed ulcer of the stomach, which the quackery of the doctors fatally aggravated. A servant, named Lucia, was arrested on a charge of having poisoned her young mistress, but was released when no evidence in support of it could be adduced. It was no marvel, however, that the little community of Bologna were greatly shocked and overcome by the sudden removal, in the first flush and spring of her career, of the young genius whom they deeply loved and mourned. For it seems certain that she was as much esteemed as a woman as she was admired as an artist. Her personal graces were considerable, and to these the crowd are never insensible. She was, moreover, an excellent musician, and

her conversation was bright and witty. So exclusive was her devotion to her art, that she had no time or thought for the ordinary pursuits of women. If she had suitors, she never listened to them; and as, in Italy, the majority of women marry before they are twenty-six years old, it is reasonable to suppose that she had resolved upon living a single life. As much may be inferred from one of the sonnets written after her death by encomiastic mourners, in which she is represented as saying:—

"Fui donna in terra, e non conobbi amore.
(While a woman on earth, I nothing knew of love.)

Altogether, Elisabetta Sirani may fairly be put forward as an example of the resolute perseverance and concentrated purpose of which woman is capable, no less than of the success with which she can apply herself to the cultivation of the arts. The example is a singularly agreeable one, "healthy in its tone, invigorating in its suggestions, and addressing itself vividly to the sympathies of every admirer of honest energetic labour."

Bologna seems to have been fertile in female artists; for there, in 1552, was born Lavinia Fontana, who, as a sculptor, surpassed, it is said, even Properzia de Rossi. She was such an adept in soft sweet colouring, that her portraits of ladies were particularly esteemed. After working for some years in her native city, she removed to Rome, where she was patronised by Gregory XIII. and the noble family of Buoncompagni. Among her principal compositions was a picture of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, with figures larger than life, which she executed for the Church of St. Paolo fuori la mura. She died at Rome in her fifty-first year, and orators and poets deposited panegyrics on her grave. Passing over a certain pupil of Van Huspen, named Havernon, who made so great a progress in her art as to excite her master's jealousy, we note that Vasari alludes to Diana Mantovana, a beautiful Mantuan damsel, whose finely engraved intaglios he praises with enthusiasm. At Bologna in 1668 was born Maria Helena Panzachia, whose early taste for art being carefully fostered, acquired great readiness in composition, accuracy of outline, and skill in colouring. Her landscapes were marked by much poetry of feeling. But her chief excellence, we are

told, was in her introduction in delightful scenes of "most graceful little figures, that seemed to move, and expressed their different occupations in the most lively manner." No wonder that she was "much honoured and caressed!" Anna Maria Punilia deserves to be mentioned as one of the earliest modellers in wax, in which she executed portraits remarkable for their faithfulness, colouring her plastic material in such a manner as exactly to imitate life:—

> "Would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins
> Did verily bear blood?
> Masterly done:
> The very life seems warm upon the lip."

Among female painters must also be noticed Clara Varotari, who displayed considerable ability, and Gertrude and Cornelia Van-Veen, daughters of a Flemish master. We read also of Anna Wassa, a Swiss, as painting "agreeably" in oils, but "excelling" in water colours; and Henrietta Wolters, of Amsterdam (died in 1741), attained some reputation as a miniature painter. She was so ardent an enthusiast in the cause of liberty, that she refused invitations from the courts of Russia and Prussia, because the sovereigns were despots. Marietta Tintoretta, the daughter of Tintoret, belongs to a higher rank than any of these minor lights. She had a bold, irregular genius and daring spirit, which showed itself in her disregard of conventionalities and her assumption of the masculine dress. As a portrait painter her ability was undeniable. She assisted her father in some of his famous works, and pursued her art with an almost fanatical devotion. In music and singing, also, she was highly accomplished, and the charm of her manners and conversation was acknowledged by all who knew her. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and other princes, invited her to their courts; but her father, ou of his passionate love for her, could never endure the though of her absence. She died in 1590, at the age of thirty, leavin Tintoret inconsolable. Venice produced another, thoug less distinguished, female painter, in Catarina Taraboti, wh studied under Alessandro Varotari (1590–1650), or Il Pad vanino, that joyous and vivacious master, whose favourite su jects, like Ariosto's, were—

> "Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori."
> (Ladies, and cavaliers, and arms, and loves.)

It is probably more to the credit of Anne Smither, of Ghent, that she became the mother of Lucas de Heere, a painter of confessed merit, than that she painted "in miniature," with such "diminutive neatness" as to include a whole landscape, with windmill, millers, cart and horse, and passengers, in the space covered by half a grain. This was not art, though it was ingenious; the ingenuity, however, was surely misapplied. We turn with more satisfaction to the work of Violanta Beatrice Siries, a pupil of Giovanni Fratellini, who attained to considerable skill in the use of crayons and water-colours, and was much esteemed for the excellence of her portraits in oils. But whom shall we put in comparison with Madame Seturman of Cologne, if it be true, as her panegyrist asserts, that she excelled in all the arts: was not only a clever painter, but musician, engraver, and sculptor, besides philosopher, geometrician, and theologian? Versatile as a Crichton, she must have had a memory like Lord Macaulay's! The biographical dictionaries, however, are perversely silent about her.

Elisabetta Sirani founded a Bolognese school of female painters, the most eminent of whom were Genevra Cantofoli, Vincenzia Fabri, Veronica Franchi, and Lucrezia Scarfaglia. These, like their teacher, all imitated Guido's second manner. To the next generation (she was born in 1677) belonged Lucia Casabina, who studied under Gioseffo dal Sole, and married Felix Tonselli. From Bologna we pass to Leyden, where, in the latter part of the same century, flourished Madame Rozée, of whom it is recorded that she used neither oil nor water colours, but worked "on the rough side of the panel with a preparation of silk floss disposed in different boxes, according to the different degrees of light and dark tints, out of which she applied whatever colour was requisite for her work," blending, softening, and uniting the tints with such skill and dexterity, that she imitated the "warmth of flesh," as well as could be done with oil. The pictures thus executed are described as "exquisitely beautiful" and curious, some being historical subjects, others landscapes, and some portraits. Whether Madame Rozée's labours came within the province of art may, however, be disputed. The spectator's attention would be fixed, not on the composition, not on the grace of the design, not on the idea or sentiment intended to

be conveyed, but on the unusual nature of the materials employed and the manipulation they had undergone. It is the province of art to embody and convey the sense of beauty, and therefore Madame Rozée's arrangements in floss silk were not art.

Madame de Genlis speaks of Anna di Rosa, surnamed Anella di Massinassi, from her master, as painting historical pictures with success. Better known is the fair Venetian, Rosalba Carriera, born at Chioggia in 1765. She painted in oils, miniatures, and crayons, but was most admirable in the last, in which she excelled all her contemporaries. Her religious pictures, especially her Madonnas, painted in crayons, were highly esteemed, as also were her portraits. She was patronised by all the courts of Europe, and at Paris painted Louis XIV., the royal family, and many of the nobility. In a work entitled "Letters on the French Nation" she is thus honoured:—"What a pity that her pieces should not be everlasting! The finest piece in crayons that ever issued from mortal hands is the Venus in M. Pompadour's collection. The piece she drew for her reception into the French Academy in 1720 was a woman holding a crown of laurels, most elegantly done. Rosalba being attached to crayons and miniatures, carried them to so high a degree of merit, that she has seldom been equalled, never surpassed—extreme correctness and most profound knowledge of design not being so absolutely essential in those kinds as in history. She attained the end she proposed by the beauty of her colours, the purity and freshness of the tones, and the harmonious delicacy of her touch. The grace as well as the largeness of her manner equals that of the greatest masters." This, we fear, is exaggerated eulogy! Like many other painters, Rosalba had a genius for music; and it is said, too, that her poetical compositions were not without a touch of originality. Happy and prosperous in her life and her art, she lived to the ripe age of eighty-two, dying in her native city of Venice in 1757.

Cremona gave birth to Sophonisba Angosciola-Lomellini, a lady of noble birth, who studied under Bernardino Campi, afterwards under Sojaro, and rose into such distinction as a painter that Philip II. of Spain invited her to Madrid in 1559. She painted his portrait and that of his Queen, and

for her character and talents was so greatly esteemed by them, that they not only made her many valuable presents, but bestowed a pension upon her. They carried their good offices so far as to find her a husband in Don Fabrizio di Moncada, a Sicilian nobleman, and gilded the match with a splendid dowry and an annual income of one thousand ducats. Don Fabrizio, however, died in a few months; and Angosciola married a second time, her husband, Orazio Lomellini, being a member of one of the old patrician families of Genoa. In her old age she lost her eyesight, but her love of her art continued undiminished, and to converse with artists was one of her chiefest pleasures. Vandyck would often assert that he had received more instruction from the painting of a blind woman than from his master. Sophonisba taught her three sisters—Anna Maria, who was renowned for her scholarship; Europa, who drew portraits and executed altar-pieces; and Lucia, who died young in 1566. It was thought that, had she survived, Lucia would have equalled, if not surpassed, her sister Sophonisba. Nor did she confine herself to painting; she sang admirably, and was excellently versed in polite literature.

Vasari speaks of a daughter of Valerio Vicentius as having been taught to paint by her father, and as working most successfully, but he does not enumerate or refer to any of her pictures. In all the productions of female artists of this era the want of vigour of drawing and boldness of conception was conspicuous. To a great extent they were copyists, and this because they were denied that thorough intellectual culture which alone gives confidence and strength. Of all of them may be said what Vasari says of Plautilla, that they would have effected admirable things if they had been able to study, as men do, from the life, and had been furnished with the advantages of various kinds which the student in design acquires from drawing in nature. The truth of this observation, he adds, is made manifest by the fact that the figures and faces of women, whom she could study at her pleasure, are much more satisfactorily rendered in her works than are those of men, and have a much closer resemblance to the touch of nature. Vasari continues, in this connection, to notice the works of Madonna Lucrezia, the daughter of Messer Alfonso Quistelli della Mirandola, who was a scholar of Alessandro

Allori. The pictures and portraits from her hand, he says, are worthy of commendation from all. It does not appear, however, that any of them are now extant.

There is a curious notice in the "Dictionnaire des Femmes Célèbres" of one Madeleine or Magdalen Basseporte, who from her childhood gave herself up to art, and excelled in painting birds, insects, reptiles, plants, and flowers, her accuracy in detail testifying to her minute observation and indefatigable patience. And it is stated that in 1788, though seventy years of age, she did not fear to expose herself, day after day, to the ardour of the sun, and in the most painful attitudes, in order to copy for Louis XVI.'s cabinet whatever of rare or beautiful she noticed in the royal gardens. This was the spirit of the true artist, and proves at once her artistic enthusiasm and her fidelity to nature. A similar industry in old age was exhibited by Rachael Ruisch of Amsterdam, who, according to Madame de Genlis, painted as well at eighty as at thirty, and died in 1750, with the burden of eighty-six years upon her. In her youth she evinced a strong inclination for drawing, and having no master, set herself to copy, assiduously and laboriously, any paintings or engravings which pleased her. At length her parents yielded to her natural tendency, and placed her under the tuition of Van Aelst. Afterwards she became a pupil of Van Huysum, from whom she learned to paint fruit and flower pieces with much delicacy of manner. In acknowledgment of her ability, the Academy of the Hague elected her a member, and the Elector Palatine constituted her painter to the Court of Dusseldorff.

Renieri's daughters inherited much of his talent, and by their successful prosecution of the art excited the jealousy, it is said, of the best Venetian painters. Clorinda married Pietro della Vecchia, and Lucretia, Daniel Vandich, both of them meritorious artists; Anna and Angelina appear to have remained single. Another female painter of some renown was Antonia Pinella, a maiden of Bologna. The seventeenth century in England produced Mrs. Mary Beale, whom Walpole niches into his "Anecdotes of Painting." She painted in oil, water colours, and crayons, imitating the styles of Sir Peter Lely and Vandyck, but, it would seem, with feminine propriety, for it is said she was much patronised by the most eminent among the clergy. Her

colouring was rich, full, and intense, and specimens of it may still be seen at Lord Ilchester's seat at Melbury, Dorsetshire. "She was little inferior," affirms a critic, "to any of her contemporaries, either in colouring, strength, force, or life; insomuch that Sir Peter Lely was greatly taken with her performances, as he would often acknowledge." It is recorded that her price was £5, 5s. for a head in oils, and £10, 10s. for a half length; that she made an income of upwards of £200 a year, and expended a discount of "two shillings in the pound" upon charitable purposes. She died in 1696; and, if we do not reverence her memory as that of a great artist, we must respect it as that of a good woman. The age in which she lived was not, so far as courtiers, wits, poets, and artists were concerned, a lofty one; and it is to her honour that she rose above the prevailing tone of immorality and atheism, and lived a pure and honest life, lighted up by her simple artistic enthusiasm. Nor must we affect to despise her work; its technical merits are very considerable, and all that she did was conscientiously done.

In the annals of English art figures another lady, Miss Colvin, who is said to have been the daughter of a Penrith house-painter. She was certainly not fortunate in the conditions under which she pursued her early studies; but, guided by a natural taste, and sustained by an indefatigable perseverance, she attained to a remarkable degree of excellence in painting flowers and foliage. Pennant speaks of her as "a heaven-born genius, obscure and unknown," and notes that her work was equally elegant and accurate.

Returning again to the land of art, we meet with the name of Catarina Cantorio, a lady of Milan, who painted upon cloth. Flower-painting would seem to be a branch of the art in which women easily excel, for Maria Sibella Gravio, a German artist, and Catherine, the wife of the French sculptor Girardon, both attained distinction in it. They were contemporaries, and flourished in the last years of the seventeenth century. We shall probably be blamed if we include under the designation of art—a word of such lofty meaning, but too often pitifully degraded—the ingenious performances of clever Mrs. Delany, the friend and correspondent of Swift, whose "Autobiography" has been edited by Lady Llanover. Yet they were something more than mere *tours de force*. They could not have been ac-

complished without a faculty of close observation and a fine sense of colour, to say nothing of a patient industry which few men could have equalled, none surpassed. Mrs. Delany knew nothing of drawing until she was thirty, and was fifty before she began to work in oils. But if she began late she almost recovered the lost time by the immensity of her application. Day after day she sat down to her easel at six in the morning, and continued her pleasant task until five in the afternoon. She was chiefly a copyist, but her copies are so admirably done as to show that her artistic taste was true and keen. The ingenuities, however, to which we have alluded, were all her own; and, strange to say, were not invented by her until she had reached the age of seventy-four. The materials were coloured papers; the manner in which they were used was this: "Being perfectly mistress of her scissors, the plant or flower which she proposed to imitate she cut out, that is, she cut out its various leaves and parts in such coloured Chinese paper as suited her subject; and, as she could not always meet with a colour to correspond with the one she wanted, she then dyed her own paper to answer her wishes. She used a background as best calculated to throw out her flowers, and not the least astonishing part of her art was, that though she never employed her pencil to trace out the form or shape of her plant, yet when she had applied all the pieces which composed it, it hung so loosely and gracefully, that every one was persuaded it must previously have been drawn out, and repeatedly corrected by a most judicious hand, before it could have attained the ease and air of truth which, without any impeachment of the honour of this accomplished lady, might justly be called a forgery of nature's works. The effect was superior to what painting could have produced; and so imposing, that she would sometimes put the real leaf of a plant by the side of one of her own creation, which the eye could not detect, even when she herself pointed it out. Mrs. Delany continued in the prosecution of her design till the eighty-third year of her age, when the dimness of her sight obliged her to lay it aside. However, by her unwearied perseverance, she became authoress of far the completest flora that ever was executed by the same hand." The number of plants which she finished amounted to nine hundred and eighty.

Miniature-painting is another branch in which women have

won distinction. In addition to those already named, we may borrow Vasari's enumeration. He speaks of Susanna, the sister of Lucas Horebout of Ghent, who was invited to England by our Henry the VIII., and lived there in much honour for the remainder of her life; Clara Skeysers of Ghent, who died unmarried at the age of eighty; Anna, daughter of a forgotten physician, Master Segher; Livina, daughter of Master Simon Baruch of Bruges, who was nobly married in England by Henry VIII., was held in great esteem by Queen Mary, and afterwards by Queen Elizabeth; and Caterina, the daugher of Giovanni d'Hunson, who went into Spain, and entered the service of the Queen of Hungary.

The wife of Bishop Hoadley belonged, in her maiden days, to the ranks of female artists. As Miss Sarah Curtis, she was a pupil of Mrs. Beale, and gained her livelihood by portrait-painting. After her marriage she practised the art only for her amusement, though if we may judge of her talents, says Walpole, from her portrait of Whiston, the art lost as much as she gained. But ostentation, he adds, was below the simplicity of character that ennobled that excellent family. He does not explain, however, why portrait-painting by a bishop's wife should be stigmatised as ostentation. Walpole mentions a Mistress Anne Carlisle as flourishing in the reign of Charles I., when she was much admired for her copies from Italian masters. According to Graham, she was held in so much esteem by the King, a liberal and enlightened patron of art, that at one time he presented her and Vandyck with as much ultramarine as cost upwards of £500. Vertue refers to her teaching a lady to paint, whose picture she drew standing behind her own; herself sitting with a book of drawings in her lap. She died in 1680 at an advanced age. A Mistress Elizabeth Neal is mentioned by De Bie as residing, about 1660, in Holland, and painting flowers with so much excellence as to dispute the palm with their famous Zeghers.

We do not propose, however, to attempt an exhaustive catalogue of female artists. Our object is simply to show that, under peculiarly unfavourable conditions, they have reached a high standard of excellence, and to impress upon our young maidens that to women with definite artistic tastes and talents *the pursuit* of art offers an honourable career, in which they *may hope* to compete with their brothers on no unequal terms.

We believe they are capable of as much perseverance, as much patience, and as much energy. If some of the greatest painters, such as Tintoretto, the son of a dyer, and Giotto, the poor peasant boy, have worked their way onward in defiance of discouragement and poverty, so can women. If others have risen from the humblest positions, like Turner, the son of a barber, and Claude, the son of a pastrycook, so can women rise when possessed by a true enthusiasm. We believe that they will be content to accept Sir Joshua Reynold's axiom, that those who are resolved to excel must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but very hard labour. But in what vocation, may we not ask, is success possible *without* "very hard labour"? Knowledge is a jealous mistress, and demands that her disciples shall surrender themselves to her body and soul; shall give her of their best without stint or pause, on pain of losing the blessed sunlight of her divine countenance. It is recorded of Titian that he spent eight years of toil upon his great picture of "Peter the Martyr." It is known that Michael Angelo would rise at midnight to resume his work, fixing the candle, by the light of which he used his wondrous chisel, into the top of his cap of pasteboard. But are not women capable of industry quite as persistent and indefatigable? Is it not true that they excel men in their capacity of quiet endurance and their unpretending patience? "If you have genius," said a wise teacher, "industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place." This we conceive to be the exaggeration of a great truth. Industry will hardly supply that fertility of conception and boldness of execution which genius possesses, but it is certain that without it the greatest powers will be of less avail than very humble talents when sustained by a spirit of resolute and well-directed diligence. Industry alone will not make a Titian, but no more will genius. That the industrious may attain to a very respectable proficiency is proved by the example of Maria Angelina Kaufmann. She had taste and talent, and a passionate love of art, but the divine gift of genius was denied to her. Her father, however, educated her carefully, and she herself was resolved to make the most of what she was taught. At Milan, and afterwards at Rome, she patiently studied the productions of the great masters, and spent long hours every day at work, humbly and laboriously

endeavouring to imitate their beauties of grace and colour. She would not permit herself to be diverted from her object by the customary amusements of youth or the gay frivolities of society. She held with Buffon that "genius is patience." And so far was she successful that, on coming to England in 1705, she met with liberal patronage, and in 1718 was elected one of the original thirty-six members of the Royal Academy. It should be added that she was by no means "a painter and nothing else." I do not believe that it is possible to excel in any particular branch of art unless the mind of the artist has been cultivated "all round." Michael Angelo was a poet as well as a painter and sculptor, and Leonardo da Vinci a musician. And Angelina Kaufmann was a woman of many accomplishments, who wrote and spoke Italian, French, and English, as well as German.

A great female painter of our own day, Rosalie, or, as she is generally called, Rosa Bonheur, would doubtless ascribe her success to industry as well as to genius. Born at Bordeaux, on the 22d of March in 1822, the daughter of Raymond Bonheur, a French artist of some merit, she early displayed the artistic bent, and was instructed by her father in the elements of his profession. As soon as she had conquered the preliminary difficulties, she addressed herself to her work with courageous purpose and admirable firmness of will. Animal life specially engaged her attention, and to find subjects for study she did not scruple to visit the abattoirs of Paris. The cab-horses in the streets as well as the cattle in the neighbouring fields engaged her attention, and she suffered no opportunity to pass of observing their movements and habits. That she had contrived to penetrate the secrets of what we may call animal character, was seen in the first two pictures which (in 1841) she ventured to put before the public, "Chêvres et Moutons" and "Les Deux Lapins." Since that auspicious beginning her career has been one of uninterrupted success, and she has astonished the world with such masterpieces of insight and workmanship as "The Horse Fair" and the "Labourage Nivernais," "La Rencontre" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires." Her "Marche au Chevaux" was the cynosure of all visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1853. In 1867 she won universal admiration by her "Berger Béarnais," "Razzia (Ecosse)," and "Moutons au Bord de la Mer." Her conscien-

"Genius is Patience."
ANGELINA KAUFMAN,
A Woman of many Accomplishments. p. 278.

tious industry has never flagged. She, too, has felt with Buffon that "genius is patience." Dressed in male attire, so as to avoid interruption and possible insolence or curiosity, she has attended the principal horse-markets and cattle fairs, always watchful, always critical, always assiduous in observation and comparison. Adjoining her studio she has fitted up an ante-chamber as a kind of stable, and in its close neighbourhood a small fold for sheep and goats, that she may pursue her studies from life with greater facility. She has also wrought in sculpture, but not with as much success as on canvas. The reward of all this honest labour and heroic industry has not been denied to her. She has tasted liberally both of fame and fortune. She has been decorated with the Legion of Honour (1865) and innumerable medals; but, probably, the greatest tribute to her genius was the order given by the Crown Prince of Prussia, when Paris was besieged in 1870, that her house and studio at Fontainebleau should be religiously respected. Even so, as Milton sings—

> "The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground: and the repeated air
> Of sad Electra's poet had the power
> To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

Elizabeth Southerden Thompson, now Mrs. Butler, wife of Major W. F. Butler, C.B., an officer of distinguished repute, is the elder of the two daughters of Thomas James Thompson, Esq., by his second wife, Miss Christiana Weller, a lady of very considerable ability both as musician and painter. She was born at Villa Clermont, Lausanne, Canton de Vaud.

In her childhood she displayed a strong artistic bias. The pencil was rarely out of her hand; and her childish sketches, with all their immaturity, were marked by a certain decision of drawing and vigour of treatment. If she drew human figures, they could at least stand upon their feet; if she represented horses in motion, the "go" was unmistakable. Her favourite subjects were always those in which the action was vigorous and intense, such as steeplechases and cavalry fights. The horse, his anatomy, character, movement, were constant objects of study; and to this day her habit of close observation of the animal has never been relaxed. A seat

near the door of an omnibus, or a drive in a "hansom," supplies her with easy opportunities of storing up in a tenacious memory pictures as vivid as accurate of its action and idiosyncrasies.

Her father wisely encouraged, and did his best to educate, her conspicuous faculties of observation and perception. Frequent journeys to, and prolonged residences upon, the Continent, especially in the beautiful and picturesque Riviera of Genoa, brought her into constant contact with some of Nature's fairest aspects. And there is no education for the artist like that which this constant intercourse affords. It develops that love of the ideal, that striving after "first principles of beauty," which is the main characteristic of the true artist. Miss Thompson did not fail to profit by her opportunities; and her power of expression was stimulated and abundantly exercised by the bright open air of Italy, its delicious sky, its free social life, and the vivacious manners of its people. She was still in her "teens" when she entered upon a methodical study of the art at the South Kensington Museum, under the direction of the late Mr. Burchett. But it is to the lessons of Giuseppe Bellucci, of Florence, that she considers herself indebted, we believe, for her knowledge of its soundest laws, and her thorough "grounding" in its practical and technical portions. In one respect, however, the enthusiastic pupil surpassed that admirable master and consummate draughtsman, namely, in assiduity of application under trying circumstances. Whilst *he* succumbed to the heat of an exceptionally fervid Florentine summer, *she* was always ready for her daily task in the studio, or in the *cortile* of the Annunziata, where she spent many profitable and pleasant hours in copying the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto.

With that perseverance which is a prominent feature of her character, and goes far to account for her success, she continued her practice in Rome under circumstances of considerable difficulty. There she painted, in 1870, for the Pope's exhibition of sacred and ecclesiastical works, her first "sacred" picture, "The Visitation;" it obtained honourable mention. Emboldened to contend for a professional status, she sent in to the Royal Academy this picture. It was returned to her with the fatal "R" upon it, and a frightful gash in the tenderest passage of a very tenderly painted sky, through which

"broad daylight stared." We take leave to conjecture that some "natural tears were shed:" if so, the brave young artist wiped them soon, and, with the patience and energy which are the primary elements of genius, made a second effort to obtain admission. This too failed; but a third picture was accepted and "skyed," *i.e.*, hung far above the range of ordinary vision. Her fourth was honoured with a place on "the line:" this was the famous "Roll Call."

As soon as its creator had dispatched it with a "Good-bye; I shall see you back soon," she indefatigably set up another canvas, and fell to work at another and more difficult subject, the "Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre Bras." Meanwhile the "Roll Call" was successful, was praised by princes, and admired by the public. The force and individuality conspicuous in it naturally excited much curiosity in reference to the artist's next composition. The first, it was said, might have been "a fluke;" mean slander whispered she had been "helped in it" by some older artist; and the usual depreciatory suggestions were freely in circulation. "Quatre Bras" appeared, and impartial critics admitted its excellence and its advance upon its predecessor. But "Mrs. Grundy" was determined to have her "say:" she found fault with the colour, especially with the colour of "the rye;" the men's faces and coats were "absurdly clean;" the smoke was "too blue," and so on. It was a trying time for the young artist. We are told that even the purchaser felt temporarily uneasy about his investment, though he has since received confidence from his own experience of the fact that, of all Miss Thompson's pictures exhibited in his part of the world, "Quatre Bras" has been the most popular.

This picture, we may add, furnishes more than one illustration of Miss Thompson's admirable conscientiousness and fidelity to the truth. The choice of subject—though some people called it "a very shocking one for a young lady"—engaged the sympathy of military men, and she was generously aided in obtaining material and all kinds of data for the work. Infantry officers sent her photographs of "squares." But these would not do—the men were not in earnest; they would kneel in such positions as they found easiest for themselves; indeed, but for the help of a worthy sergeant-major, who saw that each individual assumed and maintained the

attitude proper for the situation at whatever inconvenience, the artist could not possibly have impressed upon her picture that verisimilitude which it now presents. Through the kindness of the authorities an amount of gunpowder was expended at Chatham, to make her see, as she said, how "the men's faces looked through the smoke," that would have justified the criticisms of a rigid parliamentary economist. Not satisfied with seeing how men *looked* in square, she desired to secure some faint idea of how they *felt* in square while "receiving cavalry." And, accordingly, she repaired frequently to the Knightsbridge Barracks, where she would kneel to "receive" the riding-master and a mounted sergeant of the Blues while they thundered down upon her the full length of the riding-school, deftly pulling up, of course, to avoid an accident. The fallen horse presented with such truth and vigour in "Quatre Bras" was drawn from a Russian horse belonging to Hengler's Circus—the only one in England that could be trusted to remain for a sufficient time in the required position. A sore trial of patience was this to artist, to model, to Mr. Hengler, who held him down, and to the artist's father, who was present as spectator. Finally the rye—the "particularly tall rye" in which, as Colonel Siborne says, the action was fought—was conscientiously sought for, and found after much trouble at Henley-on-Thames. These details will show with what loving patience and honesty of purpose Mrs. Butler pursues the art which she prizes so dearly, and in which she has won such distinction. She recognises, with Ruskin, as a characteristic of great art, that "it includes the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony."

Among her later paintings have been "The Remnant of an Army," descriptive of the arrival at Jellalabad of Dr. Brydone, the sole survivor of General Elphinstone's unfortunate Afghan expedition; and "The Scots Greys," representing a section of that famous regiment. Recently she has received commissions from the Queen to paint a picture of the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift (in the Zulu war), and another portraying an incident in the late Afghan campaign.

A scarcely less notable example of what may be achieved by the enthusiasm of diligent ability is shown us in Miss Harriet Hosmer, who was born at Watertown, in Massachusetts, in 1830. Her father was a physician, and it would seem that his

anatomical figures and preparations induced her to practise modelling in clay and plaster. At a comparatively early age she formed and announced her intention of becoming a sculptor, and to gain the necessary technical knowledge entered the studio of Mr. Stevenson in Boston. Manual skill she soon acquired, but her motto was "Thorough;" and perceiving that a thorough knowledge of anatomy could be obtained only by dissection, she repaired to St. Louis, and after some difficulty secured permission from the Medical College to work in its schools. At this period of her life she laboured with incessant ardour; no obstacle could daunt or discourage her. Her first original production was an ideal figure of "Hesper, or the Evening Star," and its merit was conspicuous enough to justify the choice she had made of a career. In 1852 she visited Rome, and became a pupil of the great English sculptor, Gibson, while her leisure was utilised in loving and careful study of the masterpieces of antiquity. The result of this conscientious preparation was seen in her fine statue of "Œnone," completed in 1855. That her intellectual growth has not been arrested is shown by her later works, such as her "Puck," her "Queen Zenobia in Chains," and her "Sleeping" and "Waking Fairies."

In the fairy world of the stage, woman has always been "at home." It will not be denied that Mrs. Siddons was the equal of Garrick or Kean; that Malibran and Pasta stand on the same level with Rubini and Lablache. The queens of song, indeed, exercise an undisputed sovereignty, and eager multitudes hang in silent ecstasy on the liquid melodies that glide from their eloquent lips. They can sway the crowded theatre at their will, until tears rise to the eyes of bearded men and the rough sons of labour are stirred with unwonted emotions. That faculty of expressing the passions which is the peculiar gift of women, their natural grace of movement, their power of sympathy, "the mind, the music breathing from the face," their charm of voice, their eloquence of gesture—all these are attributes which tend to ensure their success in dramatic representations. Most women have a sweet voice; most women have a spontaneous ease of attitude; and though I do not remember any great female orators, I venture to say that most women express themselves with greater fluency and force than most men. But neither as singer, actress, nor

musician can woman dispense with the labour that earns success. The crown is always and only for those who toil, who endure, and who know how to wait. Giardoni said, when asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years." And it is certain that genius itself cannot set aside that steady and regular application which is strangely supposed to be the prerogative of dulness, as if dulness were ever capable of real work!

It is a saying of Madame Riccoboni's, that "men are educated while women educate themselves; their heart is their teacher, and a successful teacher, whose method is sure." Madame Riccoboni spoke from her own experience; but we are not sure that her axiom is one capable of the extensive application she gives to it. As for herself, her intellectual industry was not confined to a single pursuit. Like our own Mrs. Inchbald, she was an actress and a novelist; and, again like Mrs. Inchbald, was greater as the latter than as the former. She acted with judgment and good taste, but all her genius was reserved for her novels, though she was forty-three years old before she discovered that she possessed any. Her romance of "Julietta Catesby" enjoyed a prolonged popularity. Jean Jacques Rousseau, in allusion to Madame de Graffigny's "Cénie," had remarked that it was not to one woman, but to women, that he denied the talents of men. Reviewing "Julietta Catesby," Fréron exclaimed, "Ah! M. Rousseau of Geneva, what will you say when you learn that its author is a woman?" The sorrows and sufferings of women, we may add, form the staple of all her works.

The career of Jenny Lind (Madame Lind-Goldschmidt) conveys a fine lesson to young girls:—not that every young girl can develop into a great singer, a great actress; but that every young girl can improve and perfect her natural gifts by assiduous and energetic cultivation. Nature endowed Jenny Lind with a good voice, but it was her own industry and patience that made her a successful prima donna. No doubt there are other and higher ways of employing one's powers than in an operatic or dramatic career, but in every way the same qualities of perseverance and fixity of purpose and courageous effort are needed. When Jenny Lind, who had sung bird-like at the age of three, and willingly undertaken the laborious studies

requisite for the stage at nine, was introduced to the manager of the Court Theatre at Stockholm, he roughly declared that she would never make an actress. After much pressure he consented to hear her sing, and pleased with her voice, he admitted her into the singing or training school of the opera. There she made rapid progress, and the purity of her style and the individuality of her acting challenged very general admiration. But at the age of twelve she lost her voice, was absolutely forbidden to exercise it, and had no other resource than to devote herself to the study of the art she loved so enthusiastically. With what perseverance she laboured! How unrestingly she strove to conquer all its resources! Her life of patient toil was a true poem. At length, when she was about sixteen, it was found that her voice had recovered its excellent qualities, and she appeared as Agatha in Weber's romantically beautiful opera of "Der Freischütz." "She was then," writes Fredrika Bremer, "in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form, her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful, and lovely in her whole appearance. She seemed to move, speak, sing, without art or effort. All was nature and harmony. Her singing was specially marked by its purity and by the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones."

For a year and a half she shone "the bright particular star" of the Stockholm Opera, but all this time, undazzled by her early success, she laboured incessantly to conquer certain natural defects of her voice. It was not an elastic organ; she could not hold her notes sufficiently, nor could she increase or diminish their volume with adequate effect; she could not deliver a cadenza. Yet such was her determined will, and such her untiring exertion, that she eventually attained the utmost facility and brilliancy of execution. Conscious that she stood in need of additional training and higher teaching, she repaired to Paris, having accumulated by dint of frugality a small fund for necessary expenses. There she presented herself to Garcia, the great teacher, who, having heard her sing, uncompromisingly told her the bitter truth, that she *had* had a voice, but was on the point of losing it through strain and over-exertion. He bade her not to sing a note for three months, and then to see him again. Her hopes were suddenly frustrated; but Jenny Lind knew how to wait—it is the special

gift of genius—and at the expiration of her period of silence, she again presented herself before Garcia. He pronounced her voice greatly improved and capable of further culture. In due time she returned to Copenhagen, where she appeared in the character of Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." Hans Christian Andersen, the romancist, has left a charming account of her appearance:—"It was like a new revelation in the realms of art; the youthful, fresh voice impressed itself upon every soul. Here reigned truth and nature, and everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs, and in this there was something so peculiar, so fascinating, people forgot that they were in a concert-room; the popular melodies uttered by one so womanly and bearing the universal stamp of genius exercised an all-powerful sway; all Copenhagen was in a rapture." The reception she met with almost overpowered her: "I saw her hasten into a dark corner and weep with emotion. 'Yes, yes,' said she, 'I will exert myself; I will endeavour! I will be a better singer than I now am when I next come to Copenhagen.' On the stage she was the great artist who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young maiden with all the piety and lowliness of a child."

In 1843 she was at Berlin, in 1844 at Dresden, and in each city she achieved new triumphs. She applied herself to the study of German, and in two months learned to speak it with purity. In London she appeared on the 4th of May 1847, and immediately carried all hearts by storm. A critic, speaking of her performances, makes use of some expressions which will strengthen the moral we have here put forward. "It is evident that in the greater part of the range of her voice, a range acquired by much perseverance and study, nature has not been bountiful to the Swedish nightingale in an extraordinary degree. *But art and energy have supplied the defects of nature.* Perhaps no artist, if we except Pasta, ever deserved more praise than Jenny Lind for what she has worked out of bad materials. From an organ neither actually sweet nor powerful, she has elaborated a voice capable of producing the most vivid sensations. . . . As a vocalist, Jenny Lind is entitled to very high, if not the highest commendation. Her perseverance and indomitable energy, joined to her musical ability, have tended to render her voice as capable and flexible

as a violin." It was these qualities which secured her success. Never was there a more conspicuous example of what may be accomplished by the might of self-reliance, tenacity of purpose, and a firm and abiding endurance.

It was said of Madame Pasta, the famous and unsurpassed "Medea," that "she left nothing to chance." The endowments which she had received from nature were many and great, but it was her industry, her patience, her perseverance, that turned them to successful account, so that she trod the lyric stage as its undoubted queen. Stendhal, a critic of acknowledged competency, says of her:—"She is a mistress of art, and being limited by nature, makes no extravagant use of her powers, but employs them with the tact and judgment that can proceed only from an extraordinary mind. This constitutes her highest praise, for never did intellect and industry become such perfect substitutes for organic superiority." Herein lies the great distinction between the amateur and the artist; the latter attempts only what he can achieve, the former attempts everything without first taking measure of his ability. The artist knows how little he can do and do it well; the amateur imagines he can do whatever anybody else has done. The difference is as old and as marked as that between knowledge and wisdom, which Cowper so tersely explains:—

> "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Hence we see the amateur painter attempting grand designs before he has mastered the elements of perspective, and the amateur vocalist labouring through the cavatinas of Rossini when she cannot properly render a single ballad. To know *what* we can do, and *how* it can best be done, is the knowledge that commands success.

There was so much of romance in the life of Madame Malibran that its story has been often told, and, however told, it has never failed to point a moral. She was born in 1808. At the age of five she played a child's part in Paer's opera of "Agnese;" two years later she began the study of singing and the piano. Before she was ten years old she could speak French, Italian, Spanish; she quickly mastered English, and afterwards German. Though delicate and sensitive, her father brought her up rigorously, and insisted that she should be-

come, what nature did not seem to have intended to make her, a great vocalist. She seconded his purpose by her surprising resolution. She was intelligent, patient, firm, and had all the artist's passion for art, though her vocal qualifications in her childhood were inconsiderable. Let no young maiden say she has no voice after the victory that Malibran's patience won over her rebellious and imperfect organ! "Maria can never become great," said her father, "save at the price of suffering." She paid the price, and she became great; the lyric world has known few more illustrious ornaments. From the 17th of June 1825, when at the age of seventeen she appeared in London as Rosina in Rossini's "Il Barbière di Seviglia," until the day of her death, September 23, 1836, she commanded the enthusiastic applause of the public. She infused the life-blood of genius into every character she personated, inspiring with vitality and vigour the puppets of the operatic stage, while to the music she sang she seemed to communicate a new and subtle meaning, until they who heard her were thrilled with passionate emotion. As her voice poured forth its rich melodious sounds, "music's golden tongue" flattered to tears the listeners; they were spell-bound by an awe that was never painful. By dint of unceasing labour, moreover, she had attained an extraordinary versatility, so that she was not less successful as Zerlina than as Desdemona, as the peasant girl than as the tragedy queen. "What character do you like best?" said a friend. "The character I happen to be acting," she replied, "whatever that may be."

A recent writer, Miss Clayton, says of her:—"She played the pianoforte unusually well, and, without having taken lessons in drawing, she sketched caricatures and portraits that were striking likenesses; an amusement in which she often indulged was sketching the profiles of those on the stage while waiting her turn to go on. She could compose with rapidity and felicity romances and songs. In feminine work she excelled, and if she saw a new work, a piece of embroidery, a cap, or a design in tapestry that struck her, she instantly caught the idea and imitated, often surpassed, the model. Her theatrical costumes and her head-dresses were all invented or made by herself, and she might often be found with the needle in her hand while exercising her voice. She wrote and spoke four or five languages, and employed them at the same time, with-

out confounding them, in a conversation with different interlocutors, though in the heat of argument her vivacity would sometimes carry her away, so that when at a loss for a word she would take the first that presented itself. One day, in an animated discussion, a friend reproached her with using language parti-coloured like a harlequin's suit. 'True,' she replied, 'it is parti-coloured like harlequin, but not masked.' Her memory was amazing; in four or five hours she would learn an opera in one act well enough to perform it in the evening. She read the music and words, whether in prose or verse, with as much rapidity as clearness."

The great musicians have all been men of wonderful application, and this patient resolution and heroic industry seem the natural complement of moral strength and intellectual power. Their lives inspired by visions

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,"

they have dedicated all their energies to the service of their divine art. "Work," exclaimed the composer of "Don Giovanni," "work is my chief pleasure." Of Handel it was said that he accomplished the work of twelve men. Of Meyerbeer, that he studied fifteen hours a day. Arne's father designed him for the legal profession, but the youth's love of music was so strong that he would hide himself in his garret with an old violin, and practise upon its magic strings in every leisure hour. We have seen that the same ardour and assiduity are indispensable in the great singer. Laure Damoreau, the celebrated French prima donna, in her childhood puzzled out the elements of music for herself. Her father was a teacher of languages, her mother a wood-engraver, and no one knows how the girl learned to sing, and sing most admirably. But her talent at last attracted the attention of her uncle, and she was introduced to Catel, the director of the Conservatoire. He requested her to sing; she chose the finale to Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," and rendered it with an accuracy that surprised Catel. Admitted to the Conservatoire in the pianoforte class, she quickly obtained a considerable proficiency on the instrument. Harmony she studied with equal success, so that the management, thinking she might do well as a pianiste, refused to admit her into the singing-class, despite her earnest entreaties. In this dilemma, a singing-master of the name of

Plantade came to her assistance. He gave her a series of lessons, by which she profited to such an extent, that, when she had reached her fourteenth year, he dismissed her with the assurance that she had nothing more to learn. She appeared at the French opera, afterwards in London, and her success was as brilliant as it was well merited. But until she retired from the stage in 1843 she never ceased to study. And this, too, may be said of all our really great singers; of Madame Tietjens as of Madame Grisi, of Madame Sainton-Dolby as of Adelaide Kemble, of Catalani and Mara as of Viardot-Garcia, of Sontag as of Schröder-Devrient. It is industry and not genius that rules the world. They who succeed are they who strive and labour to the end. "Patience," says Ruskin, "lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers;" and patience, that is, diligent and persevering patience, lies at the root of all success.

England has had its Mrs. Siddons, and Italy its Isabella Andreini. Isabella's biographers speak of her as one of the greatest actresses who have ever lived, and she seems to have been a true artist, devoted to her art. A contemporary of Shakespeare (she was born in 1562, two years before him), she was charming Italian audiences at the same time that English men and women in the little open theatre at the Bankside were revelling in the rich humour of Falstaff or sighing over the sorrows of Juliet. Like Shakespeare, she was both dramatist and actor, but it is in the latter capacity only that her name is remembered. Having performed with success before most of the Italian courts, she went with her husband's dramatic company, the "Gelosi," into France, where they were warmly patronised by Henry IV. and his Queen. She died at Lyons on the 10th of June 1604.

The reputation of the stage artist is necessarily a shadow, which grows less and less as the years pass by. No actual memorial of his performances, no enduring proof or illustration of his genius, can be transmitted to posterity; and a Burbage, a Garrick, a Kemble, or a Kean is, after all, but a *nominis umbra*. The work of the painter or the sculptor *lives;* and we can judge for ourselves whether it is worthy of the praise it has received. But the work of the actor is as fugitive as the hour, and in regard to it we must depend upon the testimony borne to its excellence by those who saw it and were in-

fluenced by it. There must have been genius in Isabella Andreini's acting, or it would hardly have called forth such a general acclaim. A medal was struck in her honour, with her portrait on the obverse, and the words, "D. Isabella Andreini, C. G." (*i.e.*, *Comica Gelosa*); and, on the reverse, a full-length figure of Fame, and the legend "Æterna Fama." The poet of the "Gierusalemma Liberata" wrote a sonnet upon her. She inspired several of the poems of the Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini. Francisco Pola of Verona and Leonardo Tedesco made anagrams on her name, one complimenting her as "Alia blanda sirena," the other inquiring whether she was "Lira ne, en labris Dea." While Ventura of Bergamo, in a dedicatory letter, declared that "she joined beauty to propriety, freedom to modesty, excellent speech with virtuous action, lofty intelligence with affable manners, and, in a word, all that is most charming to all that is most solid." Of Italy, he says, she was nothing less than the absolute queen, inasmuch as she was sovereign ruler of the princes who ruled it. With a fine extravagance he adds, that "the olive of Pallas was on her lips, in her face the garden of Adonis, in her bosom the banquet of the gods, around her waist the girdle of Venus, in her arms chaste love and the celestial Venus. So that one must conclude that she was the choicest product of all that the past had brought forth or the present was blessed with."

The enthusiasm and genius which women can sometimes dedicate to the service of art, and the patient application of which they are capable, we may illustrate by the example of Madame Rachel. Her father, a French Jew, was a pedlar of the name of Felix. The daughter, destined to win so great a renown, was born in a small inn at Munf, in Switzerland,[1] March 24, 1821. Her parents, after some years of wearisome wandering, settled in Lyons, where the father taught German, the mother bought and sold old clothes. Sarah, the elder daughter, went from café to café singing, and Rachel collected the copper coins doled out by charitable listeners. Thence the family removed to Paris, where they pursued the same course of life; until the two girls, in a chance listener, found a sympathising friend. A gentleman of the name of Morin, struck by the sweetness of Sarah's voice, sent her and her

[1] "Sprung from the blood of Israel's scattered race,
At a mean inn in German Aarau born."—*Matthew Arnold.*

sister, with a note of introduction, to M. Choron, the director of the Conservatoire of Sacred Music. He heard Sarah sing, and immediately admitted her as a pupil. Turning to Rachel, he said :—"And what can you do, little one?" "I can recite verses." "Recite verses, can you? Then let me hear you." The child complied, and M. Choron, though the voice was coarse, noticed the correctness and pathos of the speaker, and gave her also a place in the Conservatoire. She was advised to study elocution, and took lessons of M. St. Aulaire with exemplary diligence. Her abilities must now at this time have been conspicuous, for the interest she excited was not due to a graceful appearance. She was short and thin, with a figure made up of acute angles, and a long, narrow, colourless face, redeemed from ugliness only by a pair of wonderful lamp-like eyes. At fourteen she was often mistaken for a child of nine. Yet in that puny frame was lodged a great heart and a burning genius, with an unconquerable determination to excel. Owning an odd volume of Racine, she desired to become the possessor of another which she had seen at an old bookstall, ticketed "one franc." This was a sum never at the poor girl's command; and yet that precious book must somehow or other be hers. She bethought herself of her umbrella, sold it to a second-hand dealer, and with the twenty sous which it had fetched purchased the coveted volume, content thenceforth to trudge to and fro in the rain unsheltered.

Classes of declamation being opened at the Conservatoire, Rachel joined them; but the professors took little heed of their new pupil, declaring that her voice and her figure unfitted her for an actress. Having repeated the part of Lisette in Regnard's "Folies Amoreuses," Provost, her teacher, reproached her for not entering into the spirit of it, declared that she had the voice of a costermonger, and concluded with the injunction :—"Go, child, sell bouquets; that's all you will ever be fit for." Some months afterwards, when Rachel had played Hermione to an enthusiastic audience, and been overwhelmed with bouquets, she gathered up the floral offerings in the skirts of her Greek tunic, and approaching Provost, who was behind the scenes, knelt at his feet in an attitude of mock humility, saying :—"Sir, you once advised me to sell bouquets; will you now be my first customer?" The day of triumph, however, had not yet

arrived; and she retired from her irascible teacher's presence, sore at heart, but not wholly discouraged, and betook herself to M. St. Aulaire, begging his advice and assistance. After some little trouble, he procured her an engagement at the Gymnase, with a salary of 3000 francs (about £120), for three years; and on the 24th of April 1837 she made her first appearance in a two-act vaudeville, "La Vendéenne," written expressly for her by M. Dupont. A discriminating critic who was present wrote: — "Mademoiselle Rachel Felix, who is quite young, will eventually prove herself endowed with one of the finest dramatic organisations we have ever seen. Her voice is grave and penetrating, and in moments of passion its tones soften and seem full of tears. She was recalled and applauded several times." A yet greater critic, Jules Janin, wrote:—"The child is not a phenomenon: she has soul, heart, intellect, and very little skill. She possesses an intuitive perception of the feeling she is to express and an intellect which enables her to understand it. Lessons and advice she needs from no one. In her acting there is neither effort nor exaggeration: she does not scream, makes no violent gestures: her countenance and manners are wholly free from affectation; in truth, there is a certain abruptness, boldness, almost savagery in her walk, look, attitude: such is Rachel. This child, whose instinct teaches her what is true in art, dresses with scrupulous attention to local colouring. Her voice is harsh and untutored like a child's; her hands are red like a child's; her feet, like her hands, are not fully shaped; she is not pretty, yet she is attractive; and so for this child-actress we predict a great future, while in the present she excites tears, emotion, and interest."

Though only sixteen, Rachel herself felt that the Gymnase was not the proper field for the display of her powers; and that tragedy, and not comedy, was the branch of dramatic art for which nature had fitted her. She obtained an engagement at the Theâtre Français, and placing herself under the tuition of Sanson, laboured with extraordinary energy and diligence to perfect herself in purity of diction and clearness of style. She knew that the full resources of genius can be educed only by laborious cultivation; that the artist who would do justice to himself and his art must submit to a severe mental and moral discipline. After some months of persistent toil, she made her

appearance on the stage of the Theâtre Français, June 12, 1838, in the character of Camille. On the 16th she played Emilie in Corneille's "Corinne," and on the 9th of July Hermione in Racine's "Andromaque." Her success was considerable, but not complete. Early in September, however, Jules Janin, who had been absent from his post as dramatic critic of the "Débats," returned, and having been present at one of Rachel's performances, was struck by its extraordinary vigour. He at once made known to the Parisian public the great genius that waited for recognition in the obscurity of the Theâtre Français. Paris at his bidding flocked thither, and was not less surprised and delighted than himself. In a week the young Jewess was the idol of the public. "This poor child, pale, meagre, ill fed, on whom the old classical tragedy leans like blind Œdipus on the arm of Antigone, suffices by herself to draw crowds to the lately deserted Theâtre Français. . . . The task of resuscitating this illustrious body, of recalling the famous exiles, of cleansing the Augean stables from their literary rubbish, of restoring life, thought, passion, motion, interest to the grand masterpieces that, for want of an interpreter, for want of that spark of sacred fire which emanates from the soul of genius, were dying—the task was immense; and when we reflect that it is undertaken by a child, ignorant of the things of this world, who knows nothing of poetry or history, or of the passions she delineates, scarcely even of the language she speaks, we admire and wonder, and we ask how it is that a task deemed impracticable should have been accomplished by so weak an instrument and with so much ease. The reason is that this child's gift is superior to science; it is inspiration. She brought with her at birth the something divine, the *mens divinior*, that feeds poetry." The critic should have added that she had cultivated the gift with a rare industry and a wonderful perseverance.

Rachel's fame was now made. The King complimented her, the royal family made her presents, the critics poured their homage at her feet; the public crowded to the theatre on the nights that her genius lighted up the stage, and breathed a soul and a life into the chill statuesque heroines of the old French drama. Thenceforth her course was one of triumph as an actress; into its errors and follies as that of a woman we need not enter. It must be conceded that there was a good

deal of the earthy in her genius; that the golden statue had feet of clay; that, unhappily, the woman was vastly inferior to the artist. Too frequently she made her great intellectual gifts a thing of barter and for sale, shamelessly disposing of them to the highest bidder, without any regard for the laws of honour. And it is to be noticed that where she failed as a woman she failed as an artist. There was passion, fire, splendour, emotion in her acting, but there was also a want of purity and tenderness. She thought too little of the high mission of art, was too eager for gold, too much athirst for power. Yet they who saw her on the stage—they who saw her as Virginia, as Hermione, as Camille, as Tisbe, as Phèdre, as Judith—forgot her imperfections in the rush of thought and feeling she knew so well how to excite. They saw only the light of passion in those deep-set glowing eyes, the tragic gloom on that broad brow, the play of emotions in that livid countenance.

In May 1841 she appeared in London, where she produced an extraordinary sensation. In 1853 she visited St. Petersburg, and in 1855 was induced by brilliant pecuniary offers to make a theatrical tour in the United States. In the course of this long and exhausting journey symptoms of disease of the lungs became apparent, and after her return home she made a journey to Cairo, in the hope that the bland Egyptian climate would restore her health. But her illness made rapid progress, and on the 3d of January 1858 she died at Canet, near Cannes, in her thirty-seventh year.[1]

[1] Rachel's retirement from the scene of her glories to the sheltered valley opening on the Mediterranean has been celebrated by Mr. Matthew Arnold in the following sonnet (one of a trilogy dedicated to the great actress):—

"Unto a lonely villa in a dell,
Above the fragrant warm Provençal shore,
The dying Rachel in a chair they bore
Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,
And laid her in a stately room, where fell
The shadow of a marble Muse of yore—
The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,
Polyhymnia—full on her death-bed. 'Twas well!
The fret and misery of our Northern towns,
In this her life's last day, our poor, our pain,
Our jangle of false wits, our climate's frowns,
Do for this radiant Greek-souled artist cease;
Sole object of her dying eyes remain
The beauty of the glorious art of Greece."

What woman has accomplished on the English stage we have no space to set forth in these pages. Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Oldfield, Margaret Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, these must remain names to us as to our readers. They were not good and great women, but they were fine actresses, and they attained to high excellence because they did not trust to spontaneous inspiration, as genius is foolishly supposed to do, but worked at their art as Michael Angelo worked at his, or Giardini at his violin. That genius can of its mere volition conquer success is a pitiful delusion; but genius knows the value and the need of labour, and burns the midnight oil as assiduously as dulness itself. Mrs. Oldfield was the very soul of vivacity, endowed with a natural grace, ease, and perfection; yet she was a careful and conscientious student, who entered fully into every character she had to represent, and examined it closely that she might grasp it effectually. Colley Cibber says, that in all the parts she undertook she sought information and instruction from every quarter; and he adds, "it was a hard matter to give her a hint that she was not able to improve." We may judge of her industry from the simple fact that she was the original representative of sixty-five characters. "Her excellence in acting," says Geneste, "*was never at a stand;* and Lady Townley, one of her last new parts, was a proof that she was still able to do more, if more could have been done for her."

Sarah Kemble, afterwards "the great Mrs. Siddons," played at the age of thirteen in the great room of the King's Head Inn, Worcester, and continued to personate a variety of characters on many stages, until, in 1773, she entered the family of Mr. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, as a lady's-maid. She remained there only a few months, her parents consenting to her marriage with an indifferent actor but an excellent man, Mr. Siddons. She was then in her nineteenth year. A month after her marriage she returned to the stage, and as Belvidera in poor Otway's "Venice Preserved" won the suffrages of a Cheltenham audience, and secured an engagement from Garrick, then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. There she made her first appearance, on the 29th of December 1775, as Portia. In the course of the season she performed several other characters, but in none did she arouse enthusiasm or attract very favourable attention. She had much to learn, but

she knew her shortcomings, and was industriously striving to remedy them. Returning to "the provinces," she played at York and Bath with considerable success, and every day made new progress in her art. In 1782 she reappeared in London, selecting the character of Isabella in Southerne's feeble but pathetic tragedy. She threw into the impersonation all the energy and strength of her genius, and all the resources of her long study and experience; the result was a triumph. As Euphrasia, as Jane Shore, as Calista, as Belvidera, she gained fresh laurels, and the public hastened to acknowledge that a great tragic actress once more trod the English stage. In the following year she proved herself equal to the impersonation of the great Shakespearian heroines by her acting of Isabella in "Measure for Measure" and of Constance in "King John." Her fame spread far and wide. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his portrait of her as the Tragic Muse, inscribed his name on the hem of her garment; Dr. Johnson kissed her hand; the princes, statesmen, and fine intellects of the day visited her drawing-room after the play "to make their bows." Audiences hung spell-bound on her eloquent lips, and were moved to tears by the pathos and passion of her acting. An invalid Scotch lady, whose doctor had forbidden her going to the theatre, went unintroduced to the great actress's residence, calmly sat down, gazed at her for some minutes, and then walked away in silence. In 1785, after a close and patient study of the character, she appeared as Lady Macbeth, and was at once acknowledged to be the Lady Macbeth that Shakespeare drew. "She imagined the heroine of this most tragic of tragedies to be a delicate blonde, who ruled by her intellect and subdued by her beauty, but with whom no one feeling of common general nature was congenial; a woman prompt for wickedness, but swiftly possessed by remorse; one who is horror-stricken for herself and for the ferocious husband, who, more robust and less sensitive, plunges deeper into crime, and is less moved by any sense of compassion or sorrow." Hazlitt, in speaking of the character of Lady Macbeth, observes:—"We ought not to pass over Mrs. Siddons's manner of acting that part. We can conceive of nothing grander. It was something above nature. It seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated

on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine; she was Tragedy personified. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut. She was like a person bewildered and unconscious of what she did. Her lips moved involuntarily—all her gestures were involuntary and mechanical. She glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life not to be forgotten."

Applauding pens have recorded and celebrated her beauty and her grace, her admirable elocution, her earnestness, her stately carriage, her accuracy of judgment, her abnegation of self, her power of identification with whatever character she assumed, her pathos, and her grandeur. Erskine, one of the greatest of our forensic orators, studied her cadences and intonations, and acknowledged that he owed his finest displays to the harmony of her periods and the distinctness of her pronunciation. According to the poet Campbell, she increased the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings, and seemed something above humanity, in the presence of which humanity was moved, exalted, or depressed, according as she willed. "Her countenance," adds Dr. Doran, "was the interpreter of her mind, and that mind was of the loftiest, never stooping to trickery, but depending on nature to produce effect."

Mrs. Inchbald was not a great actress, but she was a successful dramatist and the author of two fine novels. As a woman of talent she deserves to be remembered, yet her talent was less conspicuous than her perseverance. For some years she suffered from a defect of utterance which rendered her speech almost unintelligible, and seemed to present a permanent obstacle to her appearance on the stage. She resolved, however, on embracing the dramatic profession, and for this purpose resolutely set to work to conquer her difficulty of articulation. Writing out all the words which cost her most pains to pronounce, she carried the manuscript about with her everywhere, and in spare moments repeated them aloud, slowly and distinctly. It was not until after her marriage that the desire of her life was fulfilled, and she appeared before the footlights. The place was the Bath Theatre (September 4, 1772); the character, Cordelia. She did not take the public by storm. The audience could not but admire her

beauty, her tall and graceful figure, her fine eyes, her ample golden hair, her fresh and pure complexion; but they perceived that she was not of the stuff of which great actresses are made. A courageous and determined woman, she would not abandon the career on which she had entered. If she could not triumph through genius, could she not win a moderate renown by application? She and her husband, therefore, walked abroad —uphill and along the sea-shore—reciting their parts, and studying attitude, gesture, expression. She took every opportunity, moreover, of storing her mind with knowledge, and eagerly devoured the books that came in her way. With unwearied industry she studied and performed a wide range of characters; from Imogene in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" to Fanny in Garrick's "Clandestine Marriage." In 1779 she lost her husband and found herself a widow at twenty-six. Her beauty and celebrity attracted many suitors, but she never married again. She still continued on the stage, and in 1784 began to write for it. Her first comedy, "I'll Tell You What," was produced at the Haymarket, and met with a favourable reception. Three years later she gave to the public a much better play in "Such Things Are," and various dramatic compositions sprang from her active and fertile pen. But her claim to a place in English literature rests on her two novels of "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art."

In our own day, woman in the world of art maintains a conspicuous and honoured position. Among musical composers the names of Virginia Gabriel and Elizabeth Philp must always be named with respect. Miss Arabella Goddard (Mrs. Davison) and Madame Clara Schumann are equal as pianistes to a Bülow or a Benedict. Mrs. Beesley and Agnes Zimmermann cannot be placed far below them; while, as a violinist, Madame Norman-Neruda is unapproached and unapproachable, challenging the laurel with a Paganini, a Sivori, or an Ernst. On the lyric stage, the late Madame Tietjens (or Titiens) wore with dignity the mantle that had descended from Pasta to Grisi. Madame Adelina Patti, an admirable actress as well as a great singer, charms her audiences by the spontaneity of her melodious voice and the freshness of her style. Then, as Goethe's, or rather Gounod's Marguerite, who can vie with the Swedish prima donna, Madame Nilsson, who seems to have taken up the traditions of Jenny Lind? In the

graver and more tragic characters of opera, Madame Pappenheim seems to have succeeded as of right to Madame Titiens, while, in their various styles, Etelka Gerster, Marie Rose, and Clara Louise Kellogg command and deserve the suffrages of musicians. As contraltos, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, with her glorious voice, her perfect manner, and her rare artistic feeling, and Mademoiselle Scalchi, inferior only to one who has no living equal, console us for the "great departed." A finished artist, with a fine contralto organ, is Madame Démeric-Lablache. Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Maria Hawes, and Madame Sainton-Dolby have passed from the scene of their glories, but they belonged to the Victorian era, and did honour to the English school. Supreme in oratorios, and almost equal to Madame Trebelli as a lyric artist, Madame Patey's exquisite contralto voice, the gift of nature, and finished style, the result of culture, have won her a wide and enduring popularity. As lyrist sopranos, accomplished, cultivated, and conscientious, we may name and commend Madame Lemmons-Sherrington, Miss Rose Hersee, and Miss Blanche Cole.

In the dramatic world a throng of admirable and illustrious actresses pass *en revue*, to vindicate the intellectual dignity of their sex. The fame of a Madame Ristori, a Miss Glyn, a Helen Faucit, or a Mrs. Stirling still lingers among us; their names will be written on the same scroll of honour as those of a Rachel, a Mars, a Champmesle, a Barry, a Woffington. Meanwhile the world pays its homage to the stars that are still above the horizon. Sarah Bernhardt, the leader of the celebrated Comédie Française, is the acknowledged successor of Rachel, and in the "Phèdre" of Racine and the "Doña Sol" of Victor Hugo has full command over our tears. Take her all in all, she claims attention as a remarkably versatile and aggressive genius; with abundant enthusiasm, but too little moral courage; with the boldness and brilliancy of a daring intellect, but too little of the divine patience of wisdom. Then there is Sophie Croizette, the brightest star of Parisian comedy, but happier in the productions of the younger Dumas than in the creations of Molière; a woman of action, diligence, and tenacity, with more of the ingenuity of culture than of the inspiration of genius. Foremost in the second rank stand Jeanne Samary, Dinah Felix, and Madeline Brohan. Mrs. Kendal, on the English stage, claims our admiration by the grace and delicacy of her comedy. She is the one living repre-

sentative of Goldsmith's and Sheridan's heroines, and, what is better, she is the best Rosalind — Shakespeare's Rosalind, in all her grace, vivacity, and courage—the Rosalind who was at once the peerless lady of her father's court, and the bright sylvan beauty of the Forest of Arden. Mrs. Bancroft once gave distinction to burlesque, and now gives the same distinction to comedy. She has made the heroines of T. W. Robertson's present-day dramatic romances her own, and in all her impersonations exhibits the nicest attention to details. Ellen Terry, the ideal Ophelia—to whom a Hamlet might well lose his heart—and the perfect embodiment of the tender Olivia, is the most *spirituelle* (to use a significant French word) of English actresses. Her domain is more particularly that wide undefined province which lies between the realms of comedy and tragedy. She excels in pathos rather than passion, in sensibility rather than sentiment. Finally, we must bring together in a sentence the names of Adelaide Neilson, the most picturesque and emotional of living actresses; Genevieve Ward, who displays considerable tragic power, with a fine artistic style; Ellen Wallis, who seems bent upon assuming the crown of a Mrs. Oldfield; and Rose Leclercq, who depicts with force and truth the stronger feminine natures, while in comedy her delicacy and finish are very noticeable.

The English stage has reason to be proud of Mrs. Charles Kean, the "Miss Ellen Tree" of an earlier generation, whose long artistic career, begun in 1825, terminated in 1868 on the death of her husband. In such characters as Shakespeare's Rosalind and Viola, Byron's Myrrha, Sheridan Knowles's Mariana, she exhibited a grace, refinement, and pathos attainable only by a true if not very powerful genius. In "The Provoked Husband," "Love," "Ingomar," "The Wife's Secret," and "King René's Daughter," her acting was always distinguished by its emotional force.

It would be unpardonable if, in our review of women's achievements in the regions of art, we omitted to mention the graceful sculptures of Mrs. Thornycroft. The daughter of Mr. John Francis, a sculptor of good repute, she was born in 1814. At a very early age her artistic predilections were manifested, and in her father's studio she spent her playhours in modelling figures in clay. So evident were her taste and skill, that her father refrained from attempting to check a natural bias. She adopted sculpture as a profession, and by

HAPTER VI.

HEROINE, ENTHUSIAST, AND AL REFORMER.

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One grand sweet song."
—*Kingsley.*

her group of "Ulysses and his Dog"[1] obtained admission to the Royal Academy. Marrying Mr. Thornycroft, a former pupil of her father's, she accompanied him on a visit to Rome, where she executed her "Sappho" and "Sleeping Child," drew the favourable notice and profited by the counsels of Thorwaldsen and John Gibson. She has since produced numerous art works of much excellence, pure and graceful in idea, finished in execution: among them we may refer to "A Girl Skipping," and to the statues, commissioned by the Queen, of the late Princess Alice, the Princess Imperial of Germany, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, as "The Four Seasons."

The names of Madame Ristori, a tragic actress of unquestionable power, the rival, perhaps the superior, of Rachel, the eloquent personator of such characters as Medea, Lady Macbeth, Bianca, Camilla, Judith, and Phædra; of Madame Miola Carvalho, a soprano singer of finished style; and of Clara Novello (Countess Gigliucci), the most brilliant scion of a great musical family, are duly "blazoned" on the "glory-roll" of art. The last-named has for some years ceased to seek the suffrages of enthusiastic audiences; and the papers have but recently recorded the death of Mrs. Sartoris (Miss Adelaide Kemble), who formerly drew all London to see and hear her in "Norma," the "Sonnambula," "Semiramide," and other great operas, and proved that England at need could produce a prima donna of the first class. Her sister, Frances Anne Kemble, won scarcely less distinction on the dramatic stage, but will be remembered chiefly by her literary writings, her "Poems," "Year of Consolation," and "Records of a Girlhood." To a past generation of operatic singers belongs the Dowager Countess of Essex, once, as Miss Stephens, the popular representative of "Polly" in the "Beggars' Opera," and afterwards one of our finest artists in oratorios and on the concert platform.

[1] Suggested by that well-known passage in the "Odyssey" (book xvii.):—

"Thus near the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet.
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys."

CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN AS THE HEROINE, ENTHUSIAST, AND SOCIAL REFORMER.

"No post of policy or pride
Does Heaven from her holding grudge;
Miriam and Anna prophesied,
In Israel Deborah was judge.
How many Christian heroines
Have blest the world, and still do bless!
The praise their equal courage wins
Is tenfold through their tenderness."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"You will begin to know what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature one comes to be who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task first lies before him."—*John Sterling.*

"Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy; high hopes, noble efforts; under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever-new nobleness of valiant effort; and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding."—*Carlyle.*

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For-Ever
One grand sweet song."

—*Kingsley.*

"It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again."
—*Thomas Noon Talfourd.*

"The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places."—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity; and truth accomplishes no victories without it."—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"One[1] I beheld, a wife, a mother, go
To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe;
She sought her way through all things vile and base,
And made a prison a religious place:
Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
With powers of darkness—to let in the light. . . .
The look of scorn, the scowl, th' insulting leer
Of shame, all fixed on her who ventures here,
Yet all she braved; she kept her steadfast eye
On the dear cause, and brushed the baseness by."
—*Crabbe.*

[1] Mrs. Fry.

CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN AS THE HEROINE, ENTHUSIAST, AND SOCIAL REFORMER.

IS courage a womanly virtue? Who that remembers the noble deeds of women blazoned on the record of history, who that recalls the instances in his own experience of female patience, self-denial, and chivalrous enterprise, will venture to doubt it? Yet it has been fashionable to treat it as peculiarly the grace and gift of manhood. In the lower kinds of physical courage, that is, in the quality sometimes designated "valour," the constitution of women may sometimes place her at a disadvantage. She may be more easily surprised by suddenness of attack or a novel form of danger; though it is possible that this is simply the evil result of the training she generally receives. Whether she would lead a forlorn hope or a desperate charge, whether she would preserve her composure in the press of battle, it is impossible to say, because she has never been accustomed to military discipline, and the traditions and associations of the sex are not such as would afford her any support. Yet when we think of the Maid of Zaragoza, we are inclined to believe that even in the lower forms of courage women are not necessarily or naturally deficient, and that the timidity which is supposed to be a sexual characteristic, originates in an imperfect and casual system of education. Women, for instance, will "ride to the hounds" with as much "pluck" as men. However this may be, of that true courage which endures the sharpest arrows of pain without a murmur, which sacrifices itself uncomplainingly for another's sake, which gives up everything willingly for a cherished cause, which can behold without flinching the worst accesses of human

agony for the purpose and in the hope of affording it relief, which can take unto the heart a life-long sorrow, and yet do its duty zealously and present to the world a cheerful countenance, which can adventure the greatest risks to render help to those beloved, which can bear unjust contumely and wrong with a tranquil and forgiving spirit:—of this divine courage who is more capable than woman? What will not a wife suffer, attempt, or achieve for her husband, or a mother for her son? Who watches most vigilantly by the bed of anguish? Who binds up the ghastly wound with the greatest nerve and yet with the greatest tenderness? Courage, *true* courage,—I should call it pre-eminently *the* woman's virtue! There are lowly homes where, every day, women perform in obscurity such heroic actions as, if known and done by men, would cover them with glory. There are homes where, every day, women take up new burdens of anxiety and sorrow, and carry them bravely, with a smile in their fond eyes, as if they were some subtle and indescribable happiness. The sublimest patience, the most pathetic tenderness, the most exalted generosity, the most absolute self-command,—if these are the constituents of true courage, then with true courage women are lavishly endowed. In truth, it seems quite natural to men to expect and demand of women such acts of unselfishness and renunciation, such proofs of endurance and intrepidity, as, when examined, are seen to belong to the highest and noblest heroism.

Yet there is a difference between the courage of women and the courage of men. The latter is more entirely physical, more matter of fact; the former more purely moral and impulsive. The courage of men is based upon custom, discipline, ordinary habit; that of women is inspired by some elevated motive or strong passion. Hence women always rise to the occasion; men frequently fall below it. Let us take the celebrated example of Grace Darling. She was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper on Farne Island, which lies amid the wild waters of the Northumbrian coast. Towards dawn on the 6th of September 1838, she was awakened by cries of distress; at daylight, the shattered timbers of a wrecked ship were seen on the Longstone, an adjacent rock. Immediately she roused her father, but as the tide was rising, and the storm raged fiercely, the old man refused to comply with her request

that he would launch his boat and put off to the wave-beaten vessel. Believing, however, that there were living creatures still on board, she sprang into the boat, seized an oar, and was about to push off alone, when her father reluctantly joined her. Through a heavy sea they rowed with vigorous arm, until able to make out nine persons clinging to the fore part of the ship. After several fruitless attempts, the father succeeded in landing on the rock, while Grace kept her boat alive among the breakers, skilfully guiding its course, undismayed either by the fury of the gale or the roar and clash of the waters. One by one the nine survivors were carefully placed in the boat and conveyed to the lighthouse, Grace showing no signs of exhaustion until her noble work was done. This was a true and generous courage, was it not?—a courage originating in and sustained by a strong, keen sympathy with suffering and distress. It was not the every-day courage of the soldier, trained to face danger as part of his regular duty, but the daring that springs from a lofty and generous impulse.

It is interesting to observe how greatly the ideal of woman has changed in the course of ages. The women of the Old Testament, for example, do not reach up to that high moral standard which is now accepted. Judith and Miriam are types of a stern resolution which is by no means congenial to modern feeling; and where this sternness is wanting, the female character presents little that is attractive. Even the daughter of Jephthah seems capable only of a blind and unreasoning submissiveness. Of that union of tenderness and courage which now commands our admiration, we find scarcely any instances. Nor are we better off when we turn to ancient history or poetry. The heroic type is common enough; that is, the hard and cold heroic, like that Spartan mother who gave her son, on going forth to the wars, a shield, and bade him return *with* it or *on* it. Take the heroines of the three great Greek dramatists: is there one of them that fulfils our modern requirements? And Homer himself, has he described a single gracious female character, if we except Andromache, the model of perfect wifehood and pure womanhood, who, nevertheless, lacks that undefinable charm which we find in the Christian heroine? Mr. Gladstone, indeed, contends that there is not to be found in literature so perfect a conception of the maiden as Nausicäa

in grace, tenderness, and delicacy. "The sense and taste," he adds, "which are combined with these are as practical as those of any man. I think that modern genius, which has effected a like union in Portia, has not yet perhaps exhibited so consummate a harmony of what, as human nature is constituted, are more or less rival competitors." With all deference to Mr. Gladstone's great authority as an Homeric scholar, we contend that Portia is an eminently more lovable character than Nausicäa. Whoever studies the two types will find that Portia could exhibit a courage and a self-abnegation and a loving devotion of which Nausicäa would be incapable. No; it was not until Christianity elevated the position of woman that woman could bring into action her finest qualities. It was not until she was fortified by the inspiration of religious motives that she attained to her full capacity of the loftiest action. The New Testament reveals to us a new type of womanhood. It shows us the Magdalene and her sublime self-surrender; it shows us the Virgin Mother yielding her Divine Son to the suffering of the cross in an ecstasy of faith, hope, and love.

Says F. W. Robertson:—"Before Christ the qualities honoured as divine were peculiarly the virtues of the man—courage, wisdom, truth, strength. But Christ proclaimed the divine nature of qualities entirely opposite—meekness, obedience, affection, purity. He said that the pure in heart should see God. He pronounced the beatitudes of meekness and lowliness and poverty of spirit; these are all of the order of graces which are distinctively feminine. And it is the peculiar feature of Christianity that it exalts not strength nor intellect, but gentleness, and lovingness, and virgin purity." Thus a new ideal of womanhood came to be established—an ideal which blended the ancient womanly virtues with the higher forms of those which had previously been considered exclusively masculine—an ideal which united meekness and strength, courage and purity, wisdom and affection. The influence of this ideal is traceable in all our finest poetry, in Dante's Beatrice,[1] in Spenser's Una, whose—

[1] As in the canzone where he describes her:—

"Umile verzogussa e temperata,
E sempre a virtù grata,
Intra suoi be' costumi un alto regna,
Che d'ogni riverenza la fa degna."

> " Angel's face,
> As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place ; "

in Shakespeare's Cordelia, who, like a Madonna in an old Italian picture, stands "with downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove." [1]

In Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens" he introduces a character representing Heroic Virtue, who describes eleven famous women of old time as admitted into the House of Fame. These are :—

> " Penthesilea, the brave Amazon ;
> Swift-foot Camilla, queen of Volscia ;
> Victorious Thomyris, of Scythia ;
> Chaste Artemisia, the Carian dame ;
> And fair-haired Berenice, Egypt's fame ;
> Hypsicratea, glory of Asia ;
> Candace, pride of Ethiopia ;
> The Britain honour, Boadicea ;
> The virtuous Palmyrene, Zenobia ;
> The wise and warlike Goth, Amalasunta ;
> The bold Valasca of Bohemia"

Though by right of birth some of these belong to the modern age, in type of character they all belong to antiquity. In the notes to his "Masque," Ben Jonson furnishes a pithy account of each of these illustrations of "Heroic Virtue." Penthesilea was queen of the Amazons, and took part in the siege of Troy ; she is nowhere named but "with the preface of honour and virtue." Next came Camilla, queen of the Volscians, whom Virgil speaks of as

> " Agmen agens equitum, et florenteis aere catervas,
> Bellatrix."

Thomyris, queen of the Scythians, was "a heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude, who, when Cyrus had invaded and taken her only son, and slain him, not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, perceived not only the occasion and honour

[1] See Mrs. Jameson's graceful and (as it seems to us) entirely just comparison of Cordelia with the Antigone of Sophocles, and her demonstration of the superiority of the former in "the veiled loveliness and unostentatious delicacy of her character."

of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers, but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre." As for Artemisia, queen of Caria, whose "virtues" Herodotus records, she was no less renowned for her chastity and conjugal devotion than for her supreme excellence in war. Berenice, or Beronice, upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe and a conqueror, the offering of her hair. Of Hypsicratea, that famous wife of Mithridates and queen of Pontus, it is related that she so loved her husband as to become his assistant "in all labours and hazard of the war" in a masculine habit. She is "solemnly registered" by Valerius Maximus "as a notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love; virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen, but a queen to the state and honour of a deity." Candace, the queen of Ethiopia, was "a woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her servants." The eighth, Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, to whose magnanimity both Tacitus and Dion Cassius do full justice, is put before us by Tennyson as

> "Standing loftily charioted,
> Brandishing in her hand a dart, and rolling glances lioness-like."

The ninth in time, but equal in fame and in virtue, the cause of fame, was Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, whom Ben Jonson extols as "a woman of a most divine spirit and incredible beauty;" and of whom Gibbon affirms that she was perhaps "the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia." The historian adds:—"Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages." The tenth, Amalasunta, was queen of the Ostrogoths, who drave the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. "She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman Empire." We close the list with the brave Bohemian queen, Valasca, "who, for her courage, had the

surname of Bold; that, to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men which they lived in under Primislaus, on a night and at an hour appointed led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords, and possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons."

With these types of heroic virtue we shall not concern ourselves. We prefer to seek examples of a nobler because gentler courage. Who in all that gorgeous "Masque of Queens" is worthy to be compared with Jeanne Darc, "the light of ancient France"?—with her who throughout a career of knightly daring preserved her womanly purity unimpaired—who died, as she had lived, the meekest and most modest of her sex? Her story is one on which we love to dwell, for it is not only a story of feminine heroism but of religious enthusiasm, and the contemplation of it tends to lift the mind out of the commonplace atmosphere of our everyday life. It is well that at times such appeals should be made to the better feelings of our nature. It is well that at times we should refresh ourselves by the study of great and generous actions. Jeanne Darc was the daughter of a peasant of Domrémy, a little village on the threshold of the legend-haunted forest of the Vosges. She spent her childhood in a country-side consecrated by religion and superstition, where the sacred trees were hung with floral garlands, and the children sang songs to the "good folk," whose sins prohibited them from drinking of the haunted well. Observe that the forest, with its music and its bloom, is all romance. Each dewy glade is enchanted; in every green recess linger the fond fancies of Greek myth and Gothic fable; through the leafy bowers ring the voices of the sportive Dryads; Dian and her nymphs sleek their shapely limbs in the secret pool. The romance of the forest, begun with Theocritus, will not end, let us hope, with Tennyson and Browning. We remember that "boundless forest shade" where Æneas plucked the golden bough that opened to him the secrets of the under world. We do not forget the "wild and robust growth" of the forest that flings its shadow over the poet of the "Divine Comedy," nor that luxuriant wilderness in the "Orlando Furioso" which Ariosto has so gloriously peopled and taken possession of. We remember that Forest of Arden, whose green leaves waved

over the bright maidenhood of Rosalind and the melancholy wisdom of Jacques. We are not unmindful of that "woody theatre of stateliest view," in which the genius of Milton places the home of the first-born of Humanity. We bethink overselves of that "thickest wood" where Una laid her "dainty limbs" upon the grass,

> "In secret shade, free from all view and sight;"

of that mighty forest in Shelley's "Alastor," where

> "The pyramids
> Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame
> Most solemn domes within;"

of that region of exuberant "greenery" in Keats's "Endymion," where the shepherds and young damsels chant their hymns to Pan, "great son of Dyope," and Adonis lies asleep in his "myrtle-walled" bower, with Cupid watching silently beside him; and of "the wild woods of Broceliande," where Vivien beguiled his spell from "the great Enchanter of the time."

The influences of the forest moulded the mind and heart of Jeanne Darc, who grew up "a good girl, simple in her ways," always calm and industrious, a ministering angel to the poor and sick, and so touched by a deep feeling of devotion that the very sound of the church-bell filled her with intense rapture. She was still in her early youth when Domremy was brought within the circle of the terrible war that then ravaged France. On the wounded, weary, and homeless who passed through the village she waited with anxious vigilance; and as she listened to their tales a deep love of her bleeding country kindled within her. Her quick imagination, which the silence and solitude of the forest had prepared to be easily impressed, took fire; she had visions; she saw the great archangel, St. Michael, with his flaming sword, and heard him bid her go forth to the wars and restore her King to his throne. The visions multiplied; she remembered an old prophecy that a maid from Lorraine should save the land; and at length she came to understand that her mission was to deliver France from the English. Her father, when she told him of her object, declared that he would drown her rather than that she should go to the field with the men-at-arms. She appealed to the

captain of Vaucouleurs, to the curé, for assistance, but was refused, for they thought none other than that she was mad. She protested that the work was not of her own choosing; that she would far rather sit and spin by her mother's side; "but I must go," she said, "and do it, for my Lord wills it."—"And who," they asked, "who is your Lord?"—"God is my Lord." Her earnestness prevailed eventually over every obstacle; and the governor of Vaucouleurs undertook to conduct her to the King's presence. Assuming a suit of armour to protect her from insolence, she rode by his side to Chinon, and was admitted into the royal audience chamber. Charles stood in the midst of his courtiers and warriors, undistinguished by any emblem of sovereignty; but she singled him out at once, threw herself at his feet, and in simple accents declared that the Heavenly King had sent her to tell him that he should be crowned and anointed in the city of Rheims, as lieutenant of the Heavenly King who was the true King of France.

To the ordinary mind enthusiasm is as gall and wormwood, and the pretensions of the peasant maid of Domremy were keenly ridiculed by Charles's courtiers. She, however, persisted in her belief of "the voices" that had charged her with a mission of deliverance, and, after some hesitation, the King consented to avail himself of her services. At that time Orleans was besieged by a large army under the Earl of Salisbury; its capture seemed certain, and its capture would place the South of France at the mercy of the invaders. A relief force had been assembled at Blois under the celebrated Dunois, and it was resolved that Jeanne should take the command of it. Apart from the strange character of her enterprise, her appearance was admirably adapted to impress the rough soldiery of France. She was tall, beautifully proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance; and when mounted on her stately charger, and clothed in shining mail from head to foot, she seemed a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear. A great silken banner, richly studded with silver fleurs-de-lys, waving before her, she marched towards Orleans, enforcing a strict discipline upon her followers, and night and morning offering her prayers before the altars of the Church. Though possessed with a profound enthusiasm, she was as cool and sagacious in all worldly matters as an experienced captain, and exhibited a remark-

able natural talent for military movements. Her fame advanced before her, and the English army looked on in a stupor of astonishment while she rode into Orleans, "bringing it the best aid ever sent to any one, the aid of the King of heaven." The power and sway of her enthusiasm were at once acknowledged by the besieged, who gained a new courage from her presence and example, and poured out in their thousands to attack and repulse the English. Of all the forts with which Salisbury had girdled the city, one only remained uncaptured, the strongest; the French generals resolved to delay its assault; but the Maid placed herself at the head of her fighting men and led them forward. The English, though greatly reduced in numbers, fought with all their old obstinacy; and the Maid being wounded, Dunois lost heart and ordered a retreat. "Wait a while!" cried the Maid; "eat and drink! and so soon as my standard touches the wall you shall take the fort." The men, having rested and refreshed themselves, returned to the attack; the great banner of the fleurs-de-lys fluttered against the rampart, and victory crowned the French arms.[1] Next day the English raised the siege and retired towards the north, while Jeanne repaired to the cathedral and offered up her passionate thanksgivings to the Lord.

The French generals, still spell-bound by the prestige of Crecy and Agincourt, would fain have been contented with the deliverance of Orleans, but the enthusiasm of the Maid was not to be denied, her faith in her "voices" was not to be disputed. She persuaded Charles to advance upon Rheims, where the kings of modern France had always been crowned; and his march proved a triumphal procession, Troyes and Chalons opening their gates at his approach, and Rheims welcoming him with rapturous exultation. He was crowned next day (July 17, 1427) with becoming splendour; the Maid, attired in white armour, and wearing her miraculous sword of Fierbois, standing by his side. She felt then that her work was done, and earnestly besought Charles to allow her to go home. But the King and his ministers thought that further profit might be derived from her enthusiasm; and when she passionately exclaimed, "Would it were God's good

[1] "Humbling man's proper excellence,
Jean d'Arc led war's obstreperous van."
—*Coventry Patmore.*

Feminine Heroism and Enthusiasm.
JEANNE DARC,
THE DELIVERER OF FRANCE. p. 314.

will that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and brothers," endeavoured to soothe her with sugared phrases. It is a remarkable testimony to the purity of the Maid's character and the sincerity of her faith, that she passed uninjured through the ordeal of boundless applause and popularity. In the camp and in the court, as in the woods of Domremy, she was always devout, innocent, trustful; a singular combination of almost childish simplicity and exceptional shrewdness. She was so utterly absorbed in her mission that she had no thought for herself; no pride, no vanity; nothing moved her except the rude slanders which the English knights had shamefully cast upon her virgin honour.

The mass of the English forces were assembled at Paris under the command of the Regent, John Duke of Bedford, whose able generalship stemmed the tide of war which had flowed so furiously against the English. At the instigation of the Maid, Charles led his army against the capital; but he shrank from attacking it, and losing many men in a gallant sortie of the English, he ordered a retreat. During the operations Jeanne broke her sword of Fierbois, an accident which disturbed her greatly, and had an unfortunate effect on the minds of the French soldiers. Winter came, and she was still detained at court; but in the spring of 1430 she escaped from a thraldom which had become intolerable, and repaired to Lagni on the Marne, which was besieged by the English and their allies, the Burgundians. A consciousness that her mission was at an end, and the warning she received, or fancied that she received, from her "voices" of approaching disaster, exercised, no doubt, an unfavourable influence; and though she displayed her usual courage, she did not meet with her usual success. Baffled in an attempt to relieve Choisi, she retired to Compiègne, which was soon afterwards besieged. On the 23d of May she sallied forth to attack an English post, but was driven back by superior numbers, fighting desperately. As she neared Compiègne, a body of her pursuers attempted to strike in before her, and cut off her retreat; a movement which so alarmed her soldiers that they fled in wild disorder. They reached the head of the bridge of Compiègne; the barrier was closed, and for some time they were exposed to the fury of the English. When it was opened, the men-at-arms struggled through; but before the

Maid could pass it was again shut,—probably through treachery,—and after a vain attempt to escape across the plain, she was surrounded, dragged from her horse, and made prisoner. The Bastard of Vendôme, into whose hands she had fallen, sold her to the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Burgundy sold her to the English, who threw her into confinement at Rouen. To them she was a witch, whose victories had been won by diabolic spells, and that they would treat her with lenity was hardly to be expected. But though she remained in prison for upwards of a year, the King of France, who owed his crown to her courageous devotion, made no effort to obtain her liberation or to secure her gentle treatment.

The romance of the earlier portion of the Maid's career is surpassed by the deep pathos of its later days. On a charge of heresy she was brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal, over which presided the Bishop of Beauvais, a strong English partisan, and a man of fierce, unscrupulous character. He had reclaimed her from the civil authorities on the ground that she had been captured within his diocese, and was therefore under his jurisdiction. She was cruelly insulted in her prison, but rose superior to all her sufferings in the heroism of her simple faith. Before her judges she maintained her courage and composure. When her judges contended that her capture was a proof that God had abandoned her, she was content to reply:—"Since it has pleased Him that I should be taken prisoner, it must be for the best." They cast ridicule upon her "voices." She simply answered that she had certainly heard them, and that they had guided her in every action. "Will you submit," they asked, "to the judgment of the Church militant?"—"It was by commission from God and from the Church triumphant," she said, "that I came to the King of France, and to the Church triumphant I submit." They endeavoured to beguile her into a recantation; but she exclaimed that she would rather die than renounce what she had done by the Lord's command. They refused to allow her to hear mass. "Our Lord," she said, with tears, "can make me hear it without your aid." "Do your voices," they said angrily, "forbid you to submit to the Church and the Pope?"—"Ah! no," she nobly replied, "our Lord first served!" Browbeaten, ill-used, pressed day after day with relentless questions, she resolutely

insisted that she had had no help from sorcerers or sorcery; and when at last judgment was delivered against her, she exclaimed:—"I hold to my judge, to the King of heaven and earth. God has always been my Lord in all that I have done. The devil has never had power over me." Fearing that some outrage might be offered to her if she lingered longer in a military prison, she consented to a formal abjuration of heresy in order that she might obtain her removal to the custody of the Church. But as wearing the dress of a man was, in the eyes of the Church, a grave offence, she consented to abandon it. A shameless insult, undoubtedly suggested by her enemies, compelled her to resume it. The resumption was declared to be a relapse into heresy, and she was ordered to the death.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, the enthusiast, being then about nineteen years of age, so young, so fair, so innocent, underwent her martyrdom. De Quincey pictures her to us as conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, pierced by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. "The pile struck terror," says Michelet, "by its height." As she ascended it, with meek and saintly demeanour, the rough soldiers who had rudely called her "witch" and "harlot" were hushed into silence. The fire was kindled; the live flames shot up around her; she showed no sign of anxiety or terror. "O Rouen, Rouen!" she sighed, as she looked around on its roofs and spires, "I have great fear lest you suffer for my death." Ten thousand men, says Michelet, wept to see her die. A man-at-arms hastily converted a stick into a kind of rude cross, and passed it to her; she gratefully took the emblem of her faith, and pressed it to her bosom. "The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sacred office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the last stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God." So the flames did their work. An intense conviction of the truth of her mission

flashing upon her, she suddenly exclaimed:—"Yes! my voices were of God! they have never deceived me!" And, indeed, all those voices *are* of God which prompt us to deeds of generosity and self-sacrifice and goodness. As the fiery death reached her, her head sank on her breast, and she uttered her last word:—"Jesus!" "We are lost," said an English soldier as he turned away from the scene of martyrdom,—"We are lost, we have burned a saint!"[1]

We come upon a pendant picture to this most touching and instructive one a century later, and again the principal figure is a woman. Smithfield, in the dark days of religious persecution, saw many noble martyrs, but none nobler than Anne Askew. She was sprung from a family of good lineage, was carefully nurtured, and grew up into womanhood with a quick imagination, gentle manners, refined taste, and the charm of personal comeliness about her. Sacrificed by her father to an unworthy husband, her married life was not happy, but she found consolation in the pursuit of letters. In the course of her studies she met with a copy of Tyndall's version of the New Testament; she read it; and, reading it, became convinced of the errors of the old faith, which she hastened boldly to renounce. Her profession of Lollardism, or heresy, exposed her to sacerdotal persecution and her husband's ill-treatment, but she never wavered in her allegiance to what she conceived to be the truth. Proceeding to London, she took steps to obtain a divorce, in obedience to St. Paul's injunction, "If a faithful woman have an unbelieving husband, she may leave him;" but she seems to have found that she was unlikely to be successful in her object, and did not carry her suit into the law courts. She dropped her husband's name, however, and signed herself simply "Anne Askew." He, on the other hand, revenged himself by accusing her of heresy, and in the early spring of 1545 she was

[1] An attempt has been made of late years to question the fact of Jeanne Darc's execution, and to prove that she was alive and married some years after its alleged date. But no incident in history is supported by more incontestable evidence, and it is most improbable that the authorities would have consented to the ignominy of a deed from which they derived no benefit. They had nothing to gain by substituting some unfortunate wretch for the real Jeanne Darc, or by allowing the circulation of the pathetic story of her martyrdom, if no martyrdom had taken place.

brought to task by an ecclesiastical "inquest" under the presidency of Christopher Dare. His object was to make her commit herself on the crucial questions of the Eucharist, Transubstantiation, and Auricular Confession; but her replies were remarkable for their shrewdness and pertinency. Removed to Sadler's Hall, and examined before the Lord Mayor, she defended herself with the same composure. She was allowed to escape on this first occasion, but in June 1546 she was again apprehended, Bishops Bonner and Gardiner having resolved, unless she recanted, to make a terrible example of her. Though she was suffering severely from illness, no mercy was shown to her; she was flung into Newgate, and harassed by repeated examinations. Day after day she was pressed to renounce her "errors," and priest after priest engaged her in long theological discussions. But her courage never gave way, nor was it shaken when her enemies, finding moral torture of no avail, resorted to physical torture, and stretched her feeble frame upon the rack. Their malice was in vain; she uttered neither moan nor word. In vain the Lord Chancellor put his own hand to the rack, and twisted and strained her limbs until she was nearly dead. "Quietly and patiently praying unto the Lord, she abode their tyranny till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder, so that she was carried away in a chair." But what she believed to be God's truth she would not abandon.

We praise the soldier who carries his country's flag into the thick of battle, striking many a blow for life, and, fired by the example of his comrades and the fury of the fight, falling nobly with his face to his foe: have we no praise for this weak woman, who, alone, and helpless in the hands of her enemies, bore herself to the end with so consummate a fortitude?

She was not, however, to die alone. The 16th of July was fixed for her punishment as a heretic, and on that day the bruised and broken body of the martyr was conveyed to Smithfield in a chair. She found three other heretics were condemned to suffer with her; a Lincolnshire priest, a tailor, and a Nottinghamshire gentleman. They were chained to three separate stakes; Anne to one of them, a fellow-sufferer to a second, and the two others to the third. In this final trial they derived much encouragement from mutual words of hope, faith, and consolation, Anne setting a glorious example of

constancy and courage, which her companions could not but attempt to equal. They were duly bound; one Dr. Shaxton preached the usual sermon; and then the martyrs began their prayers, Anne Askew, it was observed, with "an angel's countenance and a smiling face." The crowd that had assembled grew terribly excited, and swayed to and fro like the billows of a storm-tossed sea. Upon a raised platform under St. Bartholomew's Church sat the Lord Chancellor of England, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor of London, and other eminent personages. Before the fire was kindled, one of them, hearing that the martyrs had gunpowder about their bodies, humanely placed there to shorten their agony, and fearing that its explosion might send the faggots flying about his ears, was not ashamed to make known his apprehensions, though he was comforted with the assurance that no danger could possibly arise.

As the fire kindled, the sky all of a sudden was shrouded in darkness; the rain descended heavily, and a peal of thunder broke over the heads of the astonished multitude. The Papists present took the elemental outburst to signify God's wrath against heretics, and, with terrible exultation, shouted:—"They are damned! they are damned!" Far other, and at all events more generous, was the interpretation put upon it by religious sympathisers. "The sky," says Bishop Bale, "abhorring so wicked an act, suddenly altered colour, and the clouds from above gave a thunder-clap, not at all unlike to what is written in Psalm lxxvi. 8: 'Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven; the earth feared, and was still.' The elements both declared therein the high displeasure of God for so tyrannous a murder of innocents, and also expressly signified His mighty hand present to the comfort of them which trusted in Him."

It is not given to every woman to die like Anne Askew, or to defend a Lathom House like the heroic Countess of Derby, or to minister to the wounded Crimean soldiers like Florence Nightingale, but all may practise the same high virtues of fidelity to a solemn trust and courageous discharge of a given duty. Enthusiasm I take to be the highest and purest form of moral courage; but we need to bring it into the performance of our daily work, and not to reserve it for exceptional occasions. So far as enthusiasm means a love of all that is great and

good, a zealous adherence to the right, a generous abnegation of self, there is ample room for it in the most commonplace life. But is *any* life commonplace? Think of its continual wonders, of all that passes in a single day, of all the opportunities it presents for the exercise of the loftiest qualities, of all that it involves and implies as a preparation for immortality; think of its clouds and sunshine, its hopes and fears, its loves and hates, its joys and sorrows; and you will not call it commonplace! To live it worthily we must be enthusiasts. Like the Maid of Orleans, we must hear the voice of God in the stillness of our hearts. Like Anne Askew, we must be faithful to the end. "To strive and still strive," said Ary Scheffer, "that is life."

Sudden demands are sometimes made upon our strength, which we can only meet by keeping a reserve force of enthusiasm. It was this which enabled Catherine Douglas to bear herself so bravely in the hour of peril. Do you know the story? It throws a beautiful ray of light across a dark page of Scottish history. King James of Scotland—he who, during his imprisonment in the Tower, so romantically fell in love with Lady Joan Beaufort, and afterwards married her—had provoked the hatred of his turbulent nobles by his strong-handed efforts to bring them under obedience to the law. Among those most bitterly offended were the Grahams of Strathearn, and they resolved to overthrow him and his government. The conspiracy was hatched in secret, yet not so secretly but that a Highland woman, as the King on his way to Perth prepared to pass the river Forth, warned him that if he crossed that water he would never return alive. One of his knights, probably a traitor—for he was surrounded by a web of treachery—persuaded him that the woman was mad or drunk, and he rode on to Perth. That same night, while playing at chess with a young knight whom he was wont to designate the King of Love, he alluded to a popular saying that the new year (1436) should witness a King's death. "It must be you or I, man," said he, with a cheerful laugh, "since there are but two kings in Scotland; so look well to yourself!" That same night the Highland woman waited without, beseeching that he would see her, if only for a moment. No; she must delay until the morrow. Angry and resentful, she turned away, saying that she should never see his face

again. That same night, when the feast was at an end, James stood conversing with his wife and her ladies, when in the court below arose a sudden clash of arms. The ladies hastened to secure the doors, but bolt and bar had been removed. The King turned to the windows; their iron fastenings could not be shaken. Then he knew that his life was aimed at, and recalled the warning he had idly neglected. Seizing the tongs, he tore up a board in the floor, and lowered himself to the vault, just as the murderers, after killing his page, rushed along the passage. To give her King time to escape, Catherine Douglas, one of the Queen's maids of honour, rising to the height of the opportunity, and burning with loyal enthusiasm, thrust her arm through the staples of the door, and held it there, while the murderers dashed against it, until it snapped like a reed.[1] She swooned and was pushed aside. Fruitless as was her act of bravery, it shall never be forgotten :—

> "Such deeds can woman's spirit do,
> O Catherine Douglas, brave and true!
> Let Scotland keep thy holy name
> Still first upon her ranks of fame."

"Women have never failed men in their deepest need." It is a woman who says this; but husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers, can attest that it is a true saying. Wives have accompanied their husbands into banishment, or shared with them the miseries of captivity; mothers have silently borne the slow agony of starvation that their children might have the wherewithal to support life; sisters have surrendered their dearest hopes in the world that their brothers might escape punishment for folly or crime; maidens have given themselves up, like Charlotte Corday, to the guillotine, so that they might deliver their country from the oppression of a tyrant, their enthusiasm, their courage, never failing them. We know how Flora Macdonald proved her loyalty to a prince who was scarcely worthy of it; how Lady Rachel Russell stood by her husband's side throughout his protracted trial for high treason; how Madame de Lamballe submitted to the relentless pikes of the French Revolutionists rather than swear hatred to her King and Queen. History is crowded with such splendid

[1] Of this incident fine dramatic use is made by the Rev. James White in his tragedy of "Feudal Times."

instances. But it is well to contemplate the moral courage of woman in its less tragical manifestations, in those aspects of it which bring it more within the range of domestic life. Everybody knows that wise and witty Fletcher of Saltoun, to whom is attributed the maxim :—"That if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."[1] His younger brother, who leased from him a mill, and was but ill provided with the world's goods, married Margaret Carnegie of Southesk. She soon discovered the insufficiency of her husband's means, and considered frequently whether she could in any way increase them. After due thought, she applied to her brother-in-law for the means to visit Holland, urging that, as a woman, and a woman of good family, she would probably gain admission to the Dutch factories, and thus be enabled to discover the jealously-guarded secret of fine-linen weaving. Her brother-in-law assented; and attended by two skilled mechanics, disguised as lackeys, she boldly set out on an expedition which involved no little risk. With observant eyes she travelled through Holland. She inspected the factories and she examined the interior of the Dutch cottages. And after conquering many obstacles, she returned to Scotland versed in the two secrets of weaving "fine holland" and making pot-barley.

With restless energy she established superior linen manufactories at Saltoun, and also prepared there all the pot-barley which, for a long time, was used in Scotland. Both concerns were kept afoot by her industry and genius for organisation. For several hours a day she was present in the mill, yet she never neglected her household affairs, was a loyal and loving wife to her husband, and a wise and prudent mother to her son. Her history reminds us of the description of a virtuous woman in the Hebrew king's Book of Proverbs :—"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

[1] In his "Letter to the Marquis of Montrose," Fletcher quotes this saying as the belief of "a very wise man;" but the wise man may well have been himself.

Of the generous self-devotion which women constantly display without any hope or thought of reward or ostentation, an example, bright with the light of true charity, is found in Mary Lovell Pickard, the heroine of Osmotherly. In this small Yorkshire village a malignant fever broke out in the autumn of 1825. It was in the days before sanitary reform, and the village was ill drained and ill built, as unhealthy as it was poverty stricken. Mary Lovell Pickard, a young woman of twenty-five, arrived there on a visit to her aunt at the beginning of September. She found her aunt weary and worn, with a grandson ill of whooping-cough, one son stricken with the fever, and another suffering from melancholy mania. Instead of retiring at once from so dismal a scene, Mary Pickard remained to irradiate it with her loving heart. But she did more than take charge of her aunt's household; she went about freely from cottage to cottage; tending the sick, providing medical advice, and expending her little means in feeding and clothing the destitute. She did more; for she fought against ignorance and superstition; she fought against the use of "charms," and the nostrums vended by supposed "wise men;" and she insisted on the removal of dirt and the adoption of habits of cleanliness. Her cousin Bessy's husband died of the fever: it was Mary who watched by him till he drew his dying breath. She held in her arms the babe ill of the whooping-cough, and soothed it as it passed into its last sleep. The bereaved wife and mother she comforted by her sympathy and her sweet Christian counsel. At the end of a week, however, Bessy sickened of typhus, and next day Bessy's youngest son sickened also. The villagers stood aloof from the plague-smitten cottage, and for days Mary Pickard saw no face but the doctor's. All her patient and affectionate care could not save the poor mother, but the babe survived. Mary still continued her labours of love. "There are very many cases of fever in the village," she wrote, "and as I am almost the only person in it who is not afraid of infection, I still have full employment in assisting the poor sufferers. My cousin's little niece is still very ill. I have indeed been wonderfully preserved and strengthened. Heaven save me from presumption! but I cannot help feeling that I could not have lived through all that I have unless God had protected me!"

The fever subsiding as winter approached, Mary Pickard

was able to comply with the wishes of her friends, and enjoy a sorely needed interval of repose. But before the year went out, she learned that her aunt had been taken with the terrible fever, and, weak and weary as she was, she insisted on returning to Osmotherly to nurse her. She went; she resumed her former labours, and her aunt soon showed signs of amendment. Then her own strength broke down. For many days she lay on her bed, helpless, but not hopeless, never repining or complaining, the wonder and delight of all who surrounded her. At length she recovered, and in due time returned to her home in America; leaving behind her in Osmotherly a memory the fragrance of which, it is to be hoped, will never fade. Mary Pickard's was true courage, unpretending, natural, simple, the heroism of which Christianity has made women capable. It was that devotion to duty which is the guiding star of the noblest spirits; that devotion to duty which covets not applause and seeks no recompense; that devotion to duty which animated the helmsman on Lake Erie, when, with his ship in flames around and about him, he bravely stood to the wheel, and silently enduring his own great agony, steered her into port, to save the many lives on board of her.

Speaking of Amelia Sieveking, her biographer justly says, that though all women cannot be, nor is it necessary that they should be, exactly what she was, yet can they strive to imitate her in her truthfulness, her faithful performance of duty, her conscientiousness and self-control, the earnestness which she carried into the smallest matters, the diligence with which she followed every good work, her severity towards herself, her mildness and discretion in judging others. The grand idea of "compassionate and ministering love," this was the idea embodied in her life-work; "an idea," says Miss Winckworth, "which can and will set women free—not from the restraints of law and custom, not from her vocation of quiet retirement and domestic virtue, but from the dominion of vanity, of false appearance, and of self-love." The nobility of her character was finely illustrated in her long labours in the Cholera Hospital of Hamburg. That dreaded and dreadful disease visited Hamburg in October 1831, and she immediately offered her services to the directors of the hospital. For eight weeks she ministered among the patients, nursing them in their sufferings, receiving their dying injunctions and wishes. The entire

superintendence of the men's wards was devolved upon her, and the supervision of the attendants, while she had also charge of the female ward. In a letter to her mother she briefly sketches her daily duties :—" In the morning I have to see that, before the physician's visit, all the wards are cleaned, the beds made, and that everything is in proper order. Three times a day, morning, afternoon, and evening, I visit the sick-beds in company with the physician, the surgeon, and the apothecary, when Dr. Siemssen gives to each the directions belonging to our respective departments. In the women's ward, of course, I have to pay particular attention to all the medical orders, as I am responsible there for their exact fulfilment. In the men's wards my special duty is only to observe what diet is prescribed, according to which I draw up the daily bill of fare for the housekeeper. Not unfrequently, too, I have to read the necessary notice of his admission to the relatives of the sick man, as the patients are often brought in unknown to their family. The linen of the wards is also under my charge. At present I also occasionally take part, when I see any need for it, in the actual nursing of the men, but if the number of our patients should greatly increase, I should be obliged to do less of this even in the women's ward, as the general superintendence would be of more importance, and would give me full occupation; but it would then be of great use to me that I have thus acquired experience in the treatment of patients."

The calm resolution and quiet nerve essential to the successful performance of duties so delicate and difficult can be understood only by those who know something of hospital life, and something, too, of the terrible character of the cholera pestilence. Miss Sieveking did her work with the most unassuming simplicity, and in a firm belief that it was the work she was specially called to do. " On the whole," she wrote, " I am certainly at present called to the work of Martha rather than Mary, but this is quite right. It is enough if the Lord will but employ me in His service; the mode I leave entirely to Him. If I could but perform the labours of Martha with the quiet mind of Mary ! but I am far from attaining this at present. Now and then, too, I find an opportunity for practising something of Mary's work, when it is suitable, which certainly happens very rarely. I read aloud portions of some

religious work to my nurses and patients, and in the convalescents' wards I have been requested by some to procure them something to read. I gave them various little selections of prayers, and sent to the Christian Circulating Library for some other works of a more entertaining character. The following day I was greatly pleased at being voluntarily asked by some of the readers for a Bible, that they might look out the texts referred to, and I immediately procured two for them." Of the energy and vigour which high moral courage gives, the following extract enables us to form an idea :—"I continue very well in health, and it is really remarkable what a degree of physical strength is given me from above. . . . Thus, last night, when a sick woman was brought in who required close attendance, I did not get to bed until four o'clock in the morning ; at half-past six I had to rise again, and at seven my coffee was brought, but at eleven I had never yet found a moment in which I could drink it ; and with the exception of the time when I was writing out the list of diets, half-an-hour at dinner, half-an-hour in the afternoon when I had a cup of tea in my own room, and half-an-hour in the evening when I read aloud from a devotional work in my own ward, I have never sat down ten minutes together in the whole day, and yet I feel no trace of fatigue. And my dear mother must not imagine this to be the result only of excitement ; my mind is perfectly quiet and composed ; indeed, I feel better when there is a great deal to do ; an inactive life in an hospital would be indeed something terrible."

In later years she spoke with courageous candour of her motives and experiences during this passage of her life. "While in the hospital," she said, "I received many letters telling me of the judgment pronounced by various people on my conduct, and though a few praised me, for the most part I was blamed. I was particularly sensitive to blame in this case, for though I certainly did seek the glory of God in the first place, yet I cannot deny that sometimes the thought had glided into my mind that people would admire my self-sacrifice. Instead of that, it was, 'She wants to do something remarkable ; she wants to set up for a martyr ;' and all this was very good for me. But if I was humbled by the censure of men, I was but confirmed in my resolve to persevere until I had overcome all hindrances and fairly solved the problem

before me. I was called an enthusiast, but it was by prayer that I conquered, and never have I regretted the step I then took. From that time, too, I determined never in future to stand in dread of the opinions of men, or to allow them to destroy my peace." She who spoke these words of earnestness and frank sincerity must have felt in herself that sense of self-dedication which lends significance to Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty:"—

> ". . . I myself commend
> Unto Thy guidance from this hour;
> O let my weakness have an end!
> Give unto me, made lowly wise,
> The spirit of self-sacrifice.

One of the day-dreams of Miss Sieveking's early life—a day-dream which in her maturer years she was happy enough to realise—was the foundation of an order of Sisters of Mercy in the Protestant Church. She saw with regret and pain that the Protestant system afforded no such scope for the charitable energies of women as the Roman, and that they were thus deprived of what for themselves could not be other than a precious educational agency, while to the poor and destitute it might prove a means of safety and happiness. She saw that in hundreds of instances unmarried females were prohibited from doing the good to which their hearts impelled them, because they had not the assured position which a definite sacred calling, recognised as such by the world without, could not fail to provide. And it was her conviction that many a soul, struggling painfully towards the true and pure, but hampered and restrained by secular cares, would, in such a vocation, find the strength, the support it needed, and be prevented from falling back into the snares of pleasure. A society devoting itself to the welfare of the poor and suffering could not, she thought, be deemed superfluous and unnecessary. And she held that her sex was especially adapted to work it, because women are of a tenderer nature than men, and not so fettered by settled occupations or professions. In the primitive Church this view found advocates. Maids and matrons of good report were permitted to give themselves to the Church's service, to visit the poor, nurse the sick, and teach the female catechumens.

Stolberg says of St. Vincent of Paul that he had one peculiar

custom. "This man, who undertook and executed such an astonishing amount of work, used to begin very slowly—slowly laid his foundations, examined long what the will of God might be; but when he was once convinced what it was, he went forward with irresistible power, and God bestowed on him results as rapid as they were fruitful." Miss Sieveking took St. Vincent of Paul for her model, and elaborated her scheme of a sisterhood with the most pious care. Every detail was thoroughly thought out and weighed with characteristic soberness and clearness. At first it took the form of an Association, started in 1832 by her sole energy, but speedily reinforced by the energy and goodwill of others; so that the number of working members increased in a year from fourteen to twenty-five, although several had been compelled by circumstances to retire. The rules of the Sieveking Association have continued to be the model for all the institutions that have sprung out of it; and the Sisterhoods now so happily and beneficially connected with the Protestant Churches owe their existence to Miss Sieveking's steady courage and regulated but genuine enthusiasm.

Without courage, without enthusiasm, and that faith and hope which are its component elements, she could never have accomplished the work she did. We shall transcribe her account of a day's labours as a lesson for those young girls and maidens who complain of dulness and weariness, and that the time hangs heavily on their hands. "I get up," she writes, "at half-past four, and am employed for the school children till six. I take my breakfast while I am at work. At six I set off for the city, and arrive at the Town Hall about a quarter after seven. Here there are generally about twenty or more poor people waiting to speak to me. This lasts till half-past eight, when I go to our own house and look through any notes that have come for me, or prepare something more for my school, and if there is any time left before lessons begin, I take another walk, either to call on some of the poor people or go on their errands to the doctor for the poor, the guardians, and the like. At ten o'clock my little ones come to me, and stay till near two. At half-past two I go to the Free School, where I give religious instruction till half-past three. The time from half-past three till five is filled up with errands or writing for the Association. At five some of my former

scholars assemble, and I first have a regular Bible lesson with them; then we drink tea and converse, and towards the end of our time I generally tell them anything likely to interest them in the way of literature or general subjects. At eight o'clock they separate. Meantime the visiting reports from the ladies of the Association have been sent in. These reports, much more than a hundred in number, must now be looked through, many things taken note of, and the visits newly apportioned. This work employs me as long as I can keep awake, but I cannot finish it for bedtime."

Among the later achievements of this courageous woman were the building of a model lodging-house and the establishment of a children's hospital, both eminently successful, because not undertaken until, in each case, the plan had been thoroughly matured. Much good work is ruined by overhaste, and then the workers are discouraged by a failure which is the natural result of their precipitancy. The Association, meanwhile, continued to prosper, and its founders lived to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, when all the poor connected with it were treated to a dinner at their own houses. Thus the idea which had filled her whole soul and animated her whole life, the elevation and exaltation of her sex by works of love and living charity, had blossomed out into a fact and a reality, even if it had not ripened to the full extent and development in which it had floated before the enthusiast's mind.[1]

There is a true pathos in the story of the Count de la Garaye and his wife, the memorial of whose conjugal affection is still extant at Dinan in the hospital of incurables which they erected. Claude Toussaint, Count de la Garaye, was a man of handsome countenance and athletic figure, of fine manners, famed for his skill in fencing and his feats of horsemanship. His wife, a woman of great loveliness, of a gentle but courageous disposition, and a refined taste, was a niece of the Chevalier de la Motte-Piquet, who so greatly distinguished himself in the American war. Their wedded life was happy in "the purple light" of love; they shared each other's pursuits and rejoiced in each other's amusements, the wife living in and for her husband, with an enthusiasm and an ecstasy of affection which it was a liberal education to behold:—

[1] See Notes at the end of the book.

"The joyous days
Passed in a rapturous whirl, a giddy maze,
Where the young Count and lovely Countess drew
A new delight from every pleasure new.
They woke to gladness as the morning broke;
Their very voices kept, whene'er they spoke,
A ring of joy, a harmony of life,
That made you bless the husband and the wife."

A sudden cloud threw darkness over their path. One day the Count and Countess were out hunting. They came to a stream which foamed and brawled through a rugged ravine; the Count leapt his horse across it, but quickly discovering how hazardous the venture had been, turned to warn his lady against attempting it. He was too late; she gallantly spurred her steed at the obstacle, but in alighting on the other side, the bank gave way beneath his hoofs, and he fell with his rider under him. As quickly as possible she was removed to the castle, where she lay for weeks in a desperate struggle between life and death. When the danger was past, the doctors announced that she must needs be a cripple and an invalid for life:—

"Blighted in all her bloom,—her withered frame
Must now inherit age; young but in name."

The love that husband and wife bore each other was not quenched by this great sorrow. Claude ministered to his feeble wife with untiring care, and was never weary of devising fresh amusements to cheer her painful hours. In order to wait upon her the more assiduously, he abandoned the exercises in which he had formerly delighted, and the gay and sparkling society of which he had been the ornament. He gathered the flowers which brightened her sick-room; he chose the books which beguiled her mind of its anxious thoughts. And observing that, in her great affection for him, and her fear that he would repine at the lot which had bound him to a cripple, she had fallen into a deep melancholy, he endeavoured to think of some purpose which they both might share, that might suffice to rouse her dormant enthusiasm and engage her mental energies in working it out. At last such a purpose was happily suggested by the Countess herself, who, being led to compare her condition, and all the luxuries and graces that alleviated it, with that of the poor when afflicted by incurable dis-

ease, conceived the idea of erecting a hospital for incurables in the adjacent town. The Count gladly accepted and acted upon it. A spacious pile was built, to which the poor were freely admitted. The Countess, wheeled from pallet to pallet, was a daily visitor, comforting and encouraging each wretched sufferer, dressing their wounds, bandaging the broken limb, and bathing the aching brow, while her noble husband gave himself up to the study of surgery and the discovery of new modes of cure. He was specially successful in his chemical experiments, and science owes to him "the essential salts," which, without the aid of fire or any mechanical agent, he extracted from vegetables and minerals by the action of water in motion. To these great and good works the Count and Countess devoted their lives, energies, and fortunes, and their generous love has rightfully perpetuated their names. As Mrs. Norton says:[1]—

> "For in the Breton town the good deeds done
> Yield a fresh harvest still, from sire to son;
> Still thrives the noble hospital that gave
> Shelter to those whom none from pain could save;
> And still the gentle nurses,—vowed to give
> Their aid to all who suffer and yet live,—
> Go forth in snow-white cap and sable gown,
> Tending the sick and hungry in the town."

"I can say one thing: since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve the Lord." These gracious words were uttered on her death-bed by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and the records of her life prove that they conveyed no unmeaning boast. It has been remarked, and with justice, that the two predominant features in her character were enterprise and benevolence, in other words, courage and enthusiasm; and these she made subservient to the highest purposes. Her life was a life of noble deeds and noble thoughts. It is not given to all of us to lead such a life, but we may all of us imitate the virtues of which she was so bright and beautiful an example. We cannot all of us become prison reformers or active philanthropists, but we can all of us reform ourselves and our households; we can all of us "love our neighbours." Mrs. Fry began her peculiar work in 1813, when she was led

[1] In her poem "The Lady of La Garaye."

to investigate the wretched condition of the English prisons, and to determine upon a life-long effort to ameliorate it. Dirt and disease abounded; the separation of men and women was imperfect; no useful occupation was provided for them, and the worst vices were suffered to prevail unchecked. About Christmas, 1806, she took up her burden in earnest, after much preliminary inquiry, and began a series of visits to the female prisoners in Newgate. Observing that the children were pining miserably for want of proper food, air, and exercise, she addressed herself to the mothers, and so wrought upon their better feelings that they agreed to co-operate with her in establishing a school. A young woman, one of themselves, was chosen as mistress; and Mrs. Fry obtained from the authorities the use of an unoccupied cell for the schoolroom. Her next step was to enlist in the work some of her friends; so that the education of the children, and more particularly their religious teaching, might be fitly conducted and regularly carried on. Let it not be thought that this was an easy or a pleasant task. A prison was then literally "a den of wild beasts;" and to women delicately nurtured and of refined tastes, like Mrs. Fry, the scenes it presented were inexpressibly painful. "It was in our visits to the school," she said, "where some of us attended almost every day, that we were witnesses to the dreadful proceedings that went forward on the female side of the prison—the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes; the scenes are too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us." Mrs. Fry was conscious of much disgust, and even of actual loathing; but in her enthusiasm for her good work, and the power of her loving charity, she conquered these natural feelings. It has been said that revolutions are not made with rose-water; and certain it is that no reform was ever accomplished by philanthropists of the kid-glove school. When good is to be done, we must go down into the pool, like the angel at Bethesda, and trouble the waters.

Mrs. Fry was exposed to much discouragement, and the difficulties which lay in her path must have been insuperable to any but a woman of the greatest energy. She succeeded at last in forming "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate," whose objects were: "To provide for

the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison and respectable when they leave it." And the result, in ten months, is thus stated by Mrs. Fry:—"Our rules have certainly been occasionally broken, but very seldom; order has been generally observed. I think I may say we have full power amongst them, for one of them said it was more terrible to be brought up before me than before the judge, though we use nothing but kindness. I have never punished a woman during the whole time, or even proposed a punishment to them; and yet I think it is impossible, in a well-regulated house, to have rules more strictly attended to than they are, as far as I order them, or our friends in general. With regard to our work, they have made nearly twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel, the generality of which is supplied by the slop-shops, which pay very little. Excepting three out of this number of articles that were missing, which we really do not think owing to the women, we have never lost a single thing. They knit from about sixty to a hundred pairs of stockings and socks every month; they spin a little. The earnings of work, we think, average about eighteenpence per week for each person. This is generally spent in assisting them to live and helping to clothe them. For this purpose they subscribe out of their small earnings of work about four pounds a month, and we subscribe about eight, which keeps them covered and decent. Another very important point is the excellent effect we have found to result from religious education; our habit is constantly to read the Scriptures to them twice a day; many of them are taught, and some of them have been enabled to read a little themselves. It has had an astonishing effect: I never saw the Scriptures received in the same way, and to many of them they have been entirely new, both the great system of religion and of morality contained in them; and it has been very satisfactory to observe the effect upon their minds. When I have sometimes gone and said it was my intention to read, they would flock upstairs after me, as if it were a great pleasure I had to afford them."

We are not writing, however, a history of Mrs. Fry's philan-

thropic labours. We shall not dwell on her exertions to procure the abolition of capital punishment for crimes affecting property, or on her efforts to promote the religious education of the poor. Her special vocation was the reform of the interior discipline of our prisons on wise and humane principles. To this she gave her life, her talents, her energies, her means; and not without good fruit. Both at home and abroad her influence achieved the greatest results; and her example encouraged many noble women to follow in the same path of well-doing, and, as teachers of ragged-schools and district visitors, to contribute towards the improved social condition of the "lower orders." The admirable arrangements she had been the means of introducing into Newgate were subsequently adopted in all the metropolitan, and most of the county and borough, gaols. In conjunction with her brother, Joseph John Gurney, she personally visited and carefully examined the prisons, lunatic asylums, penitentiaries, and refuges of the United Kingdom, and afterwards the most important institutions of a similar kind on the Continent. Even in the building and construction of prisons she effected many beneficial changes, and in the transportation and treatment of convicts she succeeded in carrying out numerous improvements. But wherever distress, wherever poverty and ignorance existed, there Elizabeth Fry saw a work to be done. No case of wretchedness came to her notice that she did not attempt to relieve. No poor supplicant ever told his tale to her in vain. She seemed to live only for others; her career was one lofty epic of well-doing. Thus, during a visit to Jersey, rendered necessary by domestic circumstances, she contrived to reform the prison and hospital, and to establish a district society; and a day at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, spent in the neighbourhood of the Coast Guard station, suggested to her the great undertaking of providing libraries for all the Coast Guard stations in Great Britain; an undertaking beset with difficulties, but in which her perseverance never relaxed until it had been fully accomplished. With all her enthusiasm, Mrs. Fry was pre-eminently practical. She was no believer in Utopias, moral or political; her plans were always carefully considered, and involved neither impossibilities nor improbabilities; and her attention to details would have graced the most skilful administrator. And great as

was her courage, it was not greater than her tact. She did not yield to prejudices, but she did not unnecessarily excite them. Hence it is noticeable that all her reforms were conducted to a triumphant issue with the cordial co-operation of the authorities whom they concerned. Nor did she go out of her way to seek work; she took that which lay close to her hand, holding no exaggerated or unreal theories of woman's mission. She was fully persuaded that every woman had her place in the world, and that in filling it she discharged her responsibility. A woman's primary duties she regarded as belonging to her home and family; but she was not the less convinced that to all a wider sphere of usefulness was open. She appreciated the usual charities of gentlewomen—their visits to the sick, the destitute, and the aged, their attention to the village schools; but she regretted that so few completed the work of mercy by following the widow or disabled when necessity drove them to the workhouse, or by "caring for the workhouse school, that resort of the orphaned and forsaken, less attractive, perhaps, than the school of the village, but even more requiring oversight and attention."

We shall select a single scene from the long and varied drama of her life, in illustration of the nature of her labours, and the mingled humility, earnestness, and moral intrepidity of her character. On the 31st of January 1842, the King of Prussia met Mrs. Fry at Newgate, and afterwards lunched with her at her residence at Upton. Her account of the day's incidents runs as follows:—

"We set off about eleven o'clock, my sister Gurney and myself, to meet the King of Prussia at Newgate. I proceeded with the Lady Mayoress to Newgate, where we were met by many gentlemen. My dear brother and sister Gurney and Susannah Corder being with me was a great comfort. We waited so long for the King that I feared he would not come; however, at last he arrived, and the Lady Mayoress and I, accompanied by the Sheriffs, went to meet the King at the door of the prison. He appeared much pleased to meet our little party; and after taking a little refreshment, he gave me his arm, and we proceeded into the prison and up to one of the long wards, where everything was prepared; the poor women round the table, about sixty of them, many of our ladies' committee, and some others; also numbers of gentle-

Woman as Social Reformer.
ELIZABETH FRY,
THE PRISON REFORMER. p. 336.

men following the King, Sheriffs, &c. I felt deeply, but quiet in spirit—fear of man much removed. After we were seated, the King on my right hand, the Lady Mayoress on my left, I expressed my desire that the attention of some, particularly the poor prisoners, might be diverted from attending to our reading by the company there, however interesting, but that we should remember that the King of kings and Lord of lords was present, in whose fear we should abide, and seek to profit by what we heard. I then read the twelfth chapter of Romans. I dwelt on the mercies of God being the strong inducement to serve Him, and no longer to be conformed to this world. Then I finished the chapter, afterwards impressing our all being members of one body, poor and rich, high and low, all one in Christ, and members one of another. I then related the case of a poor prisoner, who appeared truly converted, and who became such a holy example; then I enlarged on love and forgiving one another, showing how Christians must love their enemies. After a solemn pause, to my deep humiliation and in the cross, I believed it my duty to kneel down before this most curious, interesting, and mixed company, for I felt my God must be served the same everywhere and amongst all people, whatever reproach it brought me into. I first prayed for the conversion of prisoners and sinners generally, that a blessing might rest on the labours of those in authority, as well as the more humble labourers for their conversion; next I prayed for the King of Prussia, his Queen, his kingdom, that it might be more and more as the city set on the hill that could not be hid; that true religion in its purity, simplicity, and power might more and more break forth, and that every cloud that obscured it might be removed; then for us all, that we might be of the number of the redeemed, and eventually unite with them in heaven in a never-ending song of praise. All this prayer was truly offered in the name and for the sake of the dear Saviour, that it might be heard and answered. I only mention the subject, but by no means the words. The King then again gave me his arm, and we walked down together; there were difficulties raised about his going to Upton, but he chose to persevere. I went with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, and the King with his own people. We arrived first; I had to hasten to take off my cloak, and then went down to meet him at his carriage door, with my

husband and some of our sons and sons-in-law. I then walked with him into the drawing-room, where all was in beautiful order, neat, and adorned with flowers. I presented to the King our eight daughters and daughters-in-law, our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brothers and sisters, . . . and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn silence before our meal, which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant—everything most complete and nice. I sat by the King, who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. We went into the drawing-room after another solemn silence and a few words which I uttered in prayer for the King and Queen. . . . We had then to part. The King expressed his desire that blessings might continue to rest on our house." It may be easy for those who conceive the right employment of wit to lie in the ridicule of all that is good and tender to jest at praying and preaching women; but surely Mrs. Fry, in her sober Quakeress attire, kneeling in the presence of a mixed company of prisoners and illustrious personages, is worthier of our approval, and presents a nobler and fairer sight, than the fashionable beauty of the season, in the newest costume, posing before a photographer's apparatus that she may figure in the shop-windows of our great towns and revel in a blaze of notoriety!

A worker in the same field of benevolence as Mrs. Fry, but on a humbler scale, was Sarah Martin of Yarmouth, of whom a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" observes, that it is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. "It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty." We have not the space to tell the story of her career, but desire to note some features which bear upon the subject of these pages; for of moral courage and high enthusiasm Sarah Martin was not a less illustrious example than Mrs. Fry. She was born at the village of Caistor, near the seaport of Great Yarmouth; spent her childhood in the village street and the village dame-school; lost her parents at an early age, and was brought up by her widowed grandmother, an aged woman, with the industry of

a Martha and the fervent piety of a Mary. Slight as was her education, she developed a taste for reading, at first perusing all the novels and romances she could obtain from a decayed circulating library, and afterwards turning to the more wholesome nutriment of Shakespeare and the masterpieces of our poets and essayists. When a little more than fourteen years old she was placed by her grandmother with a dressmaker, and in two years she started in business on her own account. Her good taste, industry, and punctuality drew around her quickly a large circle of customers; and her intelligence and excellent manners procured her a ready admission into respectable society. She lived, however, without God in the world; and she was nineteen years old before a sermon, heard by accident in a meeting-house of Great Yarmouth, directed her thoughts towards the things of eternal life. The indifference, and even aversion, to religion, which she had previously cherished, yielded before the patient inquiry into the evidences of Christianity and the careful study of Holy Writ which she was induced to undertake; and her conscience being fully awakened, while her judgment was convinced, she became, not in name only, but in reality, a believer.

Her enthusiasm prompted her at once to do something for the sake of Him in whom she had found peace and rest. Her first efforts were made in the Sunday-school; but it was not long before she found a wider field of useful action. She gained admission to the workhouse, where the children had no teacher, the sick no nurse, the poor no comforter; and, with the permission of the authorities, visited and prayed with the aged and the inmates of the sick wards, while one day in the week she devoted to the instruction of the destitute and neglected young. Some years were spent in these humble labours, until, in 1838, a schoolmaster and schoolmistress were appointed. Thereafter, two evenings in the week were appropriated by Miss Martin to a school for factory girls, young women from the age of sixteen, engaged all the day in business, and at liberty only from seven to nine o'clock in the evening. The evenings on which there was no tuition she devoted to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse or through the town generally. "And occasionally," says her biographer, "an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth who regarded her labours with

interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick, active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her; and if young people were present, she was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners in the gaol, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old material to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent."

She began her prison work in 1818. At first she simply read the Scriptures with the inmates; then she gave up one day a week, regardless of the pecuniary loss, to instruct them in reading and writing; next she secured the provision of a "Sunday service," for previously in Yarmouth gaol the Lord's Day had passed without the slightest recognition. For three years she persevered in this course of usefulness, and though necessarily brought into contact with the most depraved and abandoned characters, such was the spell of her voice, of her modest gentle presence, and of the soul of goodness which shone in her expressive eyes, that in the whole period she met with not a single insult. Observing that idleness in the prison was an abundant source of vice, she endeavoured to devise means for the employment of, first, the female prisoners, and afterwards the men. Having procured from friends a little capital of thirty shillings with which to purchase materials, she taught the women to sew and make up baby clothes. The men were taught to make straw hats, or caps for men and boys, grey cotton shirts, and even patchwork; and as employment was treated as a reward and a privilege, everybody was anxious to obtain it. Her philanthropy was not confined, however, within the prison walls. She saw the need of furnishing prisoners on their discharge with the means of living honestly, and for this purpose she sought out respectable lodgings for those who were homeless, employment for those who were willing to work, situations for servants whose fidelity might reasonably be trusted. Like Mrs. Fry, she was *practical* in her enthusiasm, and her zeal never outran her common sense. Yet what a noble enthusiasm it was! what a generous, self-denying zeal! Day and night she laboured for the welfare of her fellow-creatures, never discouraged, never baffled, and

never weary. And, all unaided, in but a few years she solved the three most difficult problems of prison discipline—religious instruction, occupation during imprisonment, and a new career for the prisoner when discharged. "Whilst great and good men at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with difficulties that are now unknown—prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved." Yet frequently as the name of Howard is mentioned, how often do we hear of Sarah Martin, or even of Mrs. Fry? We would take not a jot of the honour due to him from the great philanthropist; but to these two lofty-minded, courageous, ardent-souled women, with their lives of active and sagacious benevolence, their living charity, their intense sympathy, can the world spare no tribute of gratitude? To attempt a comparison between Mrs. Fry and Sarah Martin would be unworthy of the good cause to which they devoted themselves; but it is only just to remember that while the former was affluent, in a high social position, and supported by influential friends, the latter was destitute of all these advantages, and dependent for her daily bread almost entirely on her skill and industry as a dressmaker. As she yielded up more and more of her time to the vocation to which she felt that God had appointed her, her income from this source gradually diminished, until no profit was derivable from it, and her pecuniary means were reduced to the annual interest on a sum of less than £300 bequeathed to her by her grandmother. To this was added, in 1841, an annual allowance of £12 from the gaol committee, which, after much hesitation, she was induced to accept; not, indeed, as a salary equivalent to her services, but as a provision for her few and humble wants, which left her at liberty still to continue them.

The methodical manner in which she did her work appears in the number of record and account books which she kept, and in the precision and distinctness of the different entries.

There was the "Prison Journal," with its two columnar divisions —"Name of prisoner, crime, religion, waiting trial or convicted, whether able to read when convicted, whether able to write when convicted, whether taught in prison, confined in gaol or Bridewell, conviction, general observations;" the everyday book; the liberated prisoners' book; register of lessons; female prisoners' employment, or sinking fund; employment for the destitute; clothing account; and gentleman's fund (for male prisoners). We mention these particulars as a proof that true enthusiasm is not the impulsive, unregulated, and superficial passion which prejudice and ignorance suppose it to be. "Men of the world," says Julius Hare, "hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action except from an interested motive—for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that when the sun is showering light from the sky he is only standing there to be stared at." Let men of the world read the story of Sarah Martin, and learn of what disinterested actions an enthusiastic woman, filled with a great love of Christ and her fellow-creatures, is generously capable.

In the severe winter of 1852, which fell very hardly upon the poor people of France, a terrible riot broke out in the small town of Buzançais. Irritated by the high price of bread, the Red Republicans rose against the propertied class, sacked the chief manufactories, and broke through the streets like a desolating storm. Instead of uniting for mutual defence, the terrified citizens took refuge in their houses behind bolt and bar. At last the rioters fell upon the mansion of a M. Chambret, and, headed by one Venin, forced their way into the drawing-room, where M. Chambret was seeking to reassure his aged mother. Two servants were with them, Madeline Blanchet, the maid, and a man-servant, named Bourgeau. The latter, hearing Venin address his master rudely, knocked him down, then took fright at the scowling faces of the crowd and fled. Madeline fell to the ground in a swoon. M. Chambret, seizing his gun, shot Venin, who had recovered his feet; but the infuriated populace, throwing themselves upon him, he made an effort to escape, rushing from room to room, pursued by the rioters, until, with a cry of "Mercy, friends!" he sank overpowered beneath their deadly blows. "Thou hast no friends!" was the only answer to his dying prayer.

The fierce tumult, above which rose the shrieks of her aged mistress, awakened Madeline from her swoon. As soon as she recovered her senses, she rushed to her side, and, supporting her with one arm, used the other to force her way through the drunken, maddened, surging crowd. With infinite resolution she conducted her into the courtyard. But there the raging mob beset them with fierce shouts of "Death! death!" and brutally struck and beat them, so that Madame Chambret sunk upon her knees. "Go, Madeline!" she cried, gasping, "Go; I must die here. Save yourself!" But the faithful woman, summoning all the energies of her soul, threw herself before her, and boldly faced the assailants, exclaiming, "You shall not kill my mistress until you have killed me!" A man aimed a blow at her with his sword; some infuriated women struck her; but she still kept her ground, warding off every stroke directed against her mistress, while with the eloquence of a just indignation she reproached them for revenging themselves on an old and feeble woman. Two of the women were so moved by her words and her fidelity, that they interfered on her behalf, raised her mistress, and escorted both of them safely to the house of a friend, where Madame Chambret was concealed in a secure asylum. Madeline then hastened back to the scene of outrage, and, with irresistible courage, throwing herself into the midst of the plunderers, collected what valuables she could carry, with these returned to her mistress's hiding-place, and again sallied forth to rescue as much as she was able. For some hours she went backward and forward, as if discharging an everyday duty, until there was no longer anything to save.

When the riot was put down, and those concerned in it brought up for trial, Madeline was summoned as a witness. She gave a brief and intelligent account of all she had seen and heard, but to her own heroic conduct never alluded. Then said the president:—"We have it in evidence that you covered your mistress with your own body, and saved her from the blows of the rioters: is this true?"—"Yes, sir," was her quiet reply. "You were heard to declare that they should kill you before they killed your mistress: is this true?"—"Yes, sir," was all she answered. "If," exclaimed the president, "there had been but twenty men at Buzançais with the courage of this young woman, none of the events we are now

regretting would have occurred." And there are men who talk of the inferiority of the sex, of the helplessness and timidity of women! Our own experience is, that at the call of duty woman more readily and generally rises to the occasion than man; that of that lofty courage which conquers temptation and resists evil—which dares nobly and wills strongly—which shrinks from no sacrifice that honour or affection demands—the mother is more capable than the father, the sister than the brother, the wife than the husband. With his usual knowledge of human nature, Shakespeare, in "Measure for Measure," represents Claudio as willing to save his life at the expense of his sister's honour. No sister would desire to save herself at the expense of a brother's honour! When the Italian princes endeavoured to win the Marquis di Pescara from his pledged allegiance to the Spaniard, it was his wife—that brilliant and high-minded Vittoria Colonna,[1] whom Ariosto has celebrated, and whose poems are the admiration of scholars—who encouraged him to stand firmly to his trust. "Remember your honour," she wrote, "which raises you above fortune and above kings; by that alone, and not by rank and dignities, is true glory acquired—that glory which it will be your pride and happiness to hand down unsullied to your descendants." She was still young and beautiful when her husband died, but she refused the numerous offers of marriage pressed upon her, saying "that her husband yet lived, and would ever live, in her heart." The history of woman shines with innumerable examples of this heroic devotion to duty, this splendid moral courage, this pure and elevated love. Her tender trustfulness, her self-sacrifice, her unquestioning fidelity—what son, what husband, but can gratefully speak of them? When the young and brilliant Ayesha was one day questioning Mohammed about his first wife:—"Now, am I not better than Kadijah?" she said; "she was a widow, old, and had lost her looks; do you not love me better than you loved her?"—"No, by Allah!" answered the Prophet; "no, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!" She had courage enough to preserve her love and faith unshaken. When La Noire, the celebrated Huguenot leader, was wounded in the victorious fight of Sainte Geneviève, the

[1] See Notes at the end of the book.

physicians agreed that, to save his life, the amputation of his right arm would be necessary. He at once refused to submit to the operation. "Better death," he exclaimed, "than a maimed and mutilated existence, which could be of little benefit to my queen or country." His friends then sought the interposition of the Queen. Jeanne d'Albret immediately repaired to her wounded general's bedside, and appealed to him to act on the advice of his physicians. Her arguments and entreaties overcame his resistance, and he consented to submit himself to the surgeon's knife. With her own hands Jeanne removed the bandages, and, conquering a natural repugnance to the sight of blood, she bravely supported the sufferer's arm, and cheered him with words of hope and consolation while the operation was being performed. In later life, when La Noire told the tale of this act of moral courage and tender sympathy, tears would roll down his scarred and battle-bronzed cheeks. Gibbon immortalises the love and valour of the wife of Aban, a Saracen chief, who was slain in a battle before Damascus. She had followed him to the war, and it was in her faithful arms that he breathed his last breath. "Happy art thou," she exclaimed; "happy art thou, my beloved; thou art gone to thy Lord, who first joined us together and then parted us asunder. I will avenge thy death, and endeavour to the utmost of my power to come to the place where thou art, because I love thee." Without a groan, without a tear, she washed the corpse of her husband and buried him with the usual rites. "Then grasping the manly weapons, which in her native land she was accustomed to wield, the intrepid widow of Aban sought the place where his murderer fought in the thickest of the battle. Her first arrow pierced the hand of his standard-bearer; her second wounded Thomas in the eye, and the fainting Christians no longer beheld their ensign or their leader."

But such courage as this seems to us to fade into insignificance before the serene patience and chivalrous endurance of such heroines as Dame Alice Lisle, who gave meat and drink and a night's rest to two of the wretched fugitives who fled from the lost field of Sedgemoor. The fugitives were overtaken by the Royalist soldiers, and Alice Lisle, on a charge of high treason, was brought before Judge Jeffreys. During the brutal questioning to which she was exposed, she preserved an unshaken

calmness of demeanour; and when put to death on a scaffold in the market-place of Winchester, with Christian courage underwent her unmerited fate. Take, too, that anecdote of Emily Brönte's moral fearlessness, which her sister Charlotte has transferred to the heroine of her novel of "Shirley;" her calling to a strange dog, running past, with hanging head and lolling tongue, to refresh it with a merciful draught of water; its maddened snap at its benefactress; her going straight into the kitchen, with stern composure, and with a red-hot Italian iron cauterising the wound, and telling no one till the danger was well-nigh past, lest their weaker minds should be infected with a dread of hydrophobia. On another occasion, her favourite but fierce bulldog, Keeper, which was known to resent with terrible fury the touch of stick or whip, was found lying upon the "best bed," whither he had been positively forbidden to betake himself. "Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not speak to interfere. . . . She went upstairs, and the servant and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below. . . . Downstairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuft of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat; her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished' him till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself."

That great Civil War which produced so many heroes begat another heroine besides the Countess of Derby, the defender of Lathom House, in the person of Brilliance Lady Harley. When the Royalists besieged Brampton Castle, she, in the absence of her lord, bravely elected "to stand it out, by God's help;" and the stronghold she had made out of a peaceful manor-house, and the garrison she had disciplined with the help of a veteran sergeant and the family physician, she gallantly maintained against, first, Sir William Vavassor, and next Colonel

Lingen, for two hot months (July and August 1643). This "animi matrona virilis" we may contrast or compare with the wife of Colonel Dalbiac, whom Napier describes as "an English lady of gentle disposition and delicate frame." Two arduous campaigns of the Peninsular War she had encountered by her husband's side with "the patient fortitude characteristic of her sex;" and in the battle of Salamanca, remembering only the deep affection which had so long supported her, she rode amidst the enemy's fire, trembling perhaps, yet irresistibly impelled by "feelings more imperious than honour, more piercing than the fear of death."

The examples which we have brought together, while showing of what true and generous courage women are capable, must carry a bitter reproach to the fastidious delicacy of the present day, which shudders at the appearance of a spider and shrinks from the slightest sound or sight of pain. But is not this fastidiousness, this timidity, the result of bad training? That plethora of "nervous complaints," of which everybody hears so much, does it not originate in a defective education? Do we endeavour to make our daughters resolute, courageous, helpful? Are they not anxiously screened from every experience which would teach them to meet danger bravely or to bear suffering calmly? Is it not customary to sneer at "Amazonian women," and to ridicule as unwomanly the exhibition of feminine presence of mind, of feminine readiness of resource? Is there any necessary incompatibility between courage and gentleness? Let us read what Ary Scheffer wrote to his daughter:—"Tâche toi d'être vaillante et bonne; ce sont les grandes qualités des femmes. Des peines, tout le monde en a; contre sa destinée on ne peut qu'une chose; porter dignement bonheur et malheur. Il ne faut se laisser amollir ni pour soi, ni pour ceux qu'on aime. Lutter et toujours lutter—c'est la vie, et de ce côté la mienne a été de tout temps complète: mais j'ose dire avec un juste orgueil, que rien n'a jamais abattu mon courage." "Try," he says, "try to be courageous and tender-hearted; these are woman's greatest qualities. 'Troubles,' everybody has them; there is but one way of meeting our destiny: to bear with dignity both good and evil. We must not lose heart, neither for ourselves nor for those we love. To struggle and always to struggle, this is life, and such has always been my lot; but I dare to say,

with a just pride, that nothing has ever overcome my courage." *Tâche toi d'être vaillante et bonne;* these are words which every woman should adopt as her motto. The sneer, the jest, the idle gossip; she must be courageous enough to despise them all. She must have courage to do what is right, regardless of the opinion of "the world" or of "society;" courage to endure pain for a good cause; courage to vindicate purity and truth everywhere and always; courage to resist the allurements of pleasure at the demand of duty. She must have courage to reprove the erring and befriend the penitent; courage to vindicate the honour and dignity of her sex. In this latter respect, women seem to me too often to fail. They admit into their society the libertine, the gambler, the "fast" man, for want of courage to assert the rights of their "order," and hence they weaken that moral influence which they ought to exercise for the social welfare. There is a growing tendency to a freedom of manner and a laxity of conversation, which women, had they the moral courage, might surely arrest and correct. Much has been said by sentimental writers of both sexes on the charm of feminine dependence, as if cowardice and weakness were graceful and attractive qualities; and poetical similes, drawn from the clinging ivy that lives by clasping its graceful tendrils round some stately tree, have been put forward as representing the true relations between man and woman. "Unfortunately," says Maria Grey, "such writers are apt to confound *weakness* with tenderness, and gentleness with *want of character;* but weakness has no place in the true type of beauty, whether moral or physical: in the latter, strength must be in proportion to the form and size, or there is an unpleasant feeling of incompleteness, of unfitness, which mars the beauty. So, likewise, in the moral nature, greater softness of feeling belongs to the feminine type, even as there is more delicacy and pliancy of limb; but, like the latter, the moral nature must be active, firm, and healthy to be really healthful."

We are not asking of our female readers that they should be more or less than women; we would have them womanly in their courage, their integrity of purpose, their superiority to their own fears. Physical bravery is, to a great extent, the result of constitutional robustness, but the higher and truer courage springs from elevation of mind and heart, and is mainly

the result of mental and moral discipline. How necessary it is to woman, especially as the wife and the mother, we need not here insist; but that it is a good thing and a right thing to preserve our self-control, to repress a dangerous excitability, to conquer hysterical emotion, and to subdue nervous apprehensions, we suppose every person will concede. "Heaven has denied strength of limb to woman, but has given her a heart strong enough for every effort, if she allow it not to be unnerved by want of self-control." And efforts will certainly be demanded of her, whatever her position. She will have to part with those she loves, or to bring up her children, or to repulse the insidious advances of pleasure, or to watch by the bedside of the sick; and in each capacity her moral courage will be put to the test. In a word, as maid or wife, sister, or mother, or daughter, she will have to do her duty; and duty cannot be done without the inspiration of moral courage. "Who best can suffer," says Milton, "best can do;" but without moral courage suffering and action are alike impossible. Nor is this precious, this invaluable quality beyond the reach of the weakest or humblest of her sex. It is to be acquired by a steady submission to the discipline of work, the discipline of study, and the discipline of prayer and meditation. Every time that you face and overcome danger, every time that you encounter and prevail against a temptation, you add to your reserve stock of moral courage. For it has the same high virtue as the widow's cruse of oil; draw upon it as you will, the supply is always equal to the demand.

The life of Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great traveller, is full of illustrations both of moral and physical courage. She was well fitted, we may observe, for an adventurous career by her early training. As a girl, she says of herself that she was not shy, but wild as a boy, and bolder and more forward than her elder brothers; she delighted to dress in their clothes and take part in their frolics. Her father looked with satisfaction upon her courage and her indifference to pain and danger, frequently declaring that he would have her educated as an officer in a military school, and training her in habits of abstemiousness and endurance. At the age of twelve, when Austria was struggling against Napoleon and his armies, she evinced the most enthusiastic patriotism, keenly rejoicing when victory crowned the Austrian standards, as keenly lamenting when

they were driven from the foughten field in disgrace. When from her window she saw her fellow-countrymen marching forth to battle, she would vehemently regret her youth, which she regarded as the only obstacle to her taking part in the glorious struggle.

At the age of thirteen she resumed the attire of her sex. She had learned to know the propriety and necessity of the measure, but it continued for some time to be a subject of unhappiness. By degrees she was transformed from a high-spirited hoyden into a modest but courageous girl. Her adventurous spirit, instead of dwelling on the "shock of arms," found abundant food in the records of travel and exploration; and her mind, instead of expending itself upon dress, and balls, and theatres, loved to indulge in visions of palm-fringed islands and strange lands across the mysterious seas. In 1829, when she was twenty-three years old, she married Dr. Pfeiffer; a widower, with a grown-up son, but a man of honour and probity. Her married life, however, was marked by many bitter experiences; for reverses of fortune overtook her husband, and poverty and want were frequently her household guests. To eke out their scanty means she secretly gave lessons in music and drawing; and yet, in spite of all her exertions, many were the days when she and her ten children were compelled to dine off dry bread. At her mother's death she came into possession of a small property, and settled in Vienna in order to educate her children; her husband, now in advanced years, continuing to reside at Luneberg, but paying occasional visits to his family. Her early love of travel and adventure was revived by a journey to Trieste to procure the advantage of sea-bathing for her younger son. The sight of the broad blue ocean filled her mind, as it has filled so many minds, with a longing for new scenes and regions; and as her sons grew up, the idea of travel impressed itself more and more strongly upon her imagination. Their education had made a large drain upon her resources, but she resolved that with rigid economy her limited income should supply her wants. She must go alone, she knew; for her sons could not abandon their careers, and her husband's age and feebleness prohibited him from accompanying her. But she was a woman of fifty-five, healthy and courageous, and in the hard school of life had acquired the habit of self-reliance. Why should she hesitate? What had she to fear? That "Mrs.

Grundy" would pronounce her eccentric, immoral, or insane; but she did not care for Mrs. Grundy, and in March 1842 she resolved upon realising her ardent desire.

She descended the Danube to the Black Sea; visited Constantinople; passed from thence into Asia Minor, Syria, and the Holy Land; traversed Egypt; crossed the Desert to the Red Sea; and finally returned homewards in December by way of Sicily and through the whole length of Italy. What she had seen and undergone she described in her "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land," a simple and unvarnished narrative, published in the following year. The sale of the copyright recruited her resources, and she determined on a visit to the North. After studying English and Danish, and the art of taking daguerreotypes, she set out for Iceland, where she arrived in May 1845. She crossed its wastes of snow and ice; examined its Geysers; ascended the lava-bound precipices of Hekla; looked forth upon the dreary wilderness of the Arctic Sea; and then made her way homeward through Norway and Sweden. Many demands were made upon her presence of mind and her capacity of endurance, but she was never found at fault. Not Livingstone himself was bolder of heart or readier of resource. Again she published the record of her travel, and again its success supplied her with the means of wandering into "fresh woods and pastures new." This time her conception was more daring. Men had made a Voyage round the World; why should not she? The dangers and difficulties that others had overcome by courage and patience she too, by the exercise of the same qualities, would be able to conquer; it was even possible that, as a woman, she would sometimes find the path made smoother.

She departed from Vienna on the 1st of May 1846; she arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 16th of September. While exploring the grand scenery of Brazil she incurred a great peril, being attacked by a runaway slave, whose purpose appeared to be murder and robbery. From his knife she had received more than one wound when some passers-by came to her assistance. She had defended herself gallantly, but without this opportune protection must have perished.

She sailed round Cape Horn; she visited Valparaiso; then she stretched across the wide waters of the Pacific to Otaheite, that precious jewel of the Polynesian main, where she was pre-

sented to a woman scarcely less remarkable then herself, Queen Pomare. Again committing her fortunes to the deep, she sailed to China, and astonished the natives of Canton by suddenly appearing among them. Her reception, however, was not very flattering; and turning her back on the land of an effete civilisation, she proceeded to Singapore, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta. Ascending the Ganges, this undaunted woman visited the holy city of the Brahmins, Benares; Delhi, the old residence of the Moguls; Bombay, and the rock-temples of Ellora and Elephanta. Everything that was to be seen she saw. She declined neither a permission to be present at a suttee nor an invitation to partake in a tiger-hunt. She was admitted to the houses of many Hindus of rank, to the bungalows of the English settlers, but was always the same; always calm, composed, observant, gentle in manner, and easy of address. From India she crossed to Persia, and thence, by way of Bassora and Bagdad, to the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, the relics of a world that had sunk into decay long before the coming of our Lord. This expedition to Persia and Mesopotamia was one of the most daring achievements of this daring woman—one of the most daring achievements of which the history of woman preserves the record. Its demands upon her physical energies were immense; but still greater was the strain on her mental and moral faculties, on her resolution and will, her pertinacity of purpose, her patience, her prudence, and her presence of mind. The record of it is a strange romance; nay, something infinitely better than a romance; for the boldest creator of fable and fiction would never have ventured to carry his most extravagant heroine through the scenes in which Madame Pfeiffer so bravely and unaffectedly bore her part.

From Tabriz Madame Pfeiffer continued her journey through Armenia, Georgia, and Mingrelia into the Crimea. Landing at Odessa, she made her way to Constantinople. Thence she sailed "the blue Ægean," and visited some of the most famous places in Greece; returning by way of the Ionian Islands and Trieste to Vienna, after travelling 2800 miles by land and 35,000 by sea. Such an exploit necessarily drew the eyes of the civilised world towards her, and her account of "A Woman's Journey Round the World" was very warmly welcomed. The enthusiast, however, was not yet weary, nor was her thirst for knowledge quenched, nor her appetite for novelty

satisfied. After a year's rest she took up her pilgrim's staff once more; betook herself to the Cape of Good Hope; afterwards to Singapore; and across the Straits of Malacca to the forest-shrouded island of Borneo. It is difficult to praise too highly the courage with which she plunged into the interior of its leafy wilderness, and trusted her life and honour to the hands of the savage Dyaks. She seemed to carry a charm about her which compelled the respect of wild and civilised peoples alike; and so indeed she did—the charm of a frank, engaging manner and an heroic soul. None presumed to injure the woman who was afraid of nobody, suspected ill of nobody; who went everywhere without thought of danger, safe in her innocent courage and her "manly" fearlessness. She visited Java, where she was warmly received by the Dutch authorities and the Javanese grandees. Next she landed in Sumatra (July 1852), trusting herself among the anthropophagic Baltas, who had always shown the deepest jealousy of Europeans. They opposed her further advance, but uninjured she penetrated into the primeval forest, among a population of man-eaters, and almost as far as the mystic lake Eier-Tara. A wall of spears here arrested her progress, and she was compelled to return to Java after two severe attacks of intermittent fever. From Java she sailed to the Sunda Islands, and explored those balmy "spice islands" which Magellan first made known to the European nations. Again she crossed the Pacific, and after a two months' voyage, in which she saw nothing but sea and sky, arrived at San Francisco. With indefatigable curiosity she examined the gold-washing districts on the Sacramento and the Tuba, and slept in the wigwams of the Redskins of Rogue River. From the land of gold she made her way to the land of silver. After a visit to Lima, she proceeded to Ecuador, and thence undertook the enterprise of crossing the Cordilleras, with the view of descending the Amazons to the Brazilian sea-coast. In the course of her toilsome and difficult journey she witnessed the grand and unusual spectacle of an eruption of Cotopaxi. On reaching Quito she was baffled in her attempt to find trustworthy guides for her projected river voyage, and was forced to recross the Cordilleras. In the neighbourhood of Guayaquil she twice narrowly escaped death—first by a fall from her mule, and next by falling into the alligator-infested stream of the Guaya. Her com-

panions rendered her no assistance; and, disgusted at their want of humanity, she hastened to take leave of Spanish America, sailing to Panama, and thence crossing the Isthmus to Aspinwall.

To this adventurous enthusiast a voyage up the Mississippi to Napoleon, and up the Arkansas as far as Fort Smith, must have seemed as nothing. An attack of fever compelled her to diverge to St. Louis. On recovering her health she struck northward, by Chicago, to the vast inland seas of Erie and Ontario, and the mighty roar and rush of Niagara. An excursion into Canada, and a tour to the chief American cities, preceded her voyage to England, where she landed in November 1854. Six months later she reappeared in Vienna, having once more "put a girdle round about the world." Her exertions were rewarded by a gold medal from the King of Prussia, and the Geographical Society of Berlin elected her an honorary member. Ritter and Humboldt lavished their praises upon her, and the public eagerly welcomed her narrative of "My Second Journey Round the World."

Her last expedition was to Madagascar. She left Vienna in May 1856, traversed Holland, visited London and Paris, and sailed from Rotterdam for the Mauritius, where she made a short but pleasant sojourn. She quitted the Mauritius on the 25th of April 1857, and on the 1st of May landed at Tamatavé. Afterwards she visited Tananariva, the capital, where she was introduced at court. But the time of her visit proved inopportune. A persecution of the Christians had begun, and all Europeans were regarded with jealousy. For a while her life was in danger. She and her friends were kept in custody, and their anticipations were none of the pleasantest; but the ruling powers were pleased to let them off with no severer punishment than perpetual banishment from Madagascar. Madame Pfeiffer was ordered to depart from Tananariva in an hour, and accordingly, after hastily packing her baggage, she turned her face towards the coast, escorted by a guard of fifty privates, twenty officers, and a commandant. The journey to Tamatavé proved most laborious and disagreeable. Madame Pfeiffer was suffering severely from fever, and to escape from the malarious and swampy lowlands was essential to her recovery; but the Queen had so ordered her movements that a journey usually performed in eight days occupied fifty-three

days, and it is difficult not to believe that the poor traveller's death was hoped for and intended. In the most unhealthy places she and her companions were left in wretched huts for one or two weeks at a time; and frequently, when they suffered from violent attacks of fever, their escort dragged them from their miserable couches, and they had to continue their journey whether the weather was good or bad.

"The huts," writes Madame Pfeiffer, "in which we lodged were generally in such a wretched condition that they scarcely afforded shelter from the weather. Wind and rain came rushing in every direction through the broken roof and the thin half-decayed walls. To increase my sufferings, I had not even the necessary bedding, and any warm clothes in which I might have wrapped myself at night were stolen during our first day's march. I had not, like my companions, two or three servants, who could take care of my things; unfortunately, I was mistress and servant both in one, and in my weak state I found it impossible to attend to anything. Whenever we came to our resting-places, I threw myself on my couch, and was often unable to rise for days together. And what a couch it was!—a thin mat, a hard pillow, with my travelling cloak for a coverlet. One of the missionaries afterwards gave me one of his own pillows. During the whole fifty-three days I did not change my clothes once, for my most earnest entreaties were powerless to move the commandant to assign me a separate place where I might dress and undress. We were thrust all together into the same hut, however small it might be. My sufferings were beyond description during the last three weeks, when I was unable even to raise myself from my bed and totter a few paces."

At Tamatavé Madame Pfeiffer took ship for the Mauritius, and arrived at Port Louis on the evening of the 22d of September. A few days of severe illness, and she was pronounced out of danger. But it soon became evident that her sufferings in Madagascar had given her constitution a serious shock, though she recovered sufficiently to return to Europe, and revisit London. In July 1858, she went to Berlin, but here her strength began to fail rapidly, and she caused herself to be removed to the residence of a friend, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood of Cracow. The change of air did not produce the anticipated benefit, and yearning to die at home, she was

taken with the greatest care to her brother's house in Vienna. She passed away on the night of the 29th of October 1858.

This great traveller, who compassed nearly 20,000 miles by land and 150,000 miles by sea, was by no means that ideal of a "strong-minded, masculine" woman the reader might suppose. On the contrary, she was so simple and unassuming that strangers were apt to do an injustice to her intelligence. Her appearance, and indeed her manner, was that of a sober housewife, whose thoughts never ventured beyond the narrow but all-sufficing circle of home. She was calmness personified; there was no indication of the enthusiasm and the desire for knowledge that really absorbed her whole being, and persons were prone to censure the austerity of her reserve. The remarkable features of her character were those which invariably command success—strength of purpose, firmness of will, moral courage. To these were added a strict regard for truth, a strong sense of conscientious responsibility, and a warm love of right and justice. These are virtues which all may cultivate; virtues which, properly cultivated, will beautify and brighten our lives in whatever sphere they may be spent; virtues which lie at the root of all noble thoughts, all noble deeds, and elevate the humblest soul to the standard of true heroism.

A female traveller of extraordinary perseverance and intelligence was Madame Hommaire de Hell. At the age of fifteen she married a young man of fine spirit and quick ability, who at the time was a pupil in the School of Music at St. Etienne, but soon afterwards obtained an appointment in Constantinople. There the glowing life and scenery of the East kindled his young wife's imagination, and stimulated in her a desire to visit new lands and observe the manners of new peoples. She rejoiced, therefore, when her husband was engaged as engineer on General Potier's estate at Kherson, and rejoiced still more when he determined on attempting an exploration of the almost unknown shores of the Caspian Sea. Her descriptions of the wild, strange scenery of the Asiatic steppes, which in the spring seem suddenly to burst out into gorgeous bloom, are instinct with a sense of keen delight. For some years she accompanied her husband in his wanderings, and during that period she experienced almost every vicissitude that can befall a traveller. It may be doubted, however, whether her ardour

was quenched, though after her husband's death she gave herself up to the care of her children.

The adventures of Lady Hester Stanhope, the sister of Pitt —of whom the author of "Eothen" has furnished so interesting an account—and her travels in the Palmyren desert, have been the theme of many pens. They derive their chief charm, however, from the unconscious revelation they make of a very singular and independent intellect. Of late years the ascent of Mont Blanc has been accomplished by several Englishwomen, and for aught we know there may exist a Ladies' Alpine Club; but we suppose that their pioneer and prototype has never been excelled in courage, resolution, or endurance. Mademoiselle d'Angeville (born in 1794) accomplished the ascent of Mont Blanc, by way of the Mer de Glace and the Grand Plateau, while still in her teens, and that of the Oldenhorn when she was sixty-nine, having in the long and chequered interval ascended no fewer than five-and-twenty of the great Alpine peaks. We have no desire, however, to glorify mountaineering, or to put it forward as a pursuit for women. We think there is both safety and beauty "in the plains." But this example proves, at all events, that even the mountains men cannot claim as all their own.

Allowing ourselves an allusion to Madame Bourboulou (died 1865), a Scottish lady married to a French diplomat, who travelled through China and Mongolia, crossed the great desert of the Gobi and the verdurous pastures of the Khalkas, penetrated the forests of Siberia, passed over the Ural Mountains, and visited the famous fair of Nijni-Novgorod, we go back to the first female traveller on record in European annals, namely, Paquette, the wife of Guillaume Buchier, goldsmith to the Khan of Tartary, who, having been captured in war by the Hungarians, was conveyed from one encampment to another until she reached the Mongolian capital, after travelling six thousand miles. Here she found a husband and a home; and it does not appear that she ever returned to her native country.

Women, as we have said, are by no means wanting in the lower kind of courage, in physical bravery or the military spirit. It is related of Jeanne Hachette, that when the Burgundians, in 1472, laid siege to Beauvais, her native town, she

raised a body of women-warriors for its defence; patriotic Amazonians, who gallantly repulsed the attack of the enemy, and captured the standard from the soldier who was seeking to plant it on the ramparts, throwing him headlong over. This chivalrous action was rewarded with the privilege of carrying the captured banner at the head of the French troops when they were on the march. Her portrait is still shown at Beauvais, and for centuries an annual procession was held on the 10th of July, in which the women walked first. England has had her Countess of Derby, the noble lady[1] who so long defended her husband's seat of Lathom House against Fairfax and his Puritans. To his demand of a capitulation on liberal terms, she replied that she occupied her post under a double trust—of loyalty to her king and fidelity to her lord; and that she would maintain her honour and obedience, though it should be to her ruin. Both by speech and deed she inspired her little garrison with such enthusiasm that they repeatedly broke the enemy by desperate sallies, took their guns and slew their men, and after losing some two thousand of their number, they withdrew, at the end of a three months' siege, on the approach of Prince Rupert. Scotland can boast of her "Black Agnes," the heroic Agnes, Countess of March, who, in 1430, defended the rock-built Castle of Dunbar against an English army under the Earls of Salisbury and Arundel, and showed herself a bold and vigilant commander. When the English battering engines hurtled their heavy missiles against the battlements, she bade her maidens, in scorn, efface the mark of each stroke with a clean white kerchief; and on the Earl of Salisbury, with great labour, bringing the military machine known as "a sow" close to the walls, she exclaimed—

> "Beware, Montagow,
> For furrow shall thy sow;"—

whereupon a large fragment of rock was hurled from the rampart, which in its fall crushed "the sow" to pieces, with all "the poor little pigs," says Major, lurking beneath it. The story of the siege is told in Andrew of Wyntoun's "Chronicle:"—

[1] Charlotte de la Tremouille, however, was not English born. She was the daughter of Claude, Duke of Thouars, and the royal blood of France reddened in her veins.

"They warpit at the wall great stanes,
Baith hard and heavy for the nanys,
But that nane merrying to them made;
And alsua when they castyne had,
With a towel, a damiselle,
Arrayèd jollily and well,
Wippit the wall, that they micht see,
To gere them mair annoyed be;
There at the seige well lang they lay,
But there little vantage got they;
For when they bykkyne wald, or assail,
They tint the maist of their travaile. . . .
Of this assiege in their hethying
The English oysid to make karping:—
'I vow to God she makes gret stere,
The Scottish wenchè ploddere;
Come I aire, come I late,
I fand Annot at the yate.'"

It is related of Marcella, a Lemnian maid, that when the Turks laid siege to the capital of Lemnos, in the time of Sultan Mahmoud II., she distinguished herself by her intrepidity. Wounded by the stroke that killed her father, she leaped down from the rampart, and pressed into the midst of the enemy in a transport of despair and fury; the garrison, animated by her example, followed with a rush and a shout, and next day, when the Venetian admiral with his fleet arrived to raise the siege, he found the people celebrating the defeat and flight of the Ottomans. Gay with their best costumes, and headed by their magistrates in their robes of state, the Lemnians went forth to meet him, conducting Marcella, their deliverer. In acknowledgment of her bravery, the Venetian commander ordered each soldier to make her a present, promised that the republic should adopt her, and bade her choose in marriage any of the captains who accompanied him. Said Marcella:—"It is not by chance that I will choose a husband; the virtues that win fame in a camp or on the field will not make a good husband or head of a family; no, the hazard is too great." An answer which shows that she was no less sagacious than courageous.

Of a loftier and purer strain was the courage of Ælia Pulcheria, sister of the Emperor Arcadius, who received at the age of sixteen the title of "Augusta," and with steadfast intrepidity bore the burden of the Eastern Empire on her shoulders for nearly forty years. From a motive of prudence or religion, she embraced a life of celibacy, renounced "the

vanity of dress," gave up a portion of her time to works of embroidery, and a larger portion, both by day and night, to the exercises of prayer and psalmody. She alone, says Gibbon, among all the descendants of the great Theodosius, appears to have inherited any share of his manly spirit and abilities. "The elegant and familiar use which she had acquired both of the Greek and Latin languages was readily applied to the various occasions of speaking or writing on public business; her deliberations were maturely weighed, her actions prompt and decisive." Maani, the wife of Pietro della Valle, the famous traveller, equalled her husband in the ardour of enterprise and the capacity of endurance. With pistol and sword she gallantly supported her husband in two or three defensive combats. It is said, with what truth we know not, that she was mistress of twelve languages and thoroughly conversant with all the lore of Asia. After traversing, with "Il Pellegrino," the Persian provinces, she died at Ormuz, in 1621, while still in her early womanhood. Della Valle caused her body to be embalmed and placed in a richly ornamented coffin, which he carried with him to Judea, and thence across the desert to Aleppo, returning by way of Cyprus, Malta, Sicily, and Naples to Rome, where he interred it in his family vault in the Church of Ara Cœli.

Far above these heroines, however, a thoughtful mind will rank the great and good abbess of Port Royal, Jacqueline Marie Angélique Arnauld, daughter of Antoine Arnauld, the Jansenist. Her life has been told for English readers by Miss Martin, and its perusal will convey to the young a beautiful lesson of devout humility and loyal adherence to the truth. In her character she united the lowly piety and enthusiasm of the woman who bathed the feet of our Lord with her tears, and the eager courage of Perpetua, the Christian martyr, who with her own hands guided the unskilful knife of the executioner to her tender throat. At the age of eleven she entered on the duties of her post as Abbess of Port Royal.[1] The nuns of that Cistercian house, disregarding the rules of their Order, lived a life of self-indulgence and pleasure; and at first Angélique made no attempt to reform them. But a

[1] Founded in 1204 by Mathilde, wife of Mathieu de Marli. It was situated in a narrow valley near Chevreuse, about eighteen miles west of Paris. Its name is a corruption of *Porrois*, *i.e.*, a rushy pool-haunted hollow.

sermon preached by a Capuchin friar changed the entire current of her thoughts and feelings, and she resolved to dedicate herself in heart as in outward form to the service of God. A life of good works, a holy and devout life, became the object of her aspiration; all that was noblest in her nature awoke at the new call that had been made upon it, and she resolved that the house over which she ruled should become an example of well-doing. Yet, at the outset, her efforts were mostly gropings in the dark. She was but seventeen years old; she had no trusty counsellors; she could only "pray as well as she could and as much as she could;" the safest resource of all of us in the hour of difficulty, sorrow, or danger. The task she had imposed upon herself was as painful as it was laborious; in endeavouring to discharge it she made not a few mistakes, falling, for instance, into an excess of asceticism,[1] which, in later and wiser years, she was the first to condemn; but she persevered, and her faith brought her wisdom as her example brought converts. She learned the great truth so pithily expressed by the Christian poet:—"Thy work, this hour, is patience." She learned to labour and to wait, to sow the seed and abide the time of harvest, to cast her bread upon the waters, assured that it would be found (and it *was* found) after many days. Her courage and fortitude triumphed over opposition, and enabled her to withstand the temptations with which her strong domestic affections assailed her. She had the priests against her and the world against her; nor did the nuns themselves yield until after a troublesome resistance. But eventually the work was done; and Port Royal became a shining light by which similar religious communities were guided on the path of reform. In 1618 Angélique removed from Port Royal to the Abbey of Maubuisson, which had caused

[1] "She had but one rule for herself, to take the worst of everything, the shabbiest gown, the poorest food, and the meanest accommodation. There was nothing in the house that she considered her own, and no work which she acknowledged to be menial. Her room was shared with the sick and infirm, and her own bed given up to them whilst she slept on the floor. Every moment which was not occupied by other duties she passed alone on her knees in prayer. Only one companion knew all the secrets of this time, for in after years she never alluded to them, and neither encouraged in others nor justified in herself the austerities which she then practised. She fasted so strictly during the whole of Lent, that, weakened as she was by intermittent fever, her health suffered severely."—*Miss Martin*, p. 61.

public scandal by the gross irregularities of its inmates. There the battle she had to fight was keenly contested, and it needed all her intellectual and moral heroism to prevail against the host of enemies her zeal raised against her. Eventually she reduced the Abbey to order; and such was the effect of her resolution and devotion, that other Cistercian nunneries quickly acknowledged her supremacy and conformed to the discipline she had instituted.

Not in victory, however, were Angélique's courage and constancy so conspicuous as in the hour of defeat. The wars of the French dispersed the happy community of Port Royal; and when, after the accession of Louis XIV., she restored it at Port Royal-des-Champs to something of its former beauty, she had to endure the bitter and relentless hostility of the Jesuits. They were determined to sweep away and destroy the head-quarters of Jansenism,[1]—the centre and resort of the most learned, the purest, and most enlightened minds of the time—of Antony Arnauld, Le Maistre, De Sacy, Lancelot, Nicole, Sericourt, Pascal[2]—and in their work of persecution were aided by Louis XIV. and his ministers. Angélique did not escape; the sisters were rudely torn from her side; she was violently expelled from the scene of her labours because she refused to sign any condemnation of Jansen's works. When she took her farewell of those whom she loved so deeply, turning to her friend D'Audeley, she exclaimed:—"Adieu, brother! be of good courage whatever happens." "Sister," he replied, "don't be afraid; I have plenty of courage." "Ah, brother, brother!" was the wise rejoinder, "we must be humble. We must remember that humility without firmness is no better than cowardice, but courage without humility is presumption." To Madame de Sevigné she wrote:—"At length our good Lord has seen fit to deprive us of all. Fathers, sisters, disciples, children, all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" A few weeks afterwards she passed away, at the age of seventy (August 6, 1661).

[1] The Jansenists derived their name from Cornelius Jansen (1605–1638), who, in his great book, the *Augustinus*, had contended that the Jesuits taught, in relation to grace, free-will, and predestination, a doctrine contrary to that of St. Augustine. His contention was taken up and maintained by the scholars of Port Royal.

[2] They formed a lay community, bound by severe religious vows, and leading a life of strict self-renunciation.

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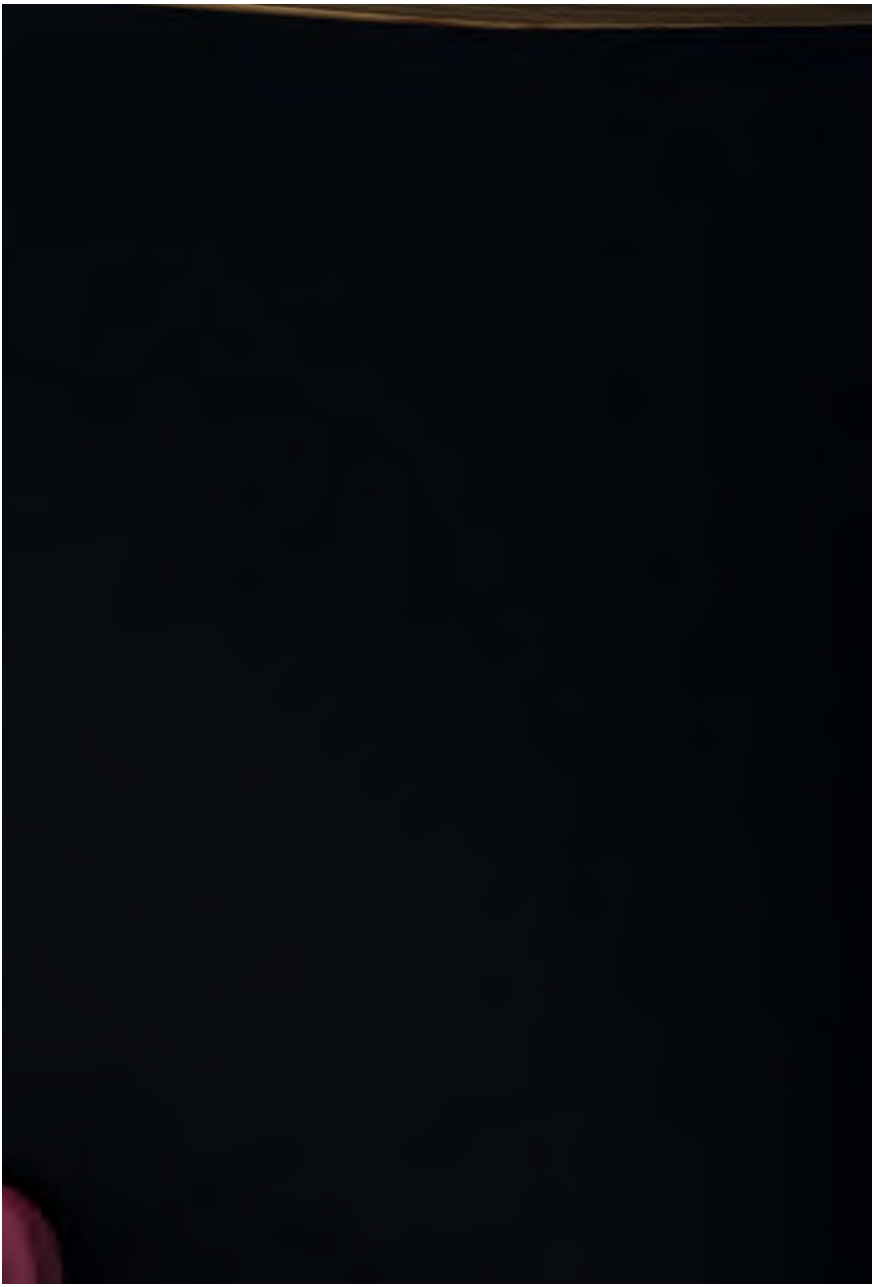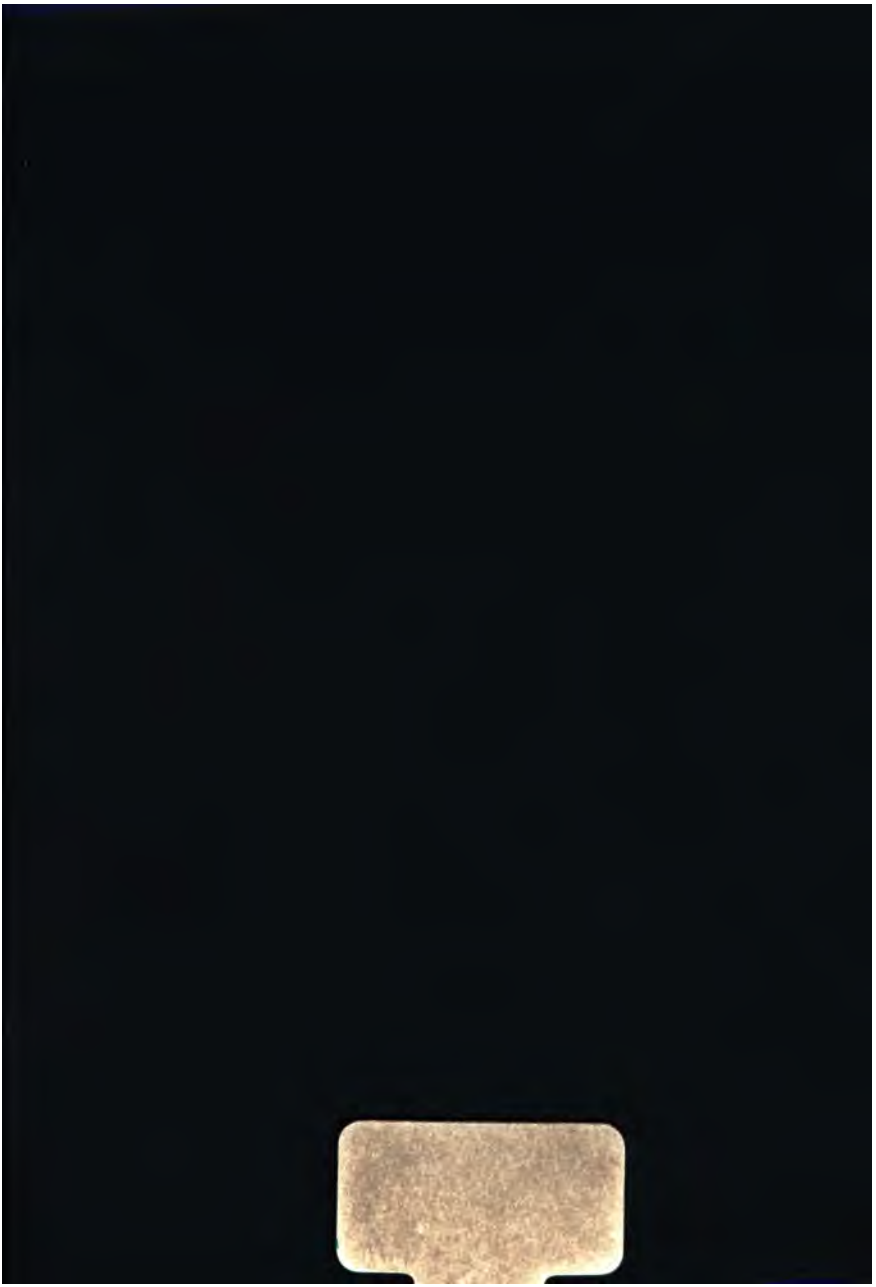
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